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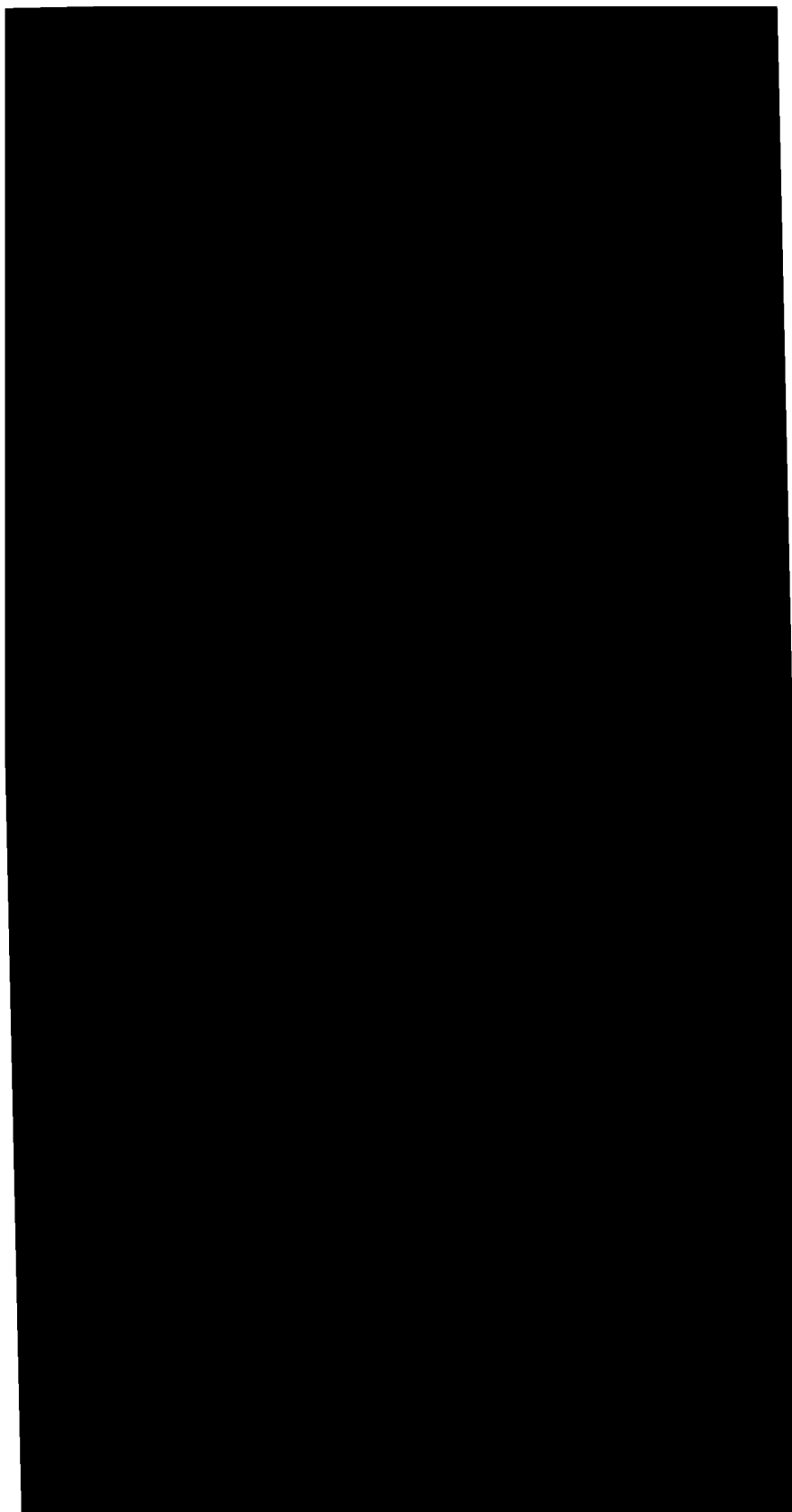
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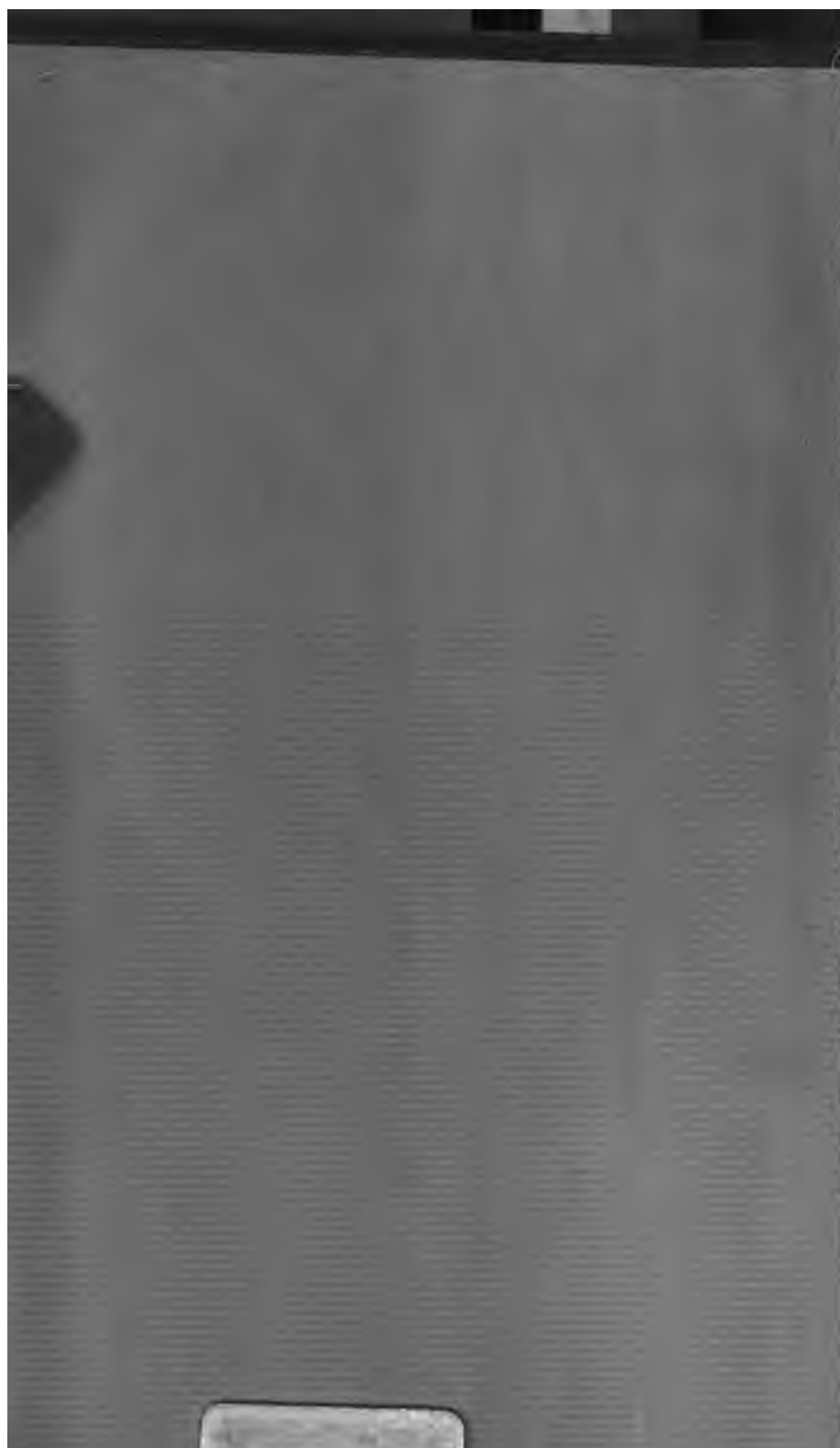
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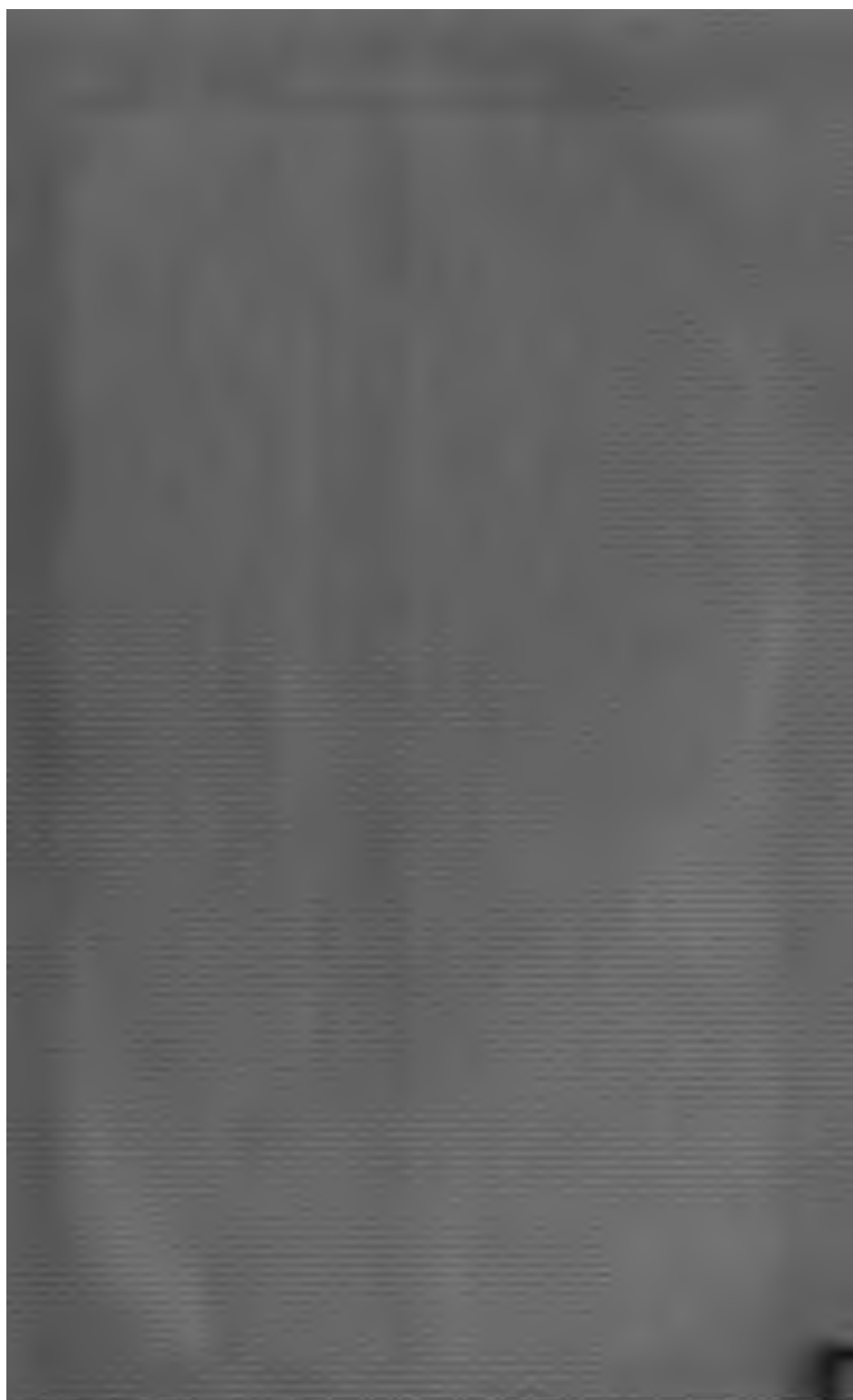


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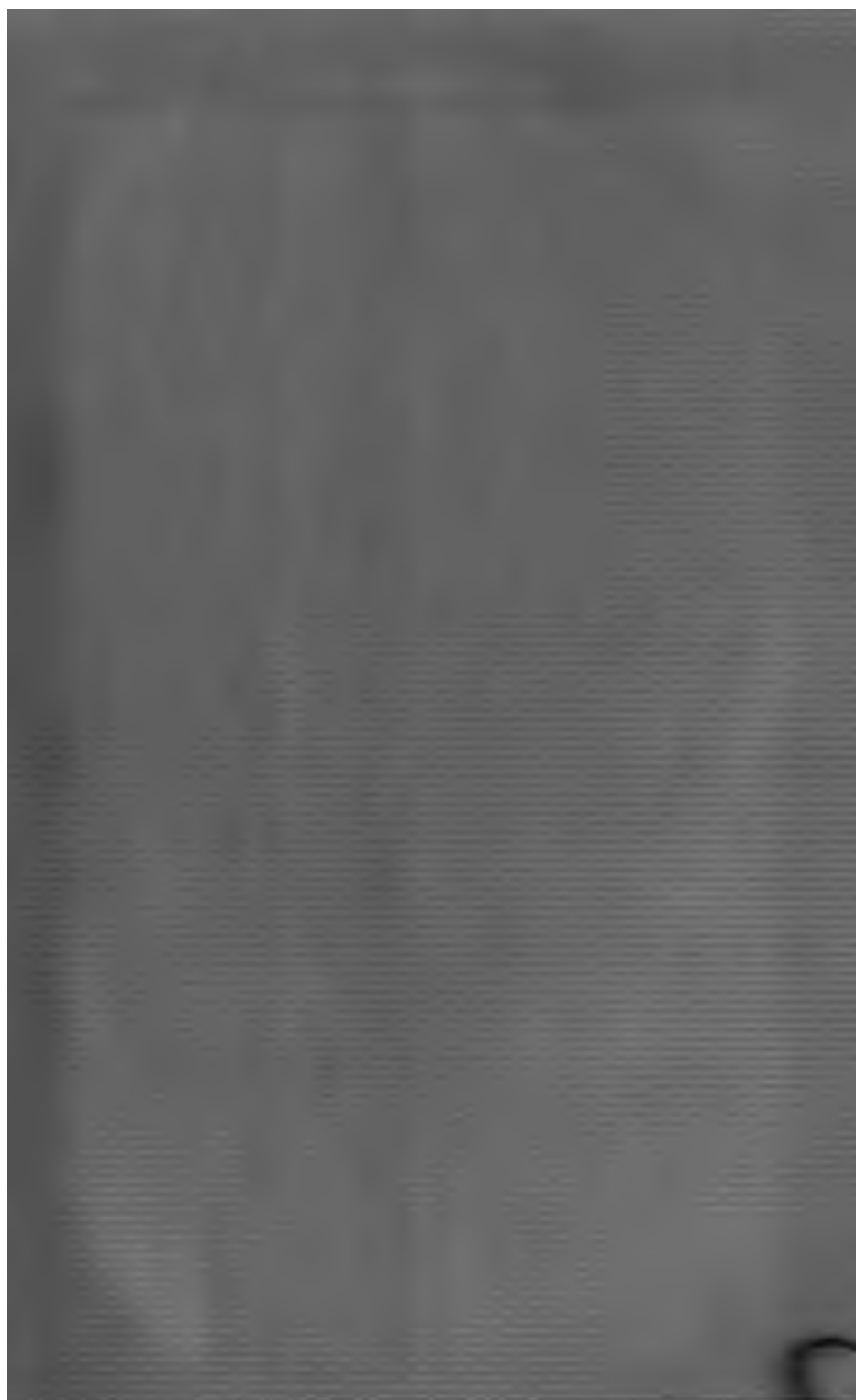




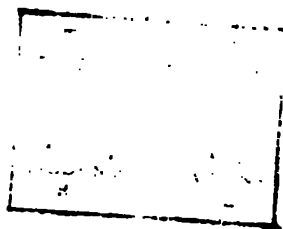












THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

INVESTIGATION OF

THE ACTS OF

THE PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES

IN THE MATTER OF

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OF THE UNITED STATES

THE PLAYS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS,
 ((BY))
 ((George B. Ellis))
 FROM THE DESIGNS OF
 R. Smirk & Co.



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1821.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF THE CORRECTED COPY LEFT BY THE LATE
GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH
GLOSSARIAL NOTES,
AND
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES

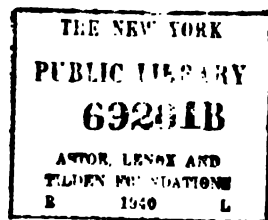
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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. His family was above the vulgar rank. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer of the corporation of Stratford. He was likewise a justice of the peace, and at one time a man of considerable property. This last, however, appears to have been lost by some means, in the latter part of his life. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wellington, in the county of Warwick, by whom he had a family of ten children.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and was educated, probably, at the free-school of Stratford; but from this he was soon removed, and placed in the office of some country attorney. The exact amount of his education has been long a subject of controversy. It is generally agreed, that he did not enjoy what is usually termed a literary education; but he certainly knew enough of Latin and French to introduce scraps of both in his plays, without blunder or impropriety.

When about eighteen years old, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself. His conduct soon after this marriage was not very correct. Being detected with a gang of deer-stealers, in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London.

He was twenty-two years of age when he arrived in London, and is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. Here his necessities obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant; who is appointed to give the performers notice to be ready, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. According to another account, far less probable, his first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready af-

ter the performance. But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

‘Th’ applause, delight, the wonder, of our stage.’

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, but no character has been discovered in which he appeared to more advantage than in that of the Ghost in Hamlet: and the best critics and inquirers into his life are of opinion, that he was not eminent as an actor. In tracing the chronology of his plays, it has been discovered, that *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard II. and III.*, were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. There is also some reason to think that he commenced a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, *The First Part of Henry VI.*, in 1589.

His plays were not only popular but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated some of his poems; and of King James, who wrote a very gracious letter to him with his own hand, probably in return for the compliment Shakspeare had paid to his majesty in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace, that Shakspeare was a man of humour, and a social companion; and probably excelled in that species of minor wit, not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted, has not been discovered; but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career, he acquired a property in the theatre, which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. The

latter part of his life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his *Letters and Essays*) stated to amount to 300*l.* *per ann.* a sum equal to 1000*l.* in our days. But Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than 200*l.* *per ann.* which yet was a considerable fortune in those times; and it is supposed, that he might have derived 200*l.* annually from the theatre, while he continued to act.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and lord mayor in that of Henry VII. By his will he bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c. and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser, who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion-house afterwards erected, in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family. Here, in May 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane, visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a barrister, was knighted by George I. and died in the 80th year of his age, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold *New Place* to the Rev. Mr. Gastrel, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor, and being opposed, he peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to visitors. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where *New Place* stood is now a garden.

During Shakspeare's abode in this house, he enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and here he is thought to have written the play of *Twelfth Night*. He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April

23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year; and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.

Perhaps we should read Sophoclem, instead of Socratem. Underneath are the following lines:

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death has plac'd
Within this monument: Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit ano. Dni. 1616,
Æt. 53, die 23 April.

We have not any account of the malady which, at no very advanced age, closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius. The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, 'He was a handsome well-shaped man;' and adds, 'verie good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit.'

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died Nov. 1635, aged 60. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged 66. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, esq. who died in 1647; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington in Northamptonshire, but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married to Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died Feb. 1661-2, in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. The traditional story of Shakspeare having been the father of Sir William Davenant, has been generally discredited.

From these imperfect notices,* which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered

* The first regular attempt at a life of Shakspeare is prefixed to Mr. A. Chalmers's variorum edition, published in 1805, of which we have availed ourselves in the above sketch.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

v

ed as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying, than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, have been equally silent; and if aught can hereafter be discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory, and illustrate his writings.

It is equally unfortunate, that we know as little of the progress of his writings, as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last forty years, has been such as probably never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation; yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind, that even the order in which his plays were written rests principally on conjecture, and of some of the plays usually printed among his works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole, or any part. We are, however, indebted to the labours of his commentators, not only for much light thrown upon his obscurities, but for a text purified from the gross blunders of preceding transcribers and editors; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that the text of the following volumes is that of the last corrected edition of Johnson and Steevens.

TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonso, king of Naples.

Sebastian, his brother.

Prospero, the rightful duke of Milan.

Antonio, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.

Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples.

Adrian, } lords.

Francisco, }

Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a jester.

Stephano, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariel, an airy spirit.

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} spirits.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a ship at sea. A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely¹, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail: tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,² we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good

fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched³ wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely⁴ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—We

split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—

Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.—

(1) Readily. (2) Present instant.

(3) Incontinent. (4) Absolutely.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: the wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The island: before the cell of Prospero. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er! It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected; No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O, wo the day!

Pro. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*]
Mira. Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul—No, not so much perdition as a hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd And left me to a bootless inquisition; Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come; The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not Out of three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person? Of any thing the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off; And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants: had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how is it, That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira.

But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since,

Miranda, twelve years since, thy father was The duke of Milan, and a prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was duke of Milan; and his only heir A princess;—no worse issued.

Mira.

O, the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed was't we did?

Pro.

Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly help hither.

Mira.

O, my heart bleeds To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,— I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my state; as, at that time, Through all the signories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed In dignity, and, for the liberal arts, Without a parallel; those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being transported, And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle— Dost thou attend me?

Mira.

Sir, most heedfully. *Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom To trash for over-topping; new created The creatures that were mine; I say or chang'd them,

Or else new form'd them: having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, And suck'd my verdure out o' it.—Thou attend'st not:

I pray thee, mark me.

Mira.

O good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate To closeness, and the bettering of my mind With that, which, but by being so retir'd, O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother, Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,—like one, Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie,—he did believe He was the duke; out of the substitution, And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative.—Hence his ambition Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd, And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan: me, poor man!—my library

(1) Before. (2) Quite. (3) Abvse.

(4) Sorrow. (5) Cut away. (6) Without

Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry⁽¹⁾ he was for away) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then
tell me,

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, bearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu⁽²⁾ o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hind⁽³⁾,
That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me? Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my book, he furnish'd me,

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point⁽⁴⁾ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And eight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil⁽⁵⁾
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstaring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this night shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;

(1) Thirsty. (2) Consideration. (3) Suggestion.
(4) Sprinkled. (5) Stubborn resolution.

(6) The minutest article. (7) Bustle, tumult.

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for merry!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now it were fit to do't.—At the first sight

[*Aside.*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw; the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not: and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To Ferd.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;¹
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

(1) Confute. (2) Frightful. (3) Guard.

Pro.

Come on; obey:

[*To Ferd.*

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel.—Follow me.—
[*To Ferd. and Mira.*

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To Ariel.*

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the island. Enter*
Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you proposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've pay'd.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet—
Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.¹
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush² and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye³ of green in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit—)
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, He lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! how came that widow in? Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.
Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay?
Ant. Why, in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doubt as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.⁴
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

(1) Temperature. (2) Rank. (3) Shade of colour.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my senses: 'would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!
Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basin bow'd As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son, I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgically.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land, till, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—
Seb. And yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,⁵

(4) Degree or quality.

(5) The rack.

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,¹ all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To exalt the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: Thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given:

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you: I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost more distinctly;
There's meaning in thy mores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born china
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are: there be, that can rule Na-
ples,

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough² of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

(1) Plenty.

(2) A bird of the jack-daw kind.

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. And look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feaster than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient moriel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
'They'll take suggestion,' as a cat laps milk;
'They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

*While you here do sleeping lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-
ming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur-
ther search

- (1) Ever. (2) Any hint.
(3) Make mouths.

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done: [Aside]
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island. En-
ter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise
of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits bear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard⁴ that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish?
Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a
very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not
of the newest, Poor John. A strange fish! Were I
in England now (as once I was), and had this fish
painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a
piece of silver: there would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man: when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd
like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my
troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no
longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath
lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas!
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep
under his gabardine;⁵ there is no other shelter
hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange
bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of
the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

The master, the snabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loe'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, bang:

- (4) A black jack of leather, to hold beer
(5) The frock of a peasant.

*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.*
[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs: who hath got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come, Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither.

I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy

True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: though thou canst swim like a duck, that art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—but that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle: Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom: freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the away. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's cell. Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful ; but their labour
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such
baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda ; and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself :
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature :
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers.)
What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your best ! to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,²
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen

(1) Command. (2) Own'd. (3) Whatsoever.

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of : but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else ! the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't : And now
farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand ! thousand !
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book :
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island. Enter Stephano and Trinculo ; Caliban following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will
drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up,
and board 'em : Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ? the folly of this island !
They say, there's but five upon this isle : we are
three of them ; if the other two be brain'd like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee :
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set also ? he were
a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe;

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou deboshed! fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee;
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To Caliban.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall be as good as dead; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

(1) Debauched.

(2) Alluding to Trinculo's party-coloured dress.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Distant thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand' with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste.

Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*
*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and
flout 'em;*

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a lute and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

(3) Springs.

(4) Throat.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
could see this taberner: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Island. Enter
Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin,¹ I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your pa-
tience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to Sebastian.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bring-
ing in a banquet; they dance about it with gen-
tle actions of salutation; and inviting the king,
&c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What
were these?

Seb. A living drollery:² Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders

(For, certes,³ these are people of the island.)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse,⁴
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear: 'When we
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find,

Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a har-
py: he claps his wings upon the table, and with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't), the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[*Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]
And even with such like valour, men hang and
drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle⁵ that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember

(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death⁶)

Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow.

(1) Our lady. (2) Show. (3) Certainly.

(4) Wonder.

(5) Down.

And a clear¹ life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mooves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy²
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell. Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austere³ punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily requir'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion⁴ shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,

(1) Pure, blameless. (2) Alienation of mind.

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our worse Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel: my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:

Do you love me, master? no.
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive.

[Exit.]
Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,⁴
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perdy.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. *[Soft music.]*

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich less
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep;
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lily'd brims,
Which spongy April at thy best bestrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

(3) Sprinkling. (4) Surplus. (5) Command.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my fowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky¹ acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis² my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have foresworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
rows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with
me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison³ plenty;
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest;
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd⁴ father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on
employment.*]

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;

(1) Woody. (2) Plato. (3) Abundance.
(4) Able to produce such wonders. (5) Vanished.

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,

With your sedge'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; to-
wards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly,
and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow,
and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, air:
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,⁵
Leave not a rack⁶ behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

(6) A body of clouds in motion; but it is most
probable that the author wrote track.

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their

ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-atunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale,¹ to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]
Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture² can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel laden with glittering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo; all wet.

Cal. Pray, you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
Jack³ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye⁴ thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery⁵—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropy drown this fool! what do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, sn't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a gar-
ment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an
excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime⁶ upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear
this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! bark,
bark!

[*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard,⁷ or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

*SCENE I.—Before the cell of Prospero. Enter
Prospero in his magic Robes, and Ariel.*

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.—How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends⁸ your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

(1) Bait. (2) Education. (3) Jack with a lantern.
(4) Ever. (5) A shop for sale of old clothes.

(6) Bird-lime. (7) Leopard.
(8) Defends from bad weather.

From eaves of reeds:¹ your charm so strongly works
them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. *[Exit.]*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pas-
time

Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them
forth

By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. *[Solemn music.]*

*Re-enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and
Francisco: They all enter the circle which Pros-
pero had made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse² and nature; who, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell: and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit Ariel.]

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
Prospero.*

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss
thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit Ariel.]*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,

The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero;

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

And to thee, and thy company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r's thou beest he, or no,

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse

Bears, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

I fear, a madness held me: this must crave

(An if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends

all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,

(1) Thatch. (2) Fly, or tenderness of heart.

(3) Whether.

And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*]

Pro. No;—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am wo^l for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ?

Pro. As great to me, as late ; and, portable²
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?
O heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath ; but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed.

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Fer-
dinand and Miranda playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are ~~undisturbed~~ ;
I have cur'd them without cause.

[*Ferd. kneels to Alon.*]
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about !

(1) Sorry.

(2) Bearable.

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O ! wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine ;

I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice ; nor thought I had one : she

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before ; of whom I have

Receiv'd a second life, and second father

This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am here :

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrances

With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;

For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither !

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become king of Naples ? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy ; and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,

Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,

In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,

When no man was his own.³

Alon. Give me your hands :

[*To Fer. and Mira.*]

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be't so ! Amen !

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir ; here are more of us !

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown :—Now, blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?

Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found

Our king and company : the next our ship,—

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—

Is tight and yare,⁴ and bravely rigg'd, as when

We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service }

Have I done since I went. } [*Aside.*]

Pro. My tricksy⁵ spirit ! }

Alon. These are not natural events ; they

strengthen,

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you

hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several

noises

(3) In his senses. (4) Ready. (5) Clever, adroit.

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? }
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou } [*Aside.*
shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gra-
cious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them

(1) Conductor.

(2) Honest.

To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiser hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.*

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] Please you
draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

*NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own;
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands.¹
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;*

(1) Applause: noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

*Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.*

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisor* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, *father to Silvia.*
 Valentine, } *gentlemen of Verona.*
 Proteus, }
 Antonio, *father to Proteus.*
 Thurio, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
 Eglamour, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*
 Speed, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
 Launce, *servant to Proteus.*
 Panthino, *servant to Antonio.*
 Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
 Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
 Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

Scene, *Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan;
 and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona. Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
 We're not, affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beads-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love.

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the
 boots.¹

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?
Val. To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy
 looks,

With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply was, perhaps, a hapless gain;

(1) A humorous punishment at harvest-home
 feasts, &c.

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll
 prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks should not be chronicle'd for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
 leave.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[Exit Valentine.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
 thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: saw you my
 master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for
 Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.²

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew³ me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd⁴ me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. Garden of Julia's house. Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheededfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parles⁵ encounter me, In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure⁶ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

(1) A term for a courtesan. (2) A game at cards. (3) Ill beside.

(4) Given me a sixpence. (5) Talk. (6) Pass sentence.

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth? Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place. There, take the paper, see it be return'd; Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach² on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set—

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:³
There wanteth but a mean⁴ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁵ for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil⁶ with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly

heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith⁷ so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in Antonio's house. Enter Antonio and Panthino.*

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad⁸ talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,⁹

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you,

To let him spend his time no more at home,

(1) A matchmaker. (2) Passion or obstinacy.

(3) A term in music. (4) The tenor in music.

(5) A challenge. (6) Bustle, stir. (7) Since.

(8) Serious. (9) Little consequence.

Which would be great impeachment⁽¹⁾ to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution

I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.⁽²⁾

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse⁽³⁾ not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition⁽⁴⁾ thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against thy love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An apartment in the Duke's palace. Enter Valentine and Speed.*

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;⁽⁵⁾ to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.⁽⁶⁾ You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in a urinal; that not an eye, that sees you,

(1) Reproach. (2) Break the matter to him.
(3) Wonder. (4) Allowance.

(5) Under a regimen. (6) Allhallowmas.

but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung! me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she give it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much:

And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[Aside.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: But since unwillingly, take them again;

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request: But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over: And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour; And so good-morrow, servant.

[Exit Silvia.]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.⁴

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,

(1) Whipped. (2) A puppet-show.

(3) Like a scholar.

(4) There's the conclusion.

*Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—*

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the camelion, Love, can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Verona. A room in Julia's house.
Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;

[Exit Julia.]

*Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.*

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same. A street. Enter
Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind! of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid bowling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so,

so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood? woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide!—why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Milan. An apartment in the Duke's palace. Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeiters.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quotes you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of camelion.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

(1) Kindred. (2) Crazy, distracted.

(3) Serious. (4) Perhaps. (5) Observe.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thur. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection; Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew! me, sir, but, if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

(1) Ill betide.

(2) Incite.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thur. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed; Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*]

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's secret row.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

E

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train: lest the base earth
Should from her venture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[Exit Val.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love:—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;—
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!

(1) On further knowledge.

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—The same. A street. Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia.

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. An apartment in the palace. Enter Proteus.*

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself;
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor?
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended fight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Verona. A room in Julia's house. Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me: and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Fity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

(1) Tempting. (2) Confederate. (3) Intended.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it
burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may bescem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your
hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as— tell me, good my
lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-
piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go
not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

(4) Closest. (5) Trouble.

Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tardiance.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. An anti-room in the Duke's palace. Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about—

[Exit Thurio.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This knight intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim² might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,³
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed⁴ at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.⁵

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me
awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentle-
man

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, fro-
ward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in
this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;) ¹
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent
her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-
tents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean, away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys
kept safe,

(1) Longed for. (2) Guess. (3) Tempted.

(4) Guessed. (5) Design.

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,¹ but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground; And built so shelving that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,

To cast up with a pair of anchoring books, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child, That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone; How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak: I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?— I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. What letter is this same? What's here—*To Silvia?* And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [reads.]

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are
lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should
be.*

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

'Tis so: and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son,) Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car, And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? Go, base intruder! over-weening slave! Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates; And think, my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence: Thank me for this, more than for all the favours, Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee. But if thou linger in thy territories, Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse, But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit Duke.]

(1) Hinder.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself; And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her, Is self from self; a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by, And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, There is no day for me to look upon: She is my essence; and I leave to be, If I be not by her fair influence Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death; But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-bo! so-bo!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find; there's not a hair On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—

What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that's the news;

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom (Which, unrev'rend, stands in effectual force) A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd; With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession cha'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.¹

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[Exit Valentine and Proteus.]
Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossip: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log *[pulling out a paper]* of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy

grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
Laun. There; and Saint Nicholas² be thy speed!

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: If she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.³*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs,—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gra-

(1) Grief.

(2) St. Nicholas presided over young scholars.

(3) Licentious in language.

cious : well, I'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then ?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me ?

Laun. For thee ? ay ; who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him ?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your love-letters ! *[Exit.]*

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter : an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets !—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A room in the Duke's palace. Enter Duke and Thurio ; Proteus behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsook my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice ; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus ? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone ?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe ; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio ?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,

(1) Graceful. (2) Cut. (3) Bird-lime.

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpsish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime,¹ to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poetry.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert : to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ;² the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort³ some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A forest, near Mantua. Enter certain Out-laws.*

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast : I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;

(4) Mournful elegy. (5) Choose out.

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habilaments,
Of which if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take
to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentle-
men,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as
these.

But to the purpose—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

(1) Well-looking.

(3) Lawful.

(2) Languages.

(4) Anger, resentment.

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Milan. Court of the palace. En-
ter Proteus.*

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her win-
dow,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio, and musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept
before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that
love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentle-
men,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's
clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
alloy'd; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Merry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the gen-
tleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

(5) Passionate reproaches.

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him off his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

**But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?**

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,
he loved her out of all nick.¹

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a
present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*]

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his puse heart's
truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you bid me home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

(1) Beyond all reckoning.

(2) Holy dame, blessed lady.

And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,

Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:

And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halldom,² I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think

'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-mor-
row.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impos,³

I am thus early come, to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman

(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not),

Valiant, wise, remorseful,⁴ well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorrs.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,

No grief did ever come so near your heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

(3) Injunction, command.

(4) Pitiful.

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with
 plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me:
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you;
 Rocking¹ as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good beforneth you.
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.* Enter Launce, with
 his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with
 him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up
 of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when
 three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went
 to it! I have taught him—even as one would say
 precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent
 to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from
 my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-
 chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and
 steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when
 a cur cannot keep² himself in all companies! I
 would have, as one should say, one that takes upon
 him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at
 all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to
 take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he
 had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffer-
 ed for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me him-
 self into the company of three or four gentlemen-
 like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been
 there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the
 chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one;
 What cur is that? says another; Whip him out,
 says the third; Hang him up, says the duke. I,
 having been acquainted with the smell before,
 knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that
 whips the dogs: Friend, quoth I, you mean to
 whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You
 do him the more wrong, quoth I; ~~was~~ I did the
 thing you root of. He makes me no more ado,
 but whips me out of the chamber. How many
 masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll
 be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he
 hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I
 have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed,
 otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not
 of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you

served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia;
 did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?
 When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make
 water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst
 thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
 And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please:—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
 son peasant?

[To Launce.]
 Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the
 dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she, to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
 and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for
 such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I
 brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen
 from me by the hangman's boys in the market-
 place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a
 dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift
 the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
 Or never return again unto my sight.

Away, I say: Stay't thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end,³ turns me to shame.

[*Exit* Launce.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
 Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion do my business,
 For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt:
 But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
 Which (if my augury deceive me not)
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her
 token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as
 well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, he home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* Proteus.]

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
 sage?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! Why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

(1) Caring. (2) Restrain. (3) In the end.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—He sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[Picture brought.]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsok
her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,¹
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,²
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,³
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress's sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. *[Exit Silvia.]*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress's love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire,⁴ this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective⁵ in myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An abbey. Enter*
Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;

And now, it is about the very hour

That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,

Unless it be to come before their time;

So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!

Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;

I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
off;

If we recover that, we are sure⁶ enough. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. An apartment in the*
Duke's palace. Enter *Thurio, Proteus, and*
Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

(1) Whitenside. (2) In good earnest. (3) Head-dress. (4) Respectable. (5) Safe.

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe! them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest. Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;

(1) Own. (2) Foolish. (3) Careless.

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chace:

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*]

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth),
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed,⁽⁴⁾ but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I came;

But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

(4) Sing. (5) Reward.

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,¹

When women cannot love where they're below'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's below'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths

Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,

And that's far worse than none; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,

I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love;

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine
eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say

I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: O time, most curst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy!

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what
is the matter? [Faints.]

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me

To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.]
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my
depart,

I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

(1) Felt, experienced. (2) Direction.

(3) An allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim² to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root³!

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their
minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O
heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close;

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for
ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say: It is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure⁴ of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch!—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means⁵ for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal,

Are men endued with worthy qualities;

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them and
thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

(4) Length of my sword. (5) Interest.

With triumphs,¹ mirth, and rare solemnity.
Come, let us go; we will include² all jars.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than
boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

(1) Masks, revels.

(2) Conclude.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture: and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook; sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakespeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

JOHNSON.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson.
Dr. Caius, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, } followers of Falstaff.
Pistol, }
Nym, }

Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before Page's house.
Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*?

Slen. Ay, and *rotulorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lutes in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lutes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lute is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r's-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments⁽¹⁾ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small⁽²⁾ like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leavo our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slen-

(1) A title formerly appropriated to chaplains.
(2) *Quarto rotulorum*.

(3) By our.
(4) Court of star-chamber.
(5) Advise ment.
(6) Soft.

der; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—how doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.¹

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—that is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good words.

Fal. Good words? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching² rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!³

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephistophilis?⁴

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*,⁵ slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I

understand: that is, master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,⁶ that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:⁷

Word of denial in thy labras⁸ here;

Word of denial; froth and acum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's⁹ humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: *five*, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,¹¹ sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.¹²

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.]

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

(1) Cotswold in Gloucestershire.

(2) Worts was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind.

(3) Sharpers. (4) Nothing but paring.

(5) The name of an ugly spirit. (6) Few words.

(7) King Edward's shillings, used in the game of shuffle-board.

(8) Blade as thin as a lath. (9) Laps.

(10) If you say I am a thief. (11) Drink.

(12) The bounds of good behaviour.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake, upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope; upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort *dissolutely*: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Sir H. Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three vencies² for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears³ in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—you are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson⁴ loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd⁴—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmanly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* *Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.*

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is potter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Ann Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

(1) An intended blunder.

(2) Three set-to's, bouts or hits.

(3) The name of a bear exhibited at Paris-Garden, in Southwark.

(4) Surpassed all expression.

SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Host.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [Exit Bard.]

Pist. O base Gongarian! wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a sco¹ for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.²

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyeliads: sometimes the beam of her view

gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater⁴ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Rob.] bear you these letters tightly:³

Sail like my pinace to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirred page. [Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam⁵ holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I;

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense⁶ Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,⁷ for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A room in Dr. Caius's house.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, ifaith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:⁸ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish¹¹ that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you my your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

(7) Sixpence I'll have in pocket.

(8) Instigate. (9) Jealousy.

(10) Strife.

(11) Foolish.

(1) For Hungarian. (2) Fig. (3) Gold coin.

(4) Escheatour, an officer in the Exchequer.

(5) Cleverly.

(6) False dice.

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.²

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yea, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be absent:³ run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, edown-a, &c. [*Sings.*]

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un *boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*]

Caius. Pe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je n'en vais à la cour,—la grand affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; depeche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.*

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verfore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page,

for my master, in the way of unarrriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillies* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-a while. [*Exit.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and, the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it!) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape: give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-ger!⁴

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exit Caius and Rugby.*]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?*

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not loose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith,

(1) Brave. (2) The keeper of a warren.
(3) Scolded, reprimanded.

(4) The goujere, what the poz!

it is such another Nan:—but, I detest,¹ an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company.—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly² and musing: but for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's house. Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:—

[*reads.*]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian,² he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could

show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: what is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness⁴ of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

(4) Caution.

(1) She means, I protest. (2) Melancholy.

(3) Most probably Shakespeare wrote Physician.

Pist. Hope is a curtail¹ dog in some affairs :
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich
and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford ;
He loves thy gally-mawfry² ? Ford, perpend.³

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot : prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels :
O, odious is the name !

Ford. What name, sir ?

Pist. The horn, I say : farewell.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do
sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*]

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [*To Page.*] I like not
the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some
humours ; I should have borne the humoured letter
to her : but I have a sword, and it shall bite
upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there's
the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym ;
I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true :—my name is
Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu ! I love
not the humour of bread and cheese ; and there's
the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a ! here's a fellow
frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting
rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,⁴ though
the priest o' the town commended him for a true
man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : Well.

Page. How now, Meg ?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George ?—Hark
you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank ? why art
thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy.—
Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in
thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to
dinner, George ?—Look, who comes yonder : she
shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : she'll
fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter
Anne ?

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; and, I pray, how does
good mistress Anne ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see ; we have an
hour's talk with you.

[*Exe. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quick.*]

Page. How now, master Ford ?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me ; did
you not ?

Page. Yes ; and you heard what the other told
me ?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them ?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves ! I do not think the
right would offer it : but these that accuse him

in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his
discarded men ; very rogues, now they be out of
service.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does
he lie at the Garter ?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend
this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her
loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than
sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would
be loth to turn them together : A man may be too
confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I
cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Gar-
ter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or
money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—
How now, mine host ?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook ? thou'rt a gentleman :
cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even
and twenty, good master Page ! Master Page, will
you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice ; tell him, bully-
rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between
sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French
doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word
with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook ?

[*They go aside.*]
Shal. Will you [*to Page*] go with us to behold
it ? my merry host hath had the measuring of their
weapons ; and, I think, he hath appointed them
contrary places : for, believe me, I hear, the par-
son is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our
sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my
guest-cavalier ?

Ford. None, I protest : but I'll give you a pottle
of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell
him, my name is Brook ; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully : thou shalt have egress
and regress ; said I well ? and thy name shall be
Brook : It is a merry knight.—Will you go on,
hearts ?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good
skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more : In
these times you stand on distance, your passes,
stoccadoes, and I know not what : 'tis the heart,
master Page ; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the
time, with my long sword, I would have made you
four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here ! shall we wag ?

Page. Have with you :—I had rather hear them
scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands
so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off
my opinion so easily : She was in his company at
Page's house ; and, what they made there, I know
not. Well, I will look further into't : and I have a
disguise to sound Falstaff : If I find her honest, I
lose not my labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour
well bestowed.

[*Exit*]

(1) A dog that mimes his game. (2) A medley.
(3) Consider. (4) A lying sharper.

(5) Stout, bold.

(6) Did.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.
Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
 Which I with sword will open.—
 I will retort the sun in equipage.¹

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow² Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throg:³—to your nianor of Picket-hatch,⁴ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enconce⁵ your raga, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice⁶ phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford—come, mistress Ford.

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of

it; you have brought her into such a canaries,⁷ as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all munn,⁸) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven?

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold⁹ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven? Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;¹⁰ her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case have a nay-word,¹¹ that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under-

(1) Pay you again in stolen goods.

(2) Draws along with you.

(3) To cut purses in a crowd.

(4) Picket-hatch was in Clerkenwell. (5) Protect.

(6) Ale-house.

(7) A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *guardary*.

(8) Know. (9) Fretful, peevish.

(10) By all means. (11) A watch-word.

stand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse: I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me! [*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Fist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or oceanwhelms them all! [*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I think thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*⁽¹⁾

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, and you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need,⁽²⁾ I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is abrew'd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,⁽⁴⁾ authentic in your place and person, generally allowed⁽⁵⁾ for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward⁽⁶⁾ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me; What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

(1) A cant phrase of exultation.

(2) Since. (3) Reward.

(4) In the greatest companies. (5) Approved.

(6) Guard.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amainon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wit-to? cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my squavitz³ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Windsor Park.* Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

(1) Add to his title. (2) Contented cuckold.

(3) Usquebaugh. (4) Fence.

(5) Terms in fencing.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Fible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir: he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,⁴ to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.⁵ Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculap⁶us? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian⁷ king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.⁷

Caius. Muck-water! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-water as de Englishman:—Scurry jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master

(6) Cant term for Spaniard.

(7) Drain of a dunghill.

guest, and master Page, and also cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

(Aside to them.)

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

(Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.)

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de carl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A field near Frogmore. Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.*

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feebly desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trumpling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard,¹ when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul!

(Sings.)

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals:—
When as I sat in Babylon?
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

(1) Mead.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or dost keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the world! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stops to other-men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gnullia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machia-

(2) Babylon, the first line of the 137th Psalm.

H

vel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* *Shal.* *Slen.* *Page,* and *Host.*
Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot! of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his flouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Street in Windsor. Enter *Mrs. Page* and *Robin*.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter *Ford*.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?
Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he: I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her.

[*Exeunt* *Mrs. Page* and *Robin*.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good

plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming¹ mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acteon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.⁴ [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Host*, *Sir Hugh Evans*, *Caius*, and *Rugby*.

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,⁵ he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:⁶ he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* *Shallow* and *Slender*.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* *Rugby*.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* *Host*.]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A room in Ford's house. Enter *Mrs. Ford* and *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the back-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—what, Robin, I say.

(5) Out of the common style. (6) Not rich.

(1) Fool. (2) Flouting-stock. (3) Specious.
(4) Shall encourage.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exit Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,¹ have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. *Mrs. Page,* remember your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eyes would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.⁴

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury⁵ in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee: none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will enaconce⁶ me behind the arras.⁶

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tatting woman.— [*Falstaff hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*—] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *had* rather, and you *had* rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to

(1) Bleachers of linen.

(2) A young small hawk.

(3) A puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks.

(4) Venetian fashions.

(5) Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists.

(6) Prison. (7) Hide. (8) Tapestry.

backing: or, it is whiting-time,¹ send him by your men to Datchet Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin; re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?² look, how you drumble:³ carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkenne! the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now, uncape.⁴

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who⁵ was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

(1) Bleaching-time.

(2) A staff for carrying a large tub or basket.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife:—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy kuave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A room in Page's house. *Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.*

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth:

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—

My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

(3) Drone. (4) Unbarg the fox. (5) What.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humble suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: I slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[Aside.]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,² under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Od's heartings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy made be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

(1) A proverb—a shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt a thick short one.

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow: come, son Slender; in:—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exit Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

[Exit Mrs. Page and Anne.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains

[Exit.]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word: but specially⁴ for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff for my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack⁵ it! *[Exit.]*

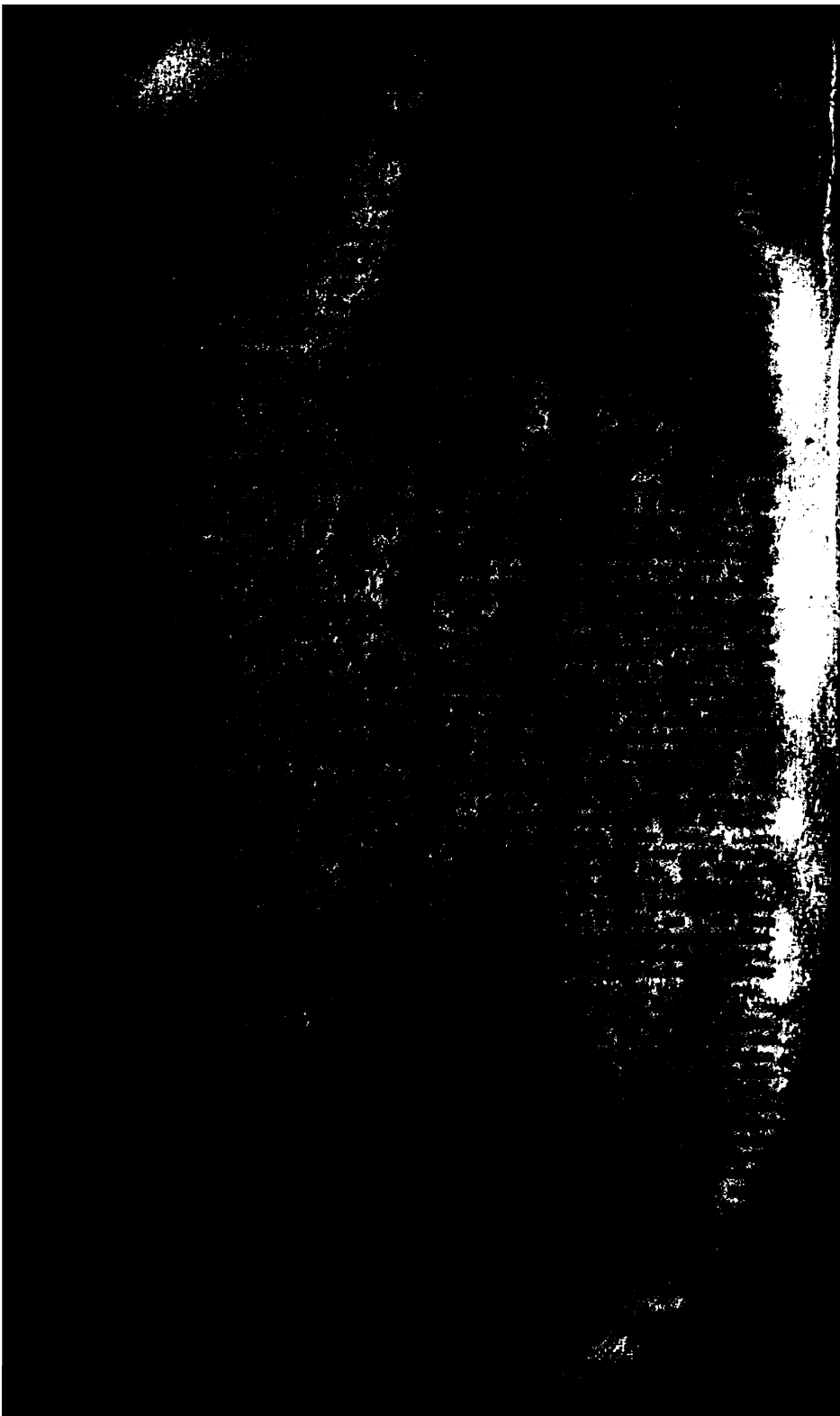
SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn. *Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

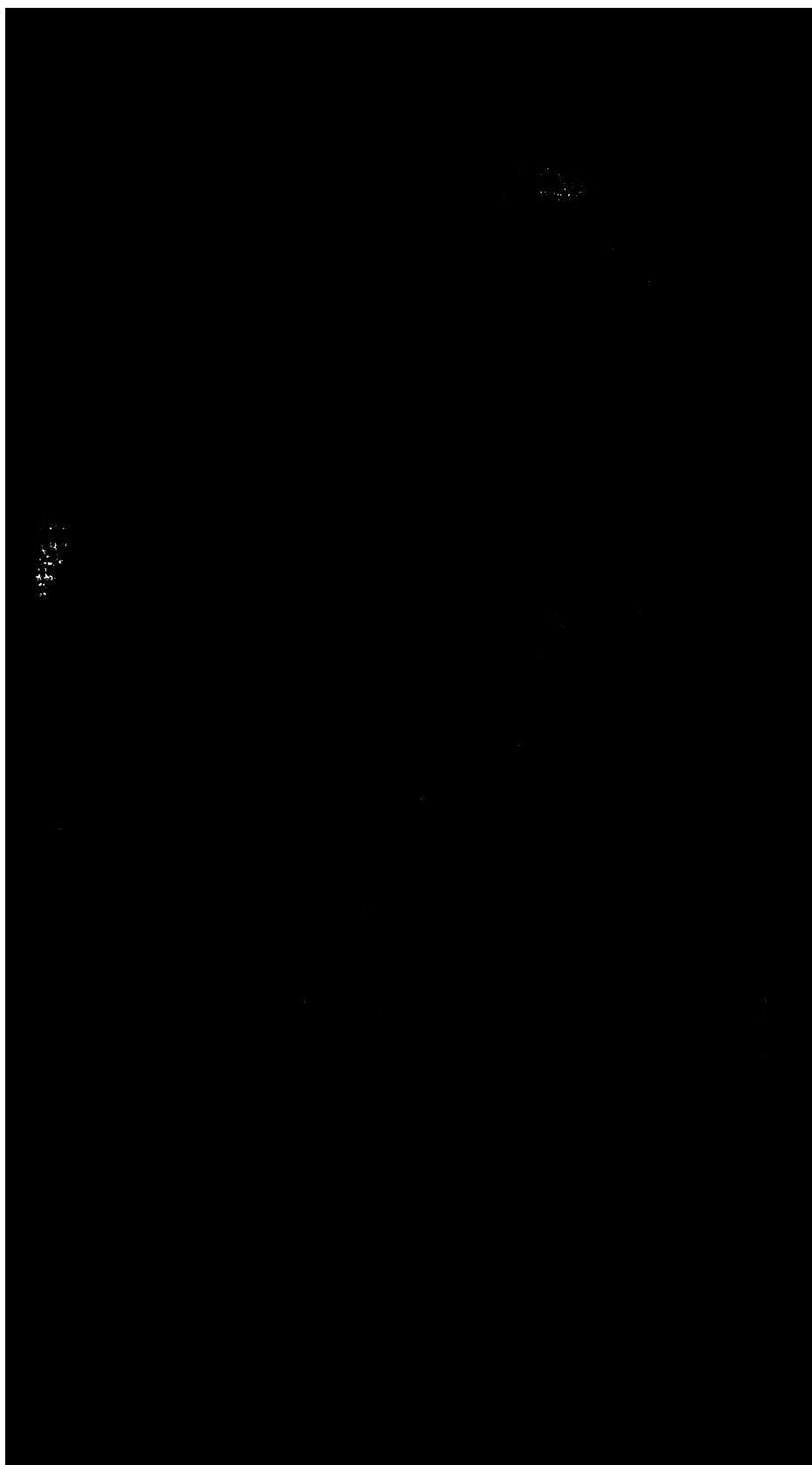
Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. *[Exit Bard.]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse⁶ as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I

(2) Come poor or rich. (3) Lot. (4) Specially. (5) Neglect. (6) Pity.





here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract¹ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness,² is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draft.*

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,³ a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes; Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pationed.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

(1) Short note of.

(2) Seriousness.

(3) Gang. (4) Surpasses, to go beyond bounds.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.
Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport: let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman! Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, I never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Ex. Page, Ford, Shal. and Eva.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang over the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him pub-

licly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House. Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman, methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great rag'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

(1) Lover. (2) Scab. (3) Scent.

(4) Cry out. (5) Strikes. (6) Old age.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,¹ and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused² song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,³
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all
the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy:—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
perties,⁴
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*
Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn. Enter
Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what,

thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and trundle-bed; 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new:
Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthro-
pophaginian*⁵ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as to stay, sir,
till she come down: I come to speak with her, in-
deed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be rob-
bed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John!
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar carries the
coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend,
bully, let her descend: my chambers are honour-
able: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman
even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise⁶ woman
of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; What
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to
her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir,
whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain,
had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man,
that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cosened
him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the
woman herself; I had other things to have spoken
with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about
mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my mas-
ter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman
told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my
master glad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir
John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that
hath taught me more wit than ever I learned be-
fore in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither,
but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozengage! meer cozengage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them,
varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozengars; for so soon

(1) Elfs, hobgoblins. (2) Wild, discordant.
(3) Soundly. (4) Necessaries. (5) Cannibal.

(6) Cunning woman, a fortune-teller.
(7) Scholar-like.

as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for a good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vouting-stops; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu. *[Exit.]*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! *[Exeunt Host and Bardolph.]*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened: for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*.¹ Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

(1) A game at cards.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pounds in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene; the image of the jest

[Showing the letter.]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented:

Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar;

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pry'thee, no more prattling;—go.—I'll

(2) In the letter.

(3) Fantastically.

hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and nance. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed phrensy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park. Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch it the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a way-word; how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor. Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at

the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park. Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park. Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow³ of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }

Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [They run off.]

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quickly and Pistol: Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

(1) Keep to the time. (2) Watch-word.

(3) Keeper of the forest.

You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan- heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality! —
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;²
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttish.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them,
shall die.

I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[Lies down upon his face.]

Eva. Where's *Pede*? — Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elvish, within and out;
Strew good luck, o'upbes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expanse that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.³

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of *Horne* the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves
in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in
thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and
iniquity.

SONG.

*Fis on sinful fantasy!
Fis on lust and luxury!*

- (1) Fellowship. (2) Whortleberry.
(3) The letters.

*Last is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;*

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine, be out.*

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

*Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford.
They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd
you now;

Will none but *Horne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest
no higher; —

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes⁴
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here
are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook,
he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-
basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money;
which must be paid to master Brook; his horses
are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we
could never meet. I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my dear.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an
ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are
extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or
four times in the thought, they were not fairies;
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden sur-
prise of my powers, drove the grossness of the fop-
pery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth
of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies.
See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,
when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray
you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried
it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-
reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat
too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time
I were choaked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at
the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?
This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-
walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though
we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by

- (4) Horns which Falstaff had.
(5) A fool's cap of Welch materials.

the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a bodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends.

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house: where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. *[Aside.]*

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been for the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mun*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jesu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry poys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am

(1) Confound her by your questions. (2) Avoid.

cozened; I ha' married an *garçon*, a boy; an *peisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit Caius.]*

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze¹ her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutious title; Since therein she doth evitate² and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plumbs at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lie with Mrs. Ford. *[Exeunt.]*

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He

could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode

of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment; its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.

JOHNSON.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Orsino, duke of Illyria.	Olivia, a rich countess.
Sebastian, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.	Viola, in love with the duke.
Antonio, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.	Maria, Olivia's woman.
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.	
Valentine, } gentlemen, attending on the duke.	
Curio, }	
Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Olivia.	Lords, priests, sailors, officers, musicians, and
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.	other attendants.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.	
Fabian, } servants to Olivia.	
Clown, }	Scene, a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Duke's palace.
Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; musicians attending.

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity! and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.¹

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur.

The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,²
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round,
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The sea-coast. Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you,
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance,
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
tice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born,

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,

As in his name.

What is his name?

Vio.

Orsino.

Cap.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

(1) Value. (2) Fantastical to the height,

(3) Heated.
K

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late; for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia's house. Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's
an enemy to life.

Mar. By troth, sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here,
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall? a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a
year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

(1) Approve.

(2) Stout.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;
and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to ally
the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among
the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk night-
ly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward, and a
coystril,³ that will not drink to my niece, till his
brains turn o' the toe, like a parish-top. What,
wench? Castilano vulgo; for here comes sir An-
drew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

*Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby
Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou lei part so, sir Andrew, 'would
thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you
think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's
my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you,
bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your
metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass,
but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary:
when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless
you see canary put me down: methinks, some-
times I have no more wit than a Christian, or an
ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef,
and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll
ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is pourquoy? do or not do? I
would I had bestow'd that time in the tongue,
that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting:
O, had I but followed the arts!

(3) Keystril, a bastard hawk.

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here nard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace.¹ What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.² Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait³ unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Viola. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years

That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all is emblemative a woman's part.

I know, thy constellation is right apt

For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best,

When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Viola.

I'll do my best,

To woo your lady: yet [*Aside.*] a barful⁴ strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A room in Olivia's house. *Enter Maria and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten⁵ answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.⁶

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

(1) *Cinque-pace*, the name of a dance.

(2) *Stocking*. (3) Go thy way.

(4) Full of impediments.

(5) Short and spare.

(6) Points were hooks which fastened the hose or breeches.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you are a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna,¹ that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cuculus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.²

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,³ that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endure thee with leasing,⁴ for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cramm with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pia mater.⁵

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the corner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

(5) The cover of the brain.

(1) Italian, mistress, dame. (2) Fools' baubles.

(3) Short arrows. (4) Lying.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
 We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comble,¹ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates: and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,² sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present:³ is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,⁴ whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulg'd,⁵ free, learn'd, and valiant.

And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense,

I would not understand it.

Oli.

Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons⁶ of contemned love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Holla your name to the reverberate⁷ hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.

Oli.

Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more;

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

(1) Accountable.

(2) It appears from several parts of this play, that the original actress of Maria was very short.

(3) Presents. (4) Blended, mixed together.

(5) Well spoken of by the world.

(6) Cantos, verses. (7) Echoing.

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no lee'd post,¹ lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Flac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oh. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:²—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invincible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oh. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's³ man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter, with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oh. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe:⁴
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The sea-coast. Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any
of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so ex-
cellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore
it charges me in manners the rather to express
myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my
name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my
father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I
know, you have heard of: he left behind him,
myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the
heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so
ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour
before you took me from the breach of the sea, was
my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:
but, though I could not, with such estimable
wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will
boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could

(1) Messenger. (2) Proclamation of gentility.
(3) Count. (4) Own, possess. (5) Reveal.

not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with
salt water, though I seem to drown her remem-
brance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let
me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire
it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of
kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my
mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine
eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the
count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess
Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away
yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put
your lord into a desperate assurance she will none
of him: and one thing more; that you be never
so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to
report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;
and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not,
be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man;—if it be so (as 'tis),

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant⁶ enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false?

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this! As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia's house. Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bad
after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *dilesculo*
surgere, thou know'st,—

(6) Dexterous, ready fiend.

(7) Fair deceiver. (8) Suit.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?¹

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.² I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogramitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:³ hadst it?

Clo. I did impetuous thy gratility;⁴ for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting;
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance⁵ indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

(1) Loggerheads be. (2) Voice. (3) Mistress.

(4) I did impetuous thy gratuity.

(5) Drink till the sky turns round.

(6) Romancer. (7) Name of an old song.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,⁶ we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,⁷ and *Three merry men* we be. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley,⁸ lady! *There dwell a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [Singing.]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—

[Singing.]

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!¹⁰

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain¹¹ with crums:—a stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would

(8) Equivalent to *filly fatty, shilly shally*.

(9) Cobblers.

(10) Hang yourself.

(11) Stewards anciently wore a chain.

not give means for this uncivil rule;¹ she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,² and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,³ possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned⁴ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:⁵ the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea,⁶

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut?

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in the Duke's palace.
Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music: Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms, Of these most briak and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse.

Cvr. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cvr. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio.—Music.

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me:

For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is throu'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour⁸ that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart, For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as roses; whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,⁹

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,¹⁰ And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.¹¹

(1) Method of life. (2) By-word. (3) Inform us.

(4) Affected.

(5) The row of grass left by a mower.

(6) Amazon. (7) Horse. (8) Countenance.

(9) Lace makers. (10) Simple truth.

(11) Times of simplicity.

Ol. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prythee, sing.

[Music.]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown;
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Enter Curio and attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks¹ her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can 'bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

(1) A precious stone of all colours. (3) Decks.
(3) Denial.

Duke.

And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.³

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—
Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been your der i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there; [throws down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit Maria.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,⁴ it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets⁵ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio!—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows⁶ him!

(4) Love. (5) Struts. (6) Puffs him up.
I.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,² where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do their's—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, that is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [reads] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases! By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!³

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth snay my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth snay my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl⁴ checks⁵ at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! *M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter⁶ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M.*—Malvolio;—*M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.*—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O.*

Mal. And then *I* comes behind;

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I.*—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to invire thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough;⁷ and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee overcross-gartered: I say remember. Go to; thou art made if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy!

Day-light and champion⁸ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice,⁹ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.*

(1) State-chair. (2) Couch.

(3) Badger. (4) Hawk. (5) Flies at it.

(6) Name of a hound. (7) Skin of a snake.

(8) Open country. (9) Utmost exactness.

Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *[Exit.]*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou may'st say, the king lies² by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril³ glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Fio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Fio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Fio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Fio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Fio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Fio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus⁴ of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Fio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Fio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard,⁵ check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Fio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Fio. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Fio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁶ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Fio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Fio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Raise odours!* well.

(1) A boy's diversion three and tip.

(2) Dwells. (3) Kid.

(4) See the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

(5) A hawk not well trained. (6) Bound, limit.

Fio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant¹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed :— I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.* Give me your hand, sir.

Fio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Fio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Fio. You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Fio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Fio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Fio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving?

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Fio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Fio. No, not a grise;² for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

Fio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pry thee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Fio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Fio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Fio. Would it be better, madam, than I am, I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip!

(1) Ready. (2) Ready apprehension. (3) Step. (4) In spite of.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre⁴ all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Fio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's house. Enter

Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must need yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jest, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist,⁵ as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places;

my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst⁶ and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be

(5) Separatists in queen Elizabeth's reign.

(6) Crabbed.

eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware¹ in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*.² Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Pho. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby. *Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong or so.

Pho. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes³ cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Pho. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A street. *Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable: my willing love The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth,⁴ as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

(1) In Hertfordshire, which held forty persons.
(2) Chamber. (3) Waggon ropes.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed⁵ in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge.

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden. *Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,⁶ And suits well for a servant with my fortunes; Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;

But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship

Were best have guard about you, if he come;

For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad⁷ occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in

(4) Wealth. (5) Caught.
(6) Grave and demure. (7) Grave.

my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness*:—"Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great*,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness*,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings*:—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desiredst to be so*:—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exe. Olivia and Mar.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast the humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants*,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to*: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

(1) Hot weather madness.

(2) Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

(3) Companion.

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁵ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!⁶

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me [*reads.*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

(4) Jolly cock, beau and cog.

(5) A play among boys.

(6) Colliers were accounted great cheats.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.* *Andrew Ague-cheek.*

Sir To. If this letter moves him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mari. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Ex.]
Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio.

I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

(1) Uncautiously. (2) Rapier. (3) Ready.

(4) Sort. (5) Decision. (6) Adversary.

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Ex.]

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck,² be yare³ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.⁴

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;⁵ but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite⁶ that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,⁷ with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you⁸ as surely

(7) Stoccata, an Italian term in fencing.

(8) Does for you.

as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse *[to Fab.]* to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Viola. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. *[Aside.]*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello² avoid it, but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! *[Draws.]*

Enter Antonio.

Viola. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[Draws.]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. *[Drawing.]*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more,

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. *[Draws.]*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. *[To Antonio.]*

Viola. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. *[To Sir Andrew.]*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir?—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

(1) Horrid conception.

(3) Ornamented.

(2) Laws of duel.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Viola. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which, methought, did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd³ by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. *[Exe. Officers, with Antonio.]*

Viola. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Viola. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know

Yet living in my glass;⁴ even such and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

(4) In the reflection of my own figure.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The street before Olivia's house.
Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, 'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent! thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my truth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.
[Striking Sebastian.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.
[Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.
[Holding Seb.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[Draws.]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[Draws.]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudeby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

(1) Let out. (2) Rude fellow. (3) Violence.

(4) Made up. (5) Ill betide.

In this uncivil and unjust extent¹
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,⁴ that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose, but go;
Do not deny: beshrew's his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'would, thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exe.]

SCENE II.—A room in Olivia's house. Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.
[Exit Maria.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble⁶ myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors' enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is: so I, being master parson, am master parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?*

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [in an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged! good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows,⁸ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, 'there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more

(6) Disguise. (7) Confederates.

(8) Bow-windows.

mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.¹

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.²

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exe. Sir Toby and Mar.*]

Clo. Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say:—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, and ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how tell you beside your five wits?³

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me;⁴ keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour yourself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent⁵ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

(1) Regular conversation.

(2) Any other gem as a topaz. (3) Senses.

(4) Taken possession of.

(5) Scolded, reprimanded.

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pry'thee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice;

Like to the old vice,⁶

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, Goodman drivell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Olivia's garden. Enter Sebastian.*

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,⁷ That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune, So far exceed all instance, all discourse,⁸ That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust⁹ but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, She could not away her house, command her followers.¹⁰

Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't, That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry¹¹ by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: he shall conceal it, Whilst¹² you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exe.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The street before Olivia's house.*

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

(6) A buffoon character in the old plays, and father of the modern harlequin.

(7) Account. (8) Reason. (9) Belief.

(10) Servants. (11) Little chapel. (12) Until.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was bearn'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable: With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own

purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it pleases my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy, That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still; But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah, me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come away.

[To Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:¹
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,

I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sew'd a grizzle on thy case?²
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-check, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send
one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and
has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the
love of God, your help: I had rather than forty
pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

(1) Drown thy property. (2) Skin.
(3) Otherwise. (4) Serious dancer.

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was
set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have
tickled you othergates³ than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and
there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon,
sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago;
his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure,
or a pavin,⁴ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc
with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll
be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[Exit Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons?

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity,⁵ what kin are you to me? [To Viola.

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.

(5) Out of charity tell me.

Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets¹ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help,
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To Olivia.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
[*To Viola.*]

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: be, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio
hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:
he has here writ a letter to you; I should have giv-
en it you to-day morning: but as a madman's epis-
tles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they
are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool
delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow vox.²

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,³ my prin-
cess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

Clo. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken
cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my
senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own
letter that induced me to the semblance I put on;*

*with the which I doubt not but to do myself much
right, or you much shame. Think of me as you
please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.—

Your master quits you; [*To Viola.*] and, for your
service done him,
So much against the mettle⁴ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter⁵ people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,⁶ and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;⁷
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

(1) Hinders. (2) Voice. (3) Attend
(4) Frame and constitution. (5) Inferior.

(6) Fool. (7) Importance.

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Old. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd.* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Old. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,²
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—*Cesario, come;*
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

(1) Cheated.

(2) Shall serve.

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [*Exit.*]

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincenzo, duke of Vienna.
 Angelo, lord deputy in the duke's absence.
 Escalus, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.
 Claudio, a young gentleman.
 Lucio, a fantastic.
 Two other like gentlemen.
 Varrius, a gentleman, servant to the duke.
 Provost.
 Thomas, } two friars.
 Peter, }
 A Justice.
 Elbow, a simple constable.
 Froth, a foolish gentleman.

Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.
 Abhorson, an executioner.
 Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
 Isabella, sister to Claudio.
 Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
 Juliet, beloved by Claudio.
 Francisca, a nun.
 Mistress Over-done, a bawd.

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.

Scene, Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Duke's palace.
Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and attendants.

Duke.

ESCALUS.—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
 Since I am put to know that your own science,
 Exceeds, in that, the lists¹ of all advice
 My strength can give you : then no more remains
 But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you are as pregnant² in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember : there is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call
 hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lest him our terror, drest him with our love;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power : what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings³
 Are not thine own so proper,⁴ as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.⁵ But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo;
 In our remove, be thou at full yourself;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart : Old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary :
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
 We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concerns shall impörtune,
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple : your scope⁶ is as mine own ;
 So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
 I'll privily away : I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and awed⁷ vehement ;

(1) Bounds. (2) Full of. (3) Endowments.
 (4) So much thy own property.

(5) For high purposes. (6) Interest.
 (7) Extent of power. (8) Hailings.

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier
of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion,¹ or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself
art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers
between us.²

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists
and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good
velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee:
I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be
pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.³ Do
I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with
most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of
thine own confession, learn to begin thy health;
but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong;
have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art
tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitiga-
tion comes! I have purchased as many diseases
under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown⁴ more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in
me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy;
but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones
are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the
most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested,
and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of
you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him ar-
rested; saw him carried away; and, which is
more, within these three days his head's to be chop-
ped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not
have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting
madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised
to meet me two hours since; and he was ever pre-
cise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides you know, it draws something
near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the pro-
clamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the
sweat; what with the gallows, and what with
poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's
the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him:
you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must
be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the
city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone
down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the
commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack
no clients: though you change your place, you need
not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still.
Courage: there will be pity taken on you: you that
have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you
will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's
withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the pro-
vost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exe.*]

(1) Measure. (2) A cut of the same cloth.

(3) A jest on the loss of hair by the French disease.

(4) Corona Veneris.

(5) The sweating sickness.

SCENE III.—The same. Enter Provost,¹ Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue (Like rats that ravin² down their proper bane,) A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.— Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chanced, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs³ have gone round, And none of them been worn: and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle⁴ on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

(1) Gaoler. (2) Voraciously devour.

(3) Yearly circles. (4) Ticklish.

(5) Enter on her probation. (6) Prompt.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:⁵

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone⁶ and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse.

Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A monastery. Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd:⁷

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.⁸

I have delivered to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture,⁹ and firm abstinence,) My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd: now, pious sir,

You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws (The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an over-grown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,

Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith¹¹ 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them

For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my

father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet my nature never in the sight,

(7) Completely armed. (8) Retired.

(9) Showy dress raides. (10) Strictness.

(11) Since.

To do it slander : and to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pry'thee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard¹ with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A nunnery. Enter Isabella and Francisca.*

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho ! peace be in this place ! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice : gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men,

But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit Francisca.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less ! can you so stand me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask ;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet you :

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me ! For what ?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks :

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.²

Lucio.

It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so :
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking
me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,³
'tis thus :

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

(1) On his defence. (2) Do not make a jest of me.

(3) In few and true words. (4) Breeding plenty.

(5) Telling. (6) Extent.

To teeming foison ;⁴ even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth⁵ and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin
Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line⁶ of his authority,

Governs lord Angelo ; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,

Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example : all hope is gone,

Unless you have the grace⁷ by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo : and that's my pith

Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd⁸ him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : go to lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe⁹ them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying but to give the mother¹⁰

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :

Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Angelo's house. Enter*
Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and
attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear¹¹ the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

(7) Power of gaining favour. (8) Sentenced.

(9) Have. (10) Address. (11) Scare.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
'Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know!
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue.)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd² with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass³ on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,⁴

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For⁵ I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure⁶ him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Ex. Prov.]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him; and forgive
us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes⁷ of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a common weal,⁸ that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! what's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world,
that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir: a tapster, sir; parcel¹⁰-bawd; one
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as
they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she
professes¹¹ a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill
house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest¹² before heaven
and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an
honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. how dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleani-
liness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:
but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To Angelo.]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-
ing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd
prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at
that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-
dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have
seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but
very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are there-
in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this
mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and be-
ing great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes;
and having but two in the dish, as I said, master
Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as
I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;
—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give
you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be re-
member'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid
prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you
be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one,
were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they
kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the pur-
pose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he
hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was
done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your
honour's leave: and I beseech you, look into master
Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year;
whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at
Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland¹³ eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths:
he, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower¹⁴ chair, sir:—
'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you
have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,
and good for winter.

(1) Examine. (2) Suited. (3) Pass judgment.

(4) Plain. (5) Because. (6) Sentence.

(7) Thickest, thorny paths of vice. (8) Wealth.

(9) Well told. (10) Partly. (11) Keeps a bagnio.

(12) For protest. (13) Eve of All Saints day.

(14) Easy.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: good morrow to your lordship. *[Exit Angelo.]*

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife?

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? justice, or iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caittiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it; what is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caittiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? *[To Froth.]*

Froth. Here, in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clo. A tapster: a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. *[Exit Froth.]*—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *[Ex.]*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters:

(1) Deposed, sworn. (2) Constable or Clown.

(3) For cannibal.

(4) Measures.

as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so:

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same. Enter Provost and a Servant.*

Serv. He's bearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages, snatched of this vice; and he To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Last I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine; Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Ex. Serv.* See you the fornicatress be remov'd; Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must;

(1) Pity. (2) Be assured.

For which I must not plead, but that I am At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it! Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done: Mine were the very cipler of a function, To find the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law! I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold: if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy. *Ang.* I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse! As mine is to him?

Ang. He's senten'd: 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isabella.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again: Well believ'd this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace, As mercy does. If he had been as you, And you as he, you would have slept like him; But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'were to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy: How would you be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that; And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid: It is the law, not I, condemn your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him;—He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, but think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

(3) When in season.

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe;
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence:

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou art in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skims the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up in heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me

To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to Isab.*

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I

Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. [*Aside.*

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour! [*Exe. Luc. Isa. and Pro.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,

That lying by the violet, in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth good us on

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A room in a prison. Enter Duke,
habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so, I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good
friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them; and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Who falling in the flames of her own youth,

Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;

And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

More fit to do another such offence,

Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

(1) Paltry. (2) Knotted. (3) Attested, stamped.

(4) Preserved from the corruption of the world.

(5) See 2 Kings, x. 27.

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while. [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven;

Showing, we'd not spare¹ heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.—

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house. Enter
Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray.

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, wherein I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,² change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,³ thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Ex. Serv.

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so

(1) Spare to offend heaven. (2) Profit.

(3) Outside. (4) People.

The general,⁴ subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,

To make a false cue.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather. That the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, let make it my morn prayer

To have it add'd to the debts of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield'd beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;

To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross:

Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears

Accountant to the law upon that pain.⁵

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life

(5) Enshielded, covered.

(6) Penalty.

(As I subscribe! not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question?) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself dear'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy³ in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary,⁴ but only he,
Owe,⁵ and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.⁶

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you
tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch⁷ against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stife in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious⁹ blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.]
Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!
Bidding the law make court'sy, to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the prison. Enter Duke,
Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute¹⁰ for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant:

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

(1) Agree to. (2) Conversation. (3) Ignominy.

(4) Associate. (5) Own. (6) Impressions.

(7) Hypocrisy. (8) Attestation. (9) Reluctant.

(10) Determined.

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st; Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,¹
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,² and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg thee alms
Of palsied eld;³ and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good indeed;

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;⁴
Therefore your best appointment⁵ make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity⁶ you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth in the head, and follies doth enmew,⁷
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards.⁸ Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,

So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly⁹ as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably¹⁰ fin'd?—O, Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded cold; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless¹¹ winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts

Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far,

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!

(1) Affects, affections. (2) Leprous eruptions.
(3) Old age. (4) Resident. (5) Preparation.
(6) Vastness of extent. (7) Shut up.

(8) Laced robes. (9) Freely. (10) Lastingly.
(11) Invisible.

O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness!
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:²
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprive thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:³
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive; I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold! you there: farewell. [*Ex. Claud.*]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

(1) Wildness. (2) Refusal.

(3) An established habit.

(4) Continue in that resolution.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have not you heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed⁵ her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer⁷ yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.⁸ The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubtfulness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: haste

(5) Betrothed. (6) Gave her up to her sorrow.

(7) Have recourse to. (8) Over-reached.

you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the mounted grange,¹ resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The street before the prison. Enter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.²

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock,³ which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord,⁴ sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.⁵

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.⁶

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.⁷ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes: but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion⁸ ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have

(1) A solitary farm-house. (2) A sweet wine.

(3) For a Spanish padlock.

(4) Tied like your waist with a rope.

(5) Powdering tub.

(6) Stay at home.

(7) Fashion.

(8) Pappet.

paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport ; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected¹ for women ; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty ;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish : the duke had crotchets in him : he would be drunk too ; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his : a shy fellow was the duke : and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon ;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips ; but this I can let you understand,—The greater file² of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing³ fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking ; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,⁴ must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimony in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier : therefore, you speak unskilfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too un hurtful an opposite.⁵ But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this : canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again : this ungentur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-gaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd ; he would never bring them to light : would he were return'd ! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I prythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat nut-ton⁶ on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say, that I said so. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit⁷ in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me : mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage ; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob : I have kept it myself ; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license :—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison : Go to ; no more words. [*Exit Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow ; let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you?

Escal. Of whence are you.

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it ; novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be constant in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure ; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd : much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contend-
ed especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous : and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measures from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolv'd⁸ to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the ex-

(1) Suspected. (2) The majority of his subjects.
(3) Inconsiderate. (4) Guided. (5) Opponent.

(6) Have a wench. (7) Transgress.
(8) Satisfied.

tremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answers the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness, made² in crimes,
Making practice on the tithes,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd ;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A room in Mariana's house. Mariana discovered sitting ; a Boy singing.

SONG.

*Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,*

*bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Duke. 'Tis good : though music oft hath such a
charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
here to-day ? much upon this time have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after : I have
sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you :—The time

- (1) Appearance. (2) Trained.
(3) Walked round. (4) Planked, wooden.
(5) Informed. (6) Waits.

is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon, for
some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd³ with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched⁴ gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
this way ?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't ;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;
And that I have possess'd⁵ him, my most stay
Can be but brief : for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays⁶ upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this :—What, ho ! within ! come forth !

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you ?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do ; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear :
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests⁷
Upon thy doings ! thousand 'scapes⁸ of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !—Welcome ! How
agreed ?

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

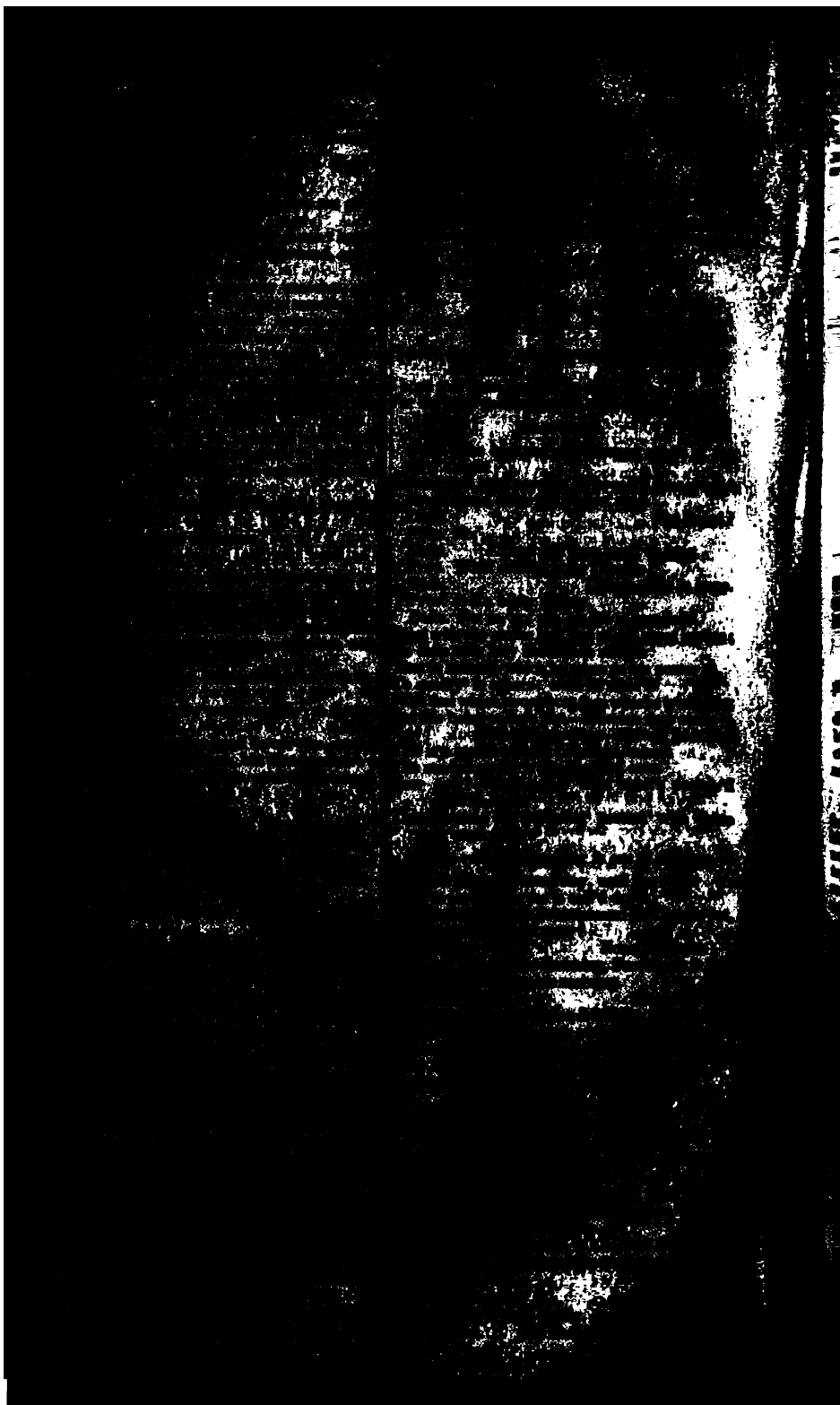
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith⁹ that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish¹⁰ the deceit. Come, let us go ;

- (7) Inquisitions, inquiries. (8) Sallies.
(9) Since. (10) Gild or varnish over.



For which the pardoner himself is in :
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority :
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwanted putting on :¹ methinks, strangely ; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd ; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*
What say you to this, sir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born ; but here nursed up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.²

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent ?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? How seems he to be touch'd ?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none : he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison ; give him leave to escape, hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him : to make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it ? having the hour limited ; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head be borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.³

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser : and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard ; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death : you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not : for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the duke's death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd : put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another room in the same. Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tiler, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-cann that stabb'd Potts, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine ! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine !

Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

Clo. Your friends, sir ; the hangman : you must

(1) Spur, incitement. (2) Nine years in prison.

(3) Countenance.



I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wond' you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke.

Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house. Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disavow'd⁽¹⁾ other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes⁽²⁾ in the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit,⁽³⁾ As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unthapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

(1) Go. (2) Contradicted. (3) Figure and rank.

(4) Calls, challenges her to do it.

(5) Credit unquestionable. (6) Utterer.

The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason darest⁽⁷⁾
her?—no:

For my authority bears a credent⁽⁸⁾ bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.⁽⁹⁾ He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he
had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would and we would not.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Fields without the town. Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do blench⁽¹⁰⁾ from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice,
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.]

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exe.]*

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate. Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full⁽¹¹⁾ purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange: for 'tis a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter,—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage⁽⁹⁾ on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets
sounded;

The generous⁽¹⁰⁾ and gravest citizens
Have hent⁽¹¹⁾ the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore hence, away. *[Exe.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the city gate. Mariana (veiled), Isabella, and Peter, at a distance. Enter at opposite doors, Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

(7) Start off. (8) Availful. (9) Advantage.
(10) Most noble. (11) Seized.

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. & Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves with characters of brass A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time, And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus; You must walk by us on our other hand;— And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹ your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And give me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?

Be brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke, You bid me seek redemption of the devil: Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd, Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother, Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange? That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, A hypocrite, a virgin-violator; Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo, Than this is all as true as it is strange: Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To the end of reckoning,

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul, She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,

But one, the wicked'st catiff on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince, If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more, Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty, If she be mad (as I believe no other,) Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing on thing, As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke, Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason For inequality: but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid; And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad, Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo: I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo, For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord; Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then; Pray you, take note of it: and when you have A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went To this pernicious catiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it; The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd;

(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter:

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debatement, My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes, His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour, In hateful practice:—First, his integrity Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on:

(1) Lower. (2) Habits and characters of office.
(3) Refuted. (4) Pity. (5) Foolish.

(6) Conspiracy.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou came'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
wo,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar,
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute?—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
friar

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whosoever he's convented.¹ First, for this woman
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly² and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[Isabella is carried off, guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had
some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be
no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou
wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy
face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this
woman;

And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition;³ but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years,

I neverspake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,

He knew me as a wife: As this is true

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

(1) Beat. (2) Simple. (3) Convented.
(4) Publicly.

(5) Deception. (6) Her fortune fell short.

Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy
ouths,
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,³
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
well

Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [*Exit Duke.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest
in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till
he come, and enforce them against him: we shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
[*To an attendant.*] I would speak with her: Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall
see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with Isabella; the Duke, in the
friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*To Isabella.*] here's
a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

(1) Crazy. (2) Conspiracy. (3) To the end.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
devil

Be some time honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial:⁵ My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, Goodman
bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of
the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me,
ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke
so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,
after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—
Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?
Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon
him; let him speak no more. Away with those
giglots too, and with the other confederate com-
panion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; folk,
sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must
be hooded, must you? Show your knave's vinge.

(4) Refer back. (5) Accountable. (6) Wanton.

with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers
the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made
a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three :—
Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and
you

Must have a word anon :—lay bold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down.— [To Escalus.]

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave :
[To Angelo.]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes : Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent³ death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her in-
stantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again :—Go with him, Provost.
[Exit Ang. Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dis-
honour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :
Your friar is now your prince : As I was then
Advertising,⁴ and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost : O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : But, peace be with him !
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching
here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your
brother

(Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,) [Kneeling.]
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper⁵ tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested :
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee
vantage :

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste ;—

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour :
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [To Lucio.]
to you.

Mari. O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take
my part ;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense⁶ you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office

(1) Service. (3) Devices. (3) Following.
(4) Attentive. (5) Angelo's own tongue.

(6) Reason and affection

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:¹
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those early faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To Isabella.*]
for his sake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks, I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits² you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;
You, sirrah, [*To Lucio.*] that knew me for a fool, a
coward,

One all of luxury,³ an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

- (1) Consideration. (2) Requires.
(3) Incontinence. (4) Thoughtless practice.

Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke: good my lord, do not recom-
pense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more grateful.⁴
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*]

The novel of Giraldi Cinthio, from which Shak-
speare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may
be read in *Shakspere Illustrated*, elegantly trans-
lated, with remarks which will assist the inquirer
to discover how much absurdity Shakespeare has ad-
mitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-
modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a story
which in some particulars resembled it, and that
Cinthio was not the author whom Shakespeare im-
mediately followed. The emperor in Cinthio is
named Maximine: the duke, in Shakespeare's enu-
meration of the persons of the drama, is called Vin-
centio. This appears a very slight remark; but
since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever
mentioned but by his title, why should he be called
Vincentio among the persons, but because the name
was copied from the story, and placed superfluo-
usly at the head of the list, by the mere habit of
transcription? It is therefore likely that there was
then a story of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different
from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

Of this play, the light or comic part is very natu-
ral and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few pas-
sages be excepted, have more labour than elegance.
The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time
of the action is indefinite: some time, we know not
how much, must have elapsed between the recess
of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for
he must have learned the story of Mariana in his
disguise, or he delegated his power to a man al-
ready known to be corrupted. The unities of action
and place are sufficiently preserved.

JOHNSON.

- (5) Punishments. (6) To reward.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, *Prince of Arragon.*
 Don John, *his bastard brother.*
 Claudio, *a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
 Benedick, *a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.*
 Leonato, *governor of Messina.*
 Antonio, *his brother.*
 Balthazar, *servant to Don Pedro.*
 Borachio, } *followers of Don John.*
 Conrade, }
 Dogberry, } *two foolish officers.*
 Verges, }

A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to Leonato.*
 Beatrice, *niece to Leonato.*
 Margaret, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
 Ursula, }

Messengers, watch, and attendants.

Scene, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.*

Leonato.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,¹ and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.²

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight:³ and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet⁴ with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man:⁵ but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.⁶

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no

(1) Kind. (2) Abundance. (3) At long length.

(4) Even. (5) A cuckold. (6) Mould for a hat.

young squarer! now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar, and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he

heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. *[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.]*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yes, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the doting jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

(1) Quarrelsome fellow.

(2) Trust.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldric,³ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.⁴

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded⁵ with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you float old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit Bene.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

(1) The tune sounded to call off the dogs.

(2) Hunting-horn. (3) Girdle.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir; Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,⁶ thou lov'st it; And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her bearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:

In practice let us put it presently. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-planch'd alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appears itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I

(4) The name of a famous archer. (5) Trimmed.

(6) Once for all. (7) Thickly interwoven.

will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Another room in Leonato's house.*
Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the gougery,¹ my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have a stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw² no man in his humour.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker³ in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad⁴ conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up

hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentleman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [To Hero.] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*.—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

¹ The venereal disease.

² Flutter.

³ Dog-rose.

⁴ Serious.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward mar? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?²

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour: for God defend,³ the iute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself?

Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so.

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible⁴ slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded⁵ me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[Music within.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.⁶

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.⁷ This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's

(1) Importunate. (3) Lover. (3) Forbid.

(4) Incredible. (5) Accosted.

(6) Carriage, demeanour. (7) Passion.

chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Will thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet

in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio and Beatrice.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pig-nies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days:—your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon

(1) Incredible.

(2) The Goddess of Discord.

(3) Interest.

(4) Turn: a phrase among the players.

me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. *Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another room in Leonato's house.
Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

(1) Lineage. (2) Fastidious. (3) Pretend.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend^a a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrow.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden. Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orator; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may

transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox¹ with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting. *D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, note, forsooth, and noting! *[Music.]* *Bene.* Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'²
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

(1) Young or cub-fox.

(2) Longer.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [To Claudio.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Dost so: farewell. [Exit Balthazar and music.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [Aside to Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[Aside.] *Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.³

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion come so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[Aside.] *Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[Aside.] *D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet:—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls,

(3) Beyond the power of thought to conceive.

weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy¹ hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daft'd² all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible³ spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper⁴ man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. *[Aside.]*

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. *[Aside.]*

[Exit Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.]

Benedick advances from above.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage:—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing⁵ with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose: this is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

(1) Alienation of mind. (2) Thrown off.
(3) Contemptuous. (4) Hand-our.

(5) Seriously carried on. (6) Discouraging.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it—

[They advance to the bosom.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.¹

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never frain'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising² what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

(1) A species of hawk. (2) Undervaluing.

(3) Ready. (4) Conversation.

It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift³ and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man in Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,⁴ and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: come, go
in;

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd,⁵ I warrant you; we have
caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.]

Beatrice advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A room in Leonato's house. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be
consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in
the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child
his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only
be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from
the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is
all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-
string, and the little hangman dares not shoot at
him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his
tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his
tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true
drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love:
if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it after-
wards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

(5) Enamur'd with birdlime.

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slop; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet; unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he

(1) Large loose breeches.

holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so.

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I would for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A street. *Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable.

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcrake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable.

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

R

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think be cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and

now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when such villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy³ painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched⁴ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged: swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

(1) Weapons of the watchmen.

(2) Unpractised in the ways of the world.

(3) Smoked.

(4) Soiled.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak ; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in Leonato's house. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato¹ were better

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good ; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another ; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire² within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner : and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours : Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver ; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,³ and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your lord honourable without marriage ? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband* : an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody : Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband ? None, I think, an if it be the right husband, and the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy : Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now ! do you speak in the sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love* ; that goes without a burden : do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love*, with your heels !—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill ;—hey ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.⁴

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?

Marg. Nothing ! ; but God send every one their heart's desire !

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me ! God help me ! how long have you profess'd apprehension ?

Marg. Ever since you left it : doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some moral⁵ in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love : nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, in deed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man : he swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging : and how you may be converted, I know not ; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in Leonato's house.*

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends ?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous : *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me ! ha !

(1) A kind of ruff. (2) Head-dress.
(3) Long-sleeves. (4) i. e. for an ache or pain.

(5) Hidden meaning.

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—an honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, (God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[Touching his forehead.]* shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a church. Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

(1) It is worth seeing. (2) Lascivious.

(3) Licentious.

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul

Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth,

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift.

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;²

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?⁴

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

(4) Remote from the business in hand.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a rufian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.²

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for
me? [*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink
you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light,
Smooth her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, *Hero!*—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—
frier!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?³
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirch'd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen

(1) Too free of tongue. (2) Attractive.
(3) Disposition of things.

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not: although, until last night,
I have this twelve-month been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions start

Into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenor of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know

none:

If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision⁴ in the

princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her

honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,

Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her a while be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

(4) Sullied. (5) Misconception.

Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it fails out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack² the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon³ his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation.)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mounds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness⁴ and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure. [*Exe. Friar, Hero, and Leon.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—there is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approv'd in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand⁵ until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties⁶! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect;⁷ a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,⁸ valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: by this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

(1) While. (2) Over-rate. (3) By.
(4) Intimacy. (5) Delude her with hopes.

(6) Noblemen. (7) A nobleman made out of sugar.
(8) Ceremony.

SCENE II.—A prison. Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God!—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

(1) Bond.

(2) Admonition.

Verg. Let them be in band!

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder: and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's house. Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as proficients As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose words do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; Cry—sorrow, wag! and bemoan, when he should groan; Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortunes drunk With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel: but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air, and agony with words: No, no: 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ach patiently; However they have writ the style of gods, And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied; And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,

And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Mary, Mary,

Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fear and just at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;

And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of her's fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,¹

His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:—

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining² fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my

niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Ho'd you content; What, man! I know

them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antiety, and show outward hidiousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake

your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?—

Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast nettles enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.³

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; True, says she, a fine little one: No, said I, a great wit; Right, says she, a great gross one: Nay, said I, a good wit: Just, said she, it hurts nobody:

(1) Skill in fencing.

(2) Thrusting.

(3) To give a challenge.

(4) Invited.

Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*: *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forsook on Tuesday morning*; *there's a double tongue*; *there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, *thou wast the properest man in Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text undemeath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*.

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: for my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. *[Exit Benedick.]*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken to their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division: and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you bear me, and let this count

kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. *Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died: and, if your love

Can labour ought in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden. Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

(1) Ignorant.

(2) Holiday phrases.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.]
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake; I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there

(3) Is subject to.

will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil' at home : it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : will you come presently ?

Bast. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The inside of a church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and attendants, with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. *[Reads from a scroll.]*

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies :

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Affixing it.

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight ;

For the which, with songs of wo,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan ;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily :

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray :

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds :

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this wo !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Leonato's house. Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated : But Margaret was in some fault for this ; Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

(1) Stir.

(2) Reward.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd :

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. *[Re-ent' Ladies.]*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince ; But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage ;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,

Claudio ;

We here attend you ; are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. *[Exit Antonio.]*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's

the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's

cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other

reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife :

[Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

ro. The former Hero! Hero that
She died, my lord, but whilst her glance
liv'd.

r. All this amazement can I qualify;
after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll you largely of fair Hero's death:

to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name;

What is your will?
Do not you love me?

No, no more than reason.
No, no more than the prince,
No, no more than your uncle, and the prince,

Why, then your
and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Do not you love me?
No, no more than reason.
No, no more than Margaret, and

Why then, my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

They swore that you were almost sick for
me.

They swore that you were well-nigh dead
for me.

'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not
love me?

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves
her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

And here's another,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Hero.

Write in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against
our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you:—but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to
save your life, for I was told you were in a consump-
tion.

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

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Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]

kinsman, live —
Cloud. I had well w...
nied Beatrice, that I might ha...
of thy single life, thou wilt be, if my coun...
which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my coun...
do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have
a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten
our hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.
Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, mu-
sic.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get
thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than
one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in
flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.
Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll de-
vise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up.
[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

[Danse.]

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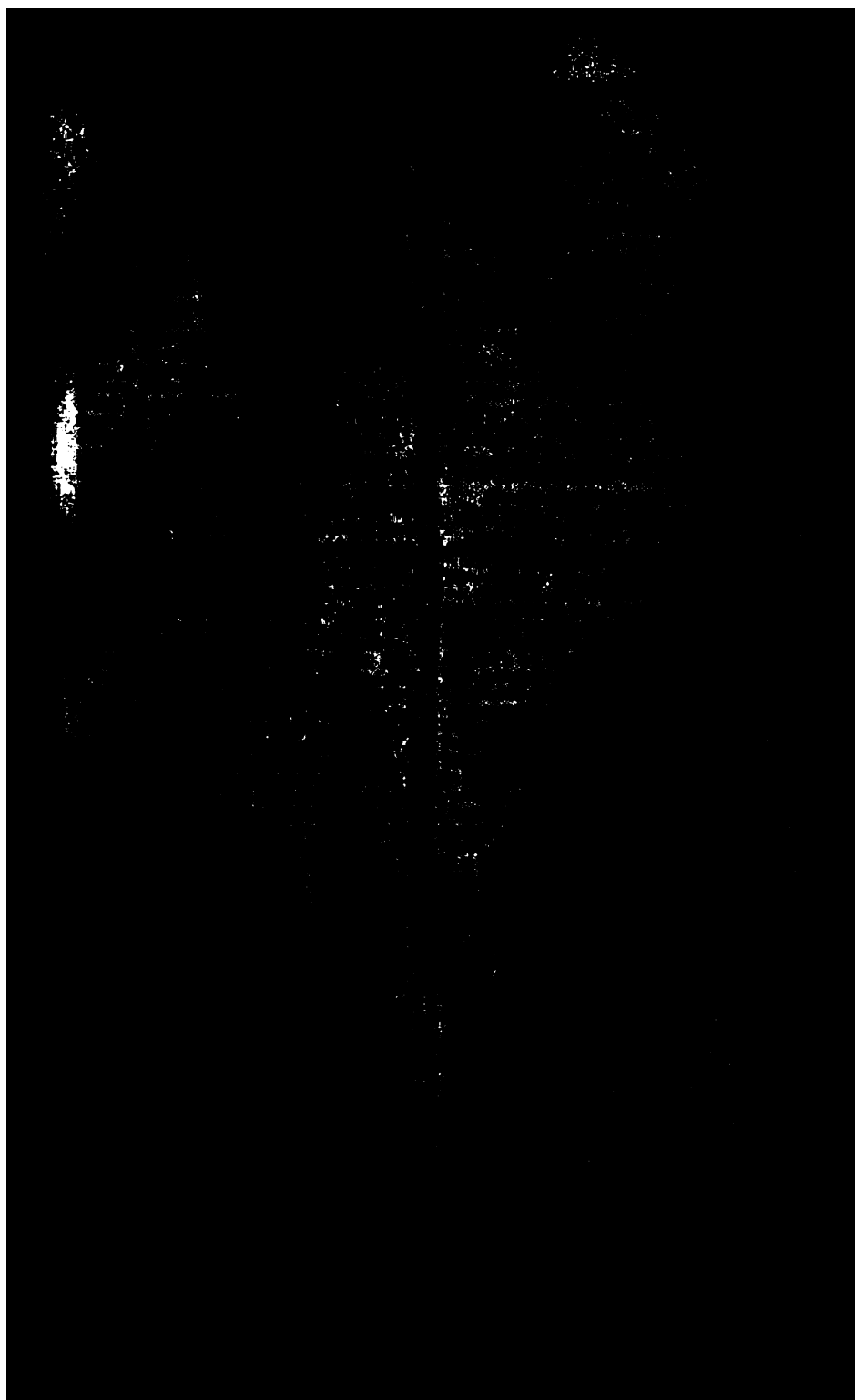
[Danse.]

[Danse.]

This play may be justly said to contain two of
the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever
drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman,
and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to
be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splen-
did of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnece-
sary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is
hardly sufficient to atone for the license of his
tongue. The too sarcastic levity, may be excused
in account of the steadiness and friendship so ap-
parent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover
to risk his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the
conduct of the fable, however, there is an imper-
fection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has point-
ed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the
second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—
or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is be-
come stale by repetition. I wish some other method
had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very
one which before had been successfully practised on
Benedick.

Much Ado About Nothing (as I understand
from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly pas-
sed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrice*. Her
the player received, on the 20th of May, 1611,
sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more
his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six pl
Hampton Court, among which was this com
STEEV

(1) Because.



Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; Hold, or cut bow-strings.¹ [Exe.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere ;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green :

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours :

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lord of spirits, I'll be gone ;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;

She never had so sweet a changeling ;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen.²

But they do square³ that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making

quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow : are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,⁴
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barn ;⁵
Mistake night-wanderers, laughing at their harm :
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab ;⁶

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me :

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And tailor cries, and falls into a cough ;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—'Would that he

were gone !

SCENE II.—Enter Oberon, at one door, with his train, and Titania, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon ? Fairy, skip hence ;

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton ; Am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : But I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steep of India ?

But that forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering

night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?

And make him with fair *Egle* break his faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiope ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or on the beached margin of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,

Have every pelting¹⁰ river made so proud,

That they have overcome their continents :¹¹

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fatt'd with the murrain fock ;

(1) Articles required in performing a play.

(2) At all events.

(3) Circles.

(4) A term of contempt.

(5) Shining.

(6) Quarrel.

(7) Mill.

(8) Yeast.

(9) Wild apple.

(10) Petty.

(11) Banks which contain them.

The nine men's morris¹ is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hyman or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing² autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase,³ now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.⁴

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
(Following her womb, then rich with my young
squire,)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

(*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*)
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.⁵
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
wound,—

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. (*Exit Puck.*)

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

(*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*)

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wood's within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach⁷ your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;

(1) A game played by boys.

(2) Autumn producing flowers unseasonably.

(3) Produce. (4) Page. (5) Exempt from love.

(6) Mad, raving.

(7) Bring in question.

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin: the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*
Obt. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obt. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips² and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the wood. Enter Titania, with her train.*

Tit. Come, now a roundel,⁴ and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice⁵ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats: and some, keep
back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders

At our quaint spirits:⁶ sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts,⁷ and blind-worms,⁸ do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

(1) By. (2) The greater cowslip. (3) Vigorous.
(4) A kind of dance. (5) Bats. (6) Sports.

II.

2 Fai. *Wearing spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
If worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*
Enter Oberon.

Obt. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce,⁹ or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And to speak truth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:¹⁰

(7) Efts. (8) Slow-worms. (9) The small tiger.
(10) Powers.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling! leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [Waking.]

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
It's not enough, it's not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

Her. [Starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me!
do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves? I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

ACT III.

*SCENE I.—The same. The queen of fairies
lying asleep. Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom,
Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin,³ a parlous⁴ fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful⁵ wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

(1) In the dark.

(2) By all that is dear.

(3) By our ladykin. (4) Dangerous. (5) Terrible.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well: Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake,¹ and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —Odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. *[Exit.]*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! *[Aside.—Exit.]*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal,² and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues³ and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—
Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! *[Exit. Clowns.]*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.]

(1) Thicket. (2) Young man.

(3) The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.⁴

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall bear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-lacy bill,

The thrush with his note so true,

The vireon with little quill;

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? *[Waking.]*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo's gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee,⁵ upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep:
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 **Fai.** Ready.

2 **Fai.** And I.

3 **Fai.** And I.

4 **Fai.** Where shall we go?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,⁷
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop the waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

(4) Afraid. (5) The cuckoo, with his uniform note.
(6) Joke. (7) Gooseberries.

To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another part of the wood. *Enter* Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule! now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,¹ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skinned of that barren sort,²
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;
And, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things
catch.

(1) Revelry. (2) Simple fellows.

(3) Stupid company. (4) Head. (5) Actor.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd⁶ the Athenian's eyes

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

And the Athenian waken'd by his side;

That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,

As he to me: Would he have stol'n away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,

This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease

Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look; and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it: for with a doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd⁸ mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken

quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

(6) Infected. (7) Exploit. (8) Mistaken.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick! she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,⁽¹⁾ to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

(1) Love-sick. (2) Countenance.

(3) Heartily. (4) Degree. (5) Pay dearly for it.

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,⁽⁴⁾
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her, but as guestwise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helena is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.⁽⁶⁾
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery ones⁽⁷⁾ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles⁽⁸⁾ created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

(6) Circles. (7) Ingenious. (8) Needles.

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it :
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he bates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows¹ upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up ;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;

Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir :—he will
Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing
let loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change
is this,

Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead ?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate ?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left
me :

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !—
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys.

Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom² !

You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel.

Fine, i'faith !

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?

Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height ;
And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?

How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;

How low am I ? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me : I was never curst³ ;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;

I am a right maid for my cowardice ;

Let her not strike me : You, perhaps, may think,

Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her.

Lower ! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;

Save, that in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood :

He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no further : Let me go :

You see how simple and how fond⁴ I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : Who is't that hinders
you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel.

With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take
her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd :

She was a vixen, when she went to school ;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys.

Get you gone, you dwarf ;

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass⁵ made ;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem.

You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part : for if thou dost intend⁶

Never so little show of love to her,

(1) Wry faces.

(2) A worm that preys on buds of flowers.

(3) Shrewish or mischievous. (4) Foolish.

(5) Anciently knot-grass was believed to prevent
the growth of children.

(6) Pretend.

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,¹
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Achéron:
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,²
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wondrous sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,³
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's Love⁴ have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even to the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Oberon.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;

I will lead them up and down:

I am fear'd in field and town;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy
head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—

By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest:—

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in wo,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

(1) Happen. (2) Medicinal efficacy. (3) Go.

(4) Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well. [Ex. Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's
monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip-
ped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break
not; I would be loath to have you overflow with
a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-
seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me yourneif, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava-
lero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy
about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my
hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let
us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great de-
sire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath
no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your
people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come
upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

(1) Stroke.

(2) Fist.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwine,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tit. My Oberon! What visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [Still music.] Come, my
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tit. Come, my lord: and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals, on the ground. [Exeunt.]

[Horns sound within.]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—

U

For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the wayward¹ of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hyp. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ;² for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd,³ so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what nymphs
are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep :
And this, Lysander : this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus : is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.]

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies :
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,
I can truly say how I came here :

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)
I came with Hermia hither ; our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Deme-
trius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You, of your wife ; and me of my consent ;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
Fair Helena in fancy⁴ following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,⁵
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt The. Hyp. Ege. and train.]

Dem. These things seem small, and undis-
tinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Hel. And Hippolyta.
Her. Yea ; and my father.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake : let's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. *[Exe.]*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer :—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey,
ho !—Peter Quince ! Flute, the bellows-mender !
Snout, the tinker ! Starveling ! God's my life !
stolen hence, and left me asleep ! I have had a most
rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of
man to say what dream it was : Man is but an ass,
if he go about to expound this dream. Methought
I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought
I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a
patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought
I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of
man hath not seen ; man's hand is not able to taste,
his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what
my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a
ballad of this dream : it shall be called *Bottom's*
Dream, because it hath no bottom : and I will sing
it in the latter end of a play, before the duke :
Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall
sing it at her death. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Athens. A room in Quince's
House. Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and
Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he
come home yet ?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred ;
It goes not forward, doth it ?

Quin. It is not possible : you have not a man in

(1) Forepart.

(2) Sound.

(3) The *flaws* are the large chaps of a hound.

(4) Love.

(5) Toy.

all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.
Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath din'd: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part, for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An apartment in the Palace of Theseus. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact:¹

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;

(1) Are made of mere imagination. (2) Stability.
 (3) Pastime. (4) Short account.

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy;²
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
 Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
 Accompany your hearts!

Lys.

More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
 we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philostr.

Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement³ have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
 The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief,⁴ how many sports are
 ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[Giving a paper.]

The. *[Reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to
 be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
 Of learning, late decas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostr. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
 long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play:

By ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
 here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd⁵ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philostr.

No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

(5) Unexercised.

Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and cou'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt,
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder ; a sound, but not in
government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; no-
thing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
show ;

'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
'This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
'This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.
'This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
'Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder :
'And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-
tent
'To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

(1) Ready.

(2) A musical instrument.

'This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
'Presenteth moonshine : for, if you will know,
'By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
'To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
'This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
'The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
'Did scare away, or rather did affright :
'And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
'Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
'Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
'And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain :
'Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
'He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
'And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,
'His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
'Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
'At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt Pro! Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
'That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :
'And such a wall, as I would have you think,
'That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
'Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
'Did whisper often very secretly.
'This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
show

'That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
'And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
'Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.
The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall ; silence !

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. 'O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so
black !

'O night, which ever art, when day is not !
'O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
'I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot !—
'And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
'That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine ;

'Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
'Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne. [Wall holds up his fingers.

'Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for
this !

'But what see I ? No Thisbe do I see.
'O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;
'Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !'

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving
me, is Thisbe's cue : she is to enter now, and I am
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,

'For parting my fair Pyramus and me :
'My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;
'Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'

Pyr. 'I see a voice ; now will I to the chink,
'To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
[*Thisbe !*]

This. 'My love ! thou art my love, I think.'

(3) Called.

Pyr. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
'And like Limander am I trusty still.'
This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'
Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'
This. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'
Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'
This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'
Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?'
This. 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'
Wall. 'Thushave I, Wall, my part discharged so;
'And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.'
[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*]
The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.
Enter Lion and Moonshine.
Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
'The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
'May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
'When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
'Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
'A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
'For if I should as lion come in strife
'Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.'
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.
Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present.'
Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.
Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present;
'Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' th' moon?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.
Hip. I am awary of this moon: Would, he would change!
The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

(1) In anger; a quibble. (2) Coarse yarn.

Lys. Proceed, moon.
Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.
Enter Thisbe.
This. 'This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?'
Lion. 'Oh—'
[*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*]
Dem. Well roared, lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
The. Well moused, lion.
[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]
Dem. And so comes Pyramus.
Lys. And then the moon vanishes.
Enter Pyramus.
Pyr. 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
'I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
'For, by thy gracious, golden glittering streams,
'I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
'But stay;—O spite!
'But mark:—Poor knight,
'What dreadful dole is here!
'Fie, do you see?
'O dainty duck! O dear!
'Thy mantle good,
'What, stain'd with blood?
'Approach, ye furies fell!
'O fates! come, come;
'Cut thread and thrum;
'Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!'
The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.
Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. 'O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
'Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
'Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
'That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
'Come, tears, confound;
'Out, sword, and wound
'The pap of Pyramus:
'Ay, that left pap,
'Where heart doth hop:
'Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
'Now am I dead,
'Now am I fled;
'My soul is in the sky:
'Tongue, lose thy light!
'Moon, take thy flight!
'Now, die, die, die, die, die.
[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*]
Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.
Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.
The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.
Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?
The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

(3) Destroy. (4) Countenance.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. 'Asleep, my love?

'What, dead, my dove?

'O Pyramus, arise,

'Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

'Dead, dead? A tomb

'Must cover thy sweet eyes.

'These lily brows,

'This cherry nose,

'These yellow cowslip cheeks,

'Are gone, are gone:

'Lovers, make moan!

'His eyes were green as leeks.

'O sisters three,

'Come, come, to me,

'With hands as pale as milk;

'Lay them in gore,

'Since you have shore

'With shears his thread of silk.

'Tongue, not a word:—

'Come, trusty sword;

'Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

'And farewell, friends:—

'Thus, Thisbe ends:

'Adieu, adieu, adieu.'

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.* The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguill'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter Puck.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the watted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in wo,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent, with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every elf, and fairy sprite,

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace.

Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue, there create,

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be:

And the blots of nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be.—

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace with sweet peace:

E'er shall it in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I'm an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends, ere long

Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spencer's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.

(1) Progress.

(2) Overcome.

(3) Fortentous.

(4) Way.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, king of Navarre.

Biron,

Longaville, } lords, attending on the king.

Dumain,

Boyet, } lords, attending on the princess of France.

Mercade, } *France.*

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Sir Nathaniel, a curate.

Holofernes, a schoolmaster.

Dull, a constable.

Costard, a clown.

Moth, page to Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,

Maria,

Katharine,

Jaquenetta, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the king and princess.

Scene, Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A park, with a palace in it. Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,

That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires,—

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little academe,

Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

That are recorded in this schedule here:

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;

That his own hand may strike his honour down,

That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat panches have lean pates; and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;

With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, To live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances:

(1) Dishonestly, treacherously.

As, not to see a woman in that term;

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:

And, one day in a week to touch no food;

And but one meal on every day beside;

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day;

(When I was wont to think no harm all night,

And make a dark night too of half the day.)

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;

I only swore, to study with your grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in

jest.—

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should

not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from

common sense;

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that

most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the like of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping¹ frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas, I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;²
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—

And hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.]—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

- (1) Nipping. (2) Games, sports.
(3) Reside. (4) Temptations.

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lie³ here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes.]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁴ are to others, as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick⁵ recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know,

is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,⁶

For interia to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough;⁷ but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.—

There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

- (5) Lively, sprightly. (6) Called.
(7) i. e. third-borough, a peace-officer.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight!—

King. No words.

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a gentleman, belook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is clefted thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that driveth from my snow-white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.

King. — that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King. — that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King. — which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King. — sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King. — with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid

swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the bearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If I were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Armado's house. Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

X

(1) In the fact. (2) A young man.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou beatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses! love not him. *[Aside.]*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere your fair wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. *[Aside.]*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

(1) The name of a coin once current.

(2) Of which she is naturally possessed.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.²

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression³ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. *[Aside.]*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirits grow heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.⁴ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.]

Arm. I do affect⁵ the very ground, which is base.

(3) Transgression. (4) Dairy-woman (5) Love

where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft¹ is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the *passado* he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. A pavilion and tents at a distance. Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,

Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Falconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd² to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court),
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

[The ladies mask.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, wel-
come I have not yet: the roof of this court is too
high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields
too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me
thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

(1) Arrow to shoot at butts with.

(2) Best.

(3) Confederates.

(4) Prepared.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise. Where! now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping: 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it: But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold; To teach a teacher ill besemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? *Biron.* I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then To ask the question!

Biron. You must needs be so quick. *Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leaves the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate, The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but the one half of an entire sum, Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say, that he, or we (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which, One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here he doth demand to have repaid A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart² withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong, And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseemly to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back, Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word: Boyet, you can produce acquaintances, For such a sum, from special officers Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialities are bound, To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview, All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand, As honour, without breach of honour, may Make tender of to thy true worthiness: You may not come, fair princess, in my gates; But here without you shall be so receiv'd, As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart, Though so denied fair harbour in my house. Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell! To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [Exeunt King and his Train.]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, I³

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt⁴, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord; Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

(1) Whereas. (2) Part. (3) Ave, yes.

(4) A French particle of negation.

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Front with his form, in his eye pride expressed,

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tendering their own worth, from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margin did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclous'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concoined— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately² hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?³

(1) A quibble, several signified unenclosed lands.
(2) Hastily. (3) A kind of dance.

Arm. How means't thou? bawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary⁴ to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all!

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minima, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift,⁵ sir, to say so; is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face; Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard⁶ broken in a shin.

(4) Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.
(5) Quick, ready. (6) A head.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *Penoy*!—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *Penoy* : no salve in the mail, sir : O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ; no *Penoy*, no *Penoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain !

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling : O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penoy*, and the word, *Penoy*, for a salve ?

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not *Penoy* a salve ?

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *Penoy*.

Moth. I will add the *Penoy* : Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *Penoy*, ending in the goose ;
Would you desire more ?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat :—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :

Let me see a fat *Penoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *Penoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain ; Thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *Penoy*, the goose that you bought ;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak that *Penoy* :—

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be no more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Frances* :—I smell some *Penoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true : and now you will be my purification, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-

rance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta* : there is remuneration ; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony² Jew !— [*Exit Moth.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle ? a penny.*—*No, I'll give you a remuneration* : why, it carries it.—*Remuneration* !—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave *Costard* ! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship : God be with you !

Biron. O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee : As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir ?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this ;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy *guerdon* ;³ go. [*Gives him money.*]

Cost. *Guerdon*.—O sweet *guerdon* ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : Most sweet *guerdon* !—I will do it, sir, in print.—*Guerdon*—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This whimp⁴, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,⁵ king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,⁶—O my little heart !—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
What ? I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock,

(1) An old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

(2) Delightful.

(3) Reward.

(4) With the utmost exactness.

(5) Hooded, veiled. (6) Petticoats.

(7) The officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.* Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, it, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for wo!

For. Yea, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

(1) God give you good even.

(2) Open this letter. (3) Illustrious.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den! all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

As your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman! you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon?

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art fair,

is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful;

truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than

fair, beautiful than beautiful; truer than truth

itself, have commiseration on thy heroic vassal!

The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cop-

phetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable

beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might

rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in

the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet,

he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw,

two; overcame, three. Who came? the king;

Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to

overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar;

What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he?

the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose

side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose

side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial;

On whose side? the king's—no, on both in one, or

one in both. I am the king; for so stands the

comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth

thy loveliness. Shall I command thy love? I may:

Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat

thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for

rags? robes; For tittles, tittles: For thyself, me.

Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on

thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart

on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited

this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear

better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember

the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it

erewhile.⁴

(4) Just now.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word : Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine, To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.

[Exit Princess and Train.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself : come near.

Finely put on, indeed !—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it. [Singing.]
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ; A mark, says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand ! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir ; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing ; Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt Boyet and Maria.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !

Lord, lord ! how the ladies and I have put him down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most irony vulgar wit !

(1) A species of apple. (2) A low fellow.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man ! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !

To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a' will swear !—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit !

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[Shouting within.]

[Exit Costard, running.]

SCENE II.—The same. Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in sanguis,—blood ; ripe as a pomewater ! who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* !—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts ;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch² set on learning, to see him in a school :

But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men : Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull ; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more ;

And raught³ not to five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old :

(3) Reached.

and I say beside, that 'twas a pricklet that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricklet.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernea, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricklet;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sore jumps from thicket;

Or pricklet, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. *Mehercule*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinea, Vinea,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Underpardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

(1) Horse adorned with ribbands.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder; (Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong, That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poetry, *carel*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse! his rider.—But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,

BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu!

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentlemen are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

(2) In truth.

Y

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same. Enter Biron, with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

King. *[Reads.]* So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triump'ing in my woe;

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjury, wearing papers. *[Aside.]*

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name? *[Aside.]*

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. *[Aside.]* I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st at the triumph, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

(1) Outstripped, surpassed

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. *[Aside.]* O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his sloop.

Long.

This same shall go.—

[He reads the sonnet.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eyes

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forsook; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forsook not thee;

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. *[Aside.]* This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumain, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. *[Stepping aside.]*

Biron. *[Aside.]* All hid, all hid, an old infant play:

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! *[Aside.]*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie. *[Aside.]*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted!

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. *[Aside.]*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say; Her shoulder is with child. *[Aside.]*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. *[Aside.]*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! *[Aside.]*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! *[Aside.]*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? *[Aside.]*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision! *[Aside.]*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. *[Aside.]*

Dum. On a day (alack the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

W'ish'd himself the heaven's breath.

*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
You, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsook for thee :
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain [*advancing*] thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush ; as his your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infrin'd, which such a zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears :
You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote : the king your mote did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a goat !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critics Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain ?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
And where my liege's ? all about the breast :—
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

(1) Grief. (2) Cynic. (3) In trimming myself.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you,
I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in ;
I am betrayed, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconsistency.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost
thou tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the piece.*

Biron. Ah, you whorson loggerhead [*To Costard.*] you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess :

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four :—
Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood will not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forewarn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some
love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What seal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils' nearest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, air, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward
lies

The street should see as she walk'd over
head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-
sworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

(1) Law-chicane.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this
evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets,¹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;

They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,

As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven droway with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:

Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these gloves by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
thither;

Then, homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd
no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.* Enter
Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons¹
at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,²
audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical.³ He is too picked,⁴ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insouciant and point-devised companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ns intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Læus deo, bone intelligo.*

- (1) Discourses. (2) Affection.
(3) Boastful. (4) Over-dressed.
(5) Finical exactness.

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for bend: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Videò, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [To Moth.]

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military air, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.⁶

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook:—What is a, b, spell backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You bear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis?*—thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *un-guem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house⁷ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—

(6) A small inflammable substance, swallowed in a glass of wine.

(7) A hit. (8) Free-school.

For what is inward! between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import, indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,² with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By this world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,³ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crusheth the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadged⁴ not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*,⁵ good man Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion. Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all; That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;⁶

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,⁷ of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;⁸ Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still! the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past cure.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd. But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too, I were the fairest goddess on the ground; I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red domiical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Du-main?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How would I make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

(1) Confidential (2) Beard. (3) Chick.

(4) Suit. (5) Courage. (6) Grow.

(7) Formerly a term of endearment. (8) In anger.

And shape his service wholly to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Arm'd in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

• *Prin.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence majestical would put him out:

For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy replied, An angel is not evil;

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be

task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;

So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—

And change you favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't!

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's

heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:

So shall we stay, mocking intend'd game;

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the

maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*]

Enter the King, Birón, Longaville, and Dumain,
in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, musi-
cians, and attendants.

Moth. All hail! the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Birón. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,

vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Birón. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings

me out.

Birón. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you

rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their

minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Birón. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be

gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many

a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches

Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you ;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but *vouchsafe*
one change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then : nay, you must do it
soon. [Music plays.]

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus
estrang'd ?

Ros. You took the moon at full ; but now she's
chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays ; *vouchsafe* some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears *vouchsafe* it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then ?

Ros. Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves ; What buys your
company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : and so adieu ;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[They converse apart.]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is
three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so
nice.)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st at my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you *vouchsafe* with me to change a
word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a
tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman ;—Is not veal
a calf ?

Long. A calf, fair lady ?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you
cry. [They converse apart.]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchies are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense : so sensible
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have
wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids ; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

King. Farewell, mad wenchies ; you have simple
wits.

[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, music, and attendants.]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O ! they were all in lamentable cases !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No point, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

(1) Falsify dice, lie.

(2) A quibble on the French adverb of negation.

(3) Better wits may be found among citizens.

In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours! and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their dainask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roses run over land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.*]

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons
peas;

And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice,
In honourable terms! nay, he can sing
A mean! most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by Boyet; Rosaline,
Maria, Katharine, and attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou
now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

- (1) Features, countenances. (2) Uncouth.
(3) Rustic merry-meetings.
(4) The tenor in music.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear.

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant games;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days,⁵)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted here with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me—Fair, gentle
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why de-
mand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now
downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

- (5) The tooth of the horse-whale.

- (6) After the fashion of the times.

And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vistor to my friend:¹
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Tuffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these sunnier-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—So God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
'They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an
end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did re-
spect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force² not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me

Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent³
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
zany,⁴

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before: Which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To Boyet.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,⁵

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three.

Cost. No, sir; but it is vana fine,

For every one pursueth three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,

it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we

know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil

it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for

nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get

your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the

actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:

for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect

one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great,

sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of

Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not

the degree of the worthy: but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take

some care. [Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not

approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis

some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his

company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you

now;

(1) Mistress. (2) Make no difficulty.

(3) Conspiracy. (4) Buffoon. (5) Rule.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of
thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.
[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers
him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
monarch : for, I protest, the school-master is ex-
ceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain :
But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della
guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal
compliment ! [Exit Armado.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of wor-
thies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain,
Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ;
Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas
Machabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the
other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-
priest, the fool, and the boy :—
Abate a throw at novum ; and the whole world
again,
Cannot prick¹ out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
again.

[*Seals brought for the King, Princess, &c.*]

Pageant of the Nine Worthies. Enter Costard
arm'd for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am, —

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am, —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be
friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big, —

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—Pompey surnam'd the
great ;

*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
my foe to sweat :*

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come
by chance ;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass
of France.*

*If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I
had done.*

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I
was perfect : I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves
the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the
world's commander ;

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-
quering might :*

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alixander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it
stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most ten-
der-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed,
good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the
world's commander :—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Ali-
sander.

Biron. Pompey the great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away
Alixander.

Cost. O, sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown
Alixander the conqueror ? You will be scraped out
of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds
his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to
A-jax, he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror,
and afraid to speak ! run away for shame, Ali-
sander. [Nath. retires.]

There, an't shall please you ;
a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and
soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour,
in sooth ; and a very good bowler : but, for Ali-
sander, alas, you see, how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted :—
But there are worthies a coming will speak their
mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter Holofernes arm'd, for Judas, and Moth
arm'd, for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canus ;

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his man's :*

*Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;
Ergo, I come with this apology :—*

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Ex. Moth.]

Hol. Judas I am, —

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir —

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd
Judas ?

Hol. Judas I am, —

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on
an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.¹

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.⁴

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :
And now, forward ; for we have put thee in coun-
tenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

(1) A game with dice. (2) Pick.

(3) A soldier's powder-horn.

(4) An ornamental buckle for fastening hat-
bands, &c.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him :—
 Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Machabzeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles : here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indur'd in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances! the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift.
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace.
 The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
 A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea
 From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
 I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device : Sweet royalty, [to the Princess.] bestow on me the sense of hearing.
 [Biron whispers Costard.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great

Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is mov'd :—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me : I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoind him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
 But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.
 [Exeunt Worthies.
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
 For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
 Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
 In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
 The liberals opposition of our spirits :
 If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
 In the converse of breath, your gentleness
 Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
 A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue :
 Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
 All causes to the purpose of his speed;
 And often, at his very loose, decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate :
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
 The holy suit which fain it would convince;
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
 From what it purposed; since, to wait friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

(1) Lance-men.

(2) Ate was the goddess of discord.

(3) A clown. (4) Clothed in wool, without linen.

(5) Free to excess.

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief:—

And by these badg's understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested! us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both:—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote? them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning;
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love:
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

(1) Tempted.

(3) Clothing.

(2) Regard.

(4) Vehement.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)—
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorn, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [To the King.]

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

(5) Immediate.

And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter Holofemes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*

(1) Cool. (2) Wild apples.

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's snore,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.—You, that way; we, this way.
[*Exeunt.*]

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar: and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
 Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
 Prince of Arragon, }
 Antonio, the merchant of Venice.
 Bassanio, his friend.
 Salanio, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 Salarino, }
 Gratiano, }
 Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
 Shylock, a Jew.
 Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
 Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.
 Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.

Salerio, a messenger from Venice.
 Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
 Balthazar, } servants to Portia.
 Stephano, }
 Portia, a rich heiress.
 Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
 Jessica, daughter to Shylock.
 Magnificoes of Venice, officers of the court of Justice, jailer, servants, and other attendants.
 Scene, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A street. Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
 It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
 There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
 Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
 Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing² her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,

(1) Ships of large burthen. (2) Lowering.

That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me
 sad?

But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you
 are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you
 merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
 Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on
 yours. [Exit Salarino and Salanio.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
 Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle*,
And, when I open my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when
you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest² unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes³ from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearry of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain

(1) Obstinate silence.

(2) Ready.

(3) Formerly.

may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree : such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband :—O me, the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father :—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt,¹ indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse : and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself : I am much afraid, my lady, his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county² Palatine.

Por. He does nothing but frown ; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose* : he hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker : But, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man : if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him : for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than

a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket : for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determinations : which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit ; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence ; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam : he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now ! what news ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco ; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition³ of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public place. Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, aqun-

(1) A heady, gay youngster.

(2) Count.

(3) Temper, qualities.

dar'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Antonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd?
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earnings which were streak'd, and
pied,

Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

(1) Wants which admit no longer delay.

And in the doing of the deed of kind,³
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:⁴
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or,
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doot
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not bear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

(2) Informed. (3) Nature. (4) Interest.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond, And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me, I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it; Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this; If he should break his day, what should I gain By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, To buy his favour, I extend this friendship: If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's; Give him direction for this merry bond, And I will go and purse the ducats straight; See to my house, left in the fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave; and presently I will be with you. [Exit.]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,

My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision¹ for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine. I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd² the valiant; by my love, I swear, The best-regarded virgins of our clime Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue, Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led By nice direction of a maiden's eyes: Besides the lottery of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing: But, if my father had not scanted me, And hedg'd³ me by his wit, to yield myself His wife, who wins me by that means I told you, Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair, As any comer I have look'd on yet, For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you; Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets, To try my fortune. By this scimitar,— That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,

(1) Abide.

(2) Allusion to the eastern custom for lovers to testify their passion by cutting themselves in their mistresses' sight.

That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,— I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth, Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear, Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, To win thee, lady: But, alas the while! If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand: So is Alcides beaten by his page; And so may I, blind fortune leading me, Miss that which one unworthier may attain, And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance; And either not attempt to choose at all, Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong, Never to speak to lady afterward In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.⁴

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [Cornets.]

To make me bless'd⁵ at, or curs'd⁵ at among men. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Venice. *A street. Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away: My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge says the fiend; budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.*

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions⁶ with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next

- (3) Terrified. (4) Not precipitate.
(5) Experiments.

turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonnies, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.
Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings; the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse! has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

(1) Shaft-horse. (2) Ornamented.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out:—Give him a liverly

[*To his followers.*]

More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—

I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm.*]

if any man in Italy have a fairer

table,¹ which doth offer to swear upon a book.—

I shall have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple

line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine

maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and

then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril

of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here

are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman,

she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come;

I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of

an eye. [*Exeunt Laun. and old Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;

These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

(3) The palm of the hand extended.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look down;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.¹

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. A room in Shylock's house. Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most
beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian
do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much
deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit, adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The same. A street. Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salanio, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-
bearers.

(1) Groin, licentious.

(2) Show of staid and serious demeanour.

Salar. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly or-
der'd;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two
hours

To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salar. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salar, and Salar.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew, her father, come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The same. Before Shylock's house. Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be
thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid⁴ forth to supper, Jessica;

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go;

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I
will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,

(3) Carriage, deportment. (4) Invited.

then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces: But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah; Say, I will come.

Lantern. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* Lantern.]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder, Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me; Therefore I part with him; and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in; Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do, as I bid you, Shut doors after you: *Fast bind, fast find;*

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.* Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont, To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast, With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. How like a younker, or a prodigal, The scarfed¹ bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return, With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait; When you shall please to play the thieves for wives, I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach; Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

(1) Decorated with flags.

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;

For who love I so much? And now who knows,

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano? where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—

No masque to-night; the wind is come about,

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,

Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exe.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the prince of Morocco, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince:—

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second; silver, which this promise carries:—

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:—

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady ;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold : but that's inculp'd upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains,
go ;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A street.* Enter Sal-
larino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

(1) Enclose. (2) Engraven. (3) Converted.
'4) To slubber is to do a thing carelessly.

Salar. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :
Besides, Antonio certifi'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salar. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian ?—O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious
stones,*

*Stol'n by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salar. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd :
I reason'd³ with a Frenchman yesterday ;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you
hear ;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman trends not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return ; he answer'd—*Do not so,
Slubber⁴ not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very ripening of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents⁵ of love
As shall conveniently become you there :*
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salar. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness⁶
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A room in Portia's
house.* Enter Nerissa, with a servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the cur-
tain straight ;
The prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the prince of Arra-
gon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things

(5) Shows, tokens.
(6) The heaviness he is fond of.

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the food eye doth teach;
Which prides not to the interior, but, like the market,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force of road and casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;

And well said too: For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare?

How many be commanded, that command?

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;

I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;

Seven times tried that judgment is,

That did never choose amiss:

Some there be, that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

There be fools alive, I wot,

Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So begone, sir, you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

(1) Prepared. (2) Power. (3) Agree with.

O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;

To wit, besides commendations, and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,

Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if they will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street. Enter Salanio, and Salarino.*

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say,
if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours be-
lieve she wept for the death of a third husband:
But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good
Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a little
good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end
is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his
losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil,
cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness
of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the
tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was fleg'd; and then it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her
judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these
years?

(4) Know.

(5) Salutations.

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suzerainty be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute: and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salar. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salar. Salar. and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were heard at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

(1) A precious stone.

(2) Delay.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st at a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will; Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A room in Portia's house. Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and attendants. The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: So may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin That I had been forsworn. Bestrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize² the time; To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;

Por. as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,¹ but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view,
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply. 2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped¹ snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled² shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence!
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,

- (1) Dignity of mien. (2) Love.
(3) Winning favour. (4) Curled.

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embarr'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here?

(Opening the leaden casket.)

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;

(Kissing her.)

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractic'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

- (5) Treacherous. (6) Likeness, portrait.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd : But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady :

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady !
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission²
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here, until I sweat again ;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love ; at last, — if promise last, —
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ? —

Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. —

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome : — By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour : — For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you' stranger ; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know, he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jascous, we have won the fleece.

Sal. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you' same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of ~~any~~ constant man. What, worse and worse ? —
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'at words,
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart : When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one bit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the duke at morning, and at night :
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes³
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife :

(1) Blended.

(2) Pause, delay.

(3) The chief men.

And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer!
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass. (Reads.) Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and
since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live,
all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might
but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use
your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you
to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: But, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A street. Enter Shylock,
Salanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of
mercy:—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond?
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law.
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay this debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

(1) Face.

(2) Foolish.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A room in Portia's
house. Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica,
and Balthazar.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your pre-
sence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,

And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;

The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on
you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry,
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner.

Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accounted like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do without;—then I'll repent
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exe.*]

*SCENE V.—The same. A Garden. Enter
Launcelot and Jessica.*

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children: there-
fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain
with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the
matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly,
I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in
it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind
of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed;
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:
well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath
made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were
Christians enough before; e'en as many as could
well live, one by another: This making of Christians
will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be
pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on
the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launce-
lot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo;
Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there
is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's
daughter: and he says, you are no good member
of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to
Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-
wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's
belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more
than reason: but if she be less than an honest
woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word!
I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into

(1) Hatred, malice.

silence; and discourse grow commendable in none
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare
for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you!
then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the
word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt
thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an in-
stant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his
plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover
the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in
to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in;
for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your
coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours
and conceits shall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are
suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exe.*]

ACT IV.

*SCENE I.—Venice. A court of Justice. Enter
the Duke, the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio,
Gratiano, Salario, Salanio, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an-
swer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant.

I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where's thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,¹
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question⁷ with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveyency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, render⁸ing none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. *(Presents a letter.)*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.⁸ Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy curriah spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unballo'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

(1) Pity. (2) Seeming. (3) Whereas.
(4) Particular fancy. (5) Crying. (6) Prejudice.

(7) Converse. (8) Malice.

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court :—
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four
of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand,
that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick :
but in the instant that your messenger came, in
loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome, his name is Balthazar : I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and
Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books
together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which,
better'd with his own learning (the greatness
whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with
him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's
request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack
of years be no impediment to let him lack a rever-
end estimation ; for I never knew so young a body
with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his
commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger,² do you not ?

[*To Antonio.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown :

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deed's upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong ;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Dan-
iel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—

It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife :

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh

The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

(1) Oppose. (2) Reach or control.

Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love ;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have
a daughter ;

'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*Aside.*]

We trifle time : I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come,
prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned
judge !

Shy. I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy for-
feiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say thou stand'st :

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,—to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant

The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou
say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;

I am not well ; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, magnificoes, and train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

As if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

(1) Reflection.

SCENE II.—*The same. A street. Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,¹
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To Portia.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outwear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good air, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house. Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and be forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And opportunely let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola: did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

Lor. Leave bollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my master
will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines⁽¹⁾ of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music. *[Music.]*

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

(1) A small flat dish, used in the administration
of the Eucharist.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—*Jessica*, nor you.

[A tucket sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
sick,

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their fol-
lowers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my
friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.⁽²⁾

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.]
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me
wrong;

(2) A flourish on a trumpet.

(3) Verbal, complimentary form.

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that
had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it,
With any terms of seal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away :
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my oath,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome
notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:

In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident

(1) Regardful.

(2) Advantage.

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it, Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning;

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;

And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

Of the Merchant of Venice the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, <i>living in exile.</i>	William, <i>a country fellow, in love with Audrey.</i>
Frederick, <i>brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.</i>	<i>A person representing Hymen.</i>
Amiens, } <i>lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.</i>	Rosalind, <i>daughter to the banished Duke.</i>
Jaques, }	Celia, <i>daughter to Frederick.</i>
Le Beau, <i>a courtier attending upon Frederick.</i>	Phebe, <i>a shepherdess.</i>
Charles, <i>his wrestler.</i>	Audrey, <i>a country wench.</i>
Oliver, }	
Jaques, }	
Orlando, }	
Adam, }	
Dennis, }	
Touchstone, <i>a clown.</i>	<i>Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants.</i>
Sir Oliver Mar-text, <i>a vicar.</i>	
Corin, }	
Sylvius, }	
	<i>The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.</i>

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An orchard, near Oliver's house.
Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

(1) What do you here?

(2) Villain is used in a double sense; by Oliver for a worthless fellow, and by Orlando for a man of base extraction.

Orl. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Orl. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Orl. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by tes-

tament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Ori. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]*—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles! what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit: and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein,

and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[Exit.]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

(1) A ready assent. (2) Frolicsome fellow.

(3) Of all ranks.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wit too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of his wit.—How now, wit? whether wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him.—Enough! speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?*

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

(1) Satire. (2) Perplex, confuse.

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze^d me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege? so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies: see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown. Shout.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*]
What is thy name young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred. train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling!

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

(1) Appellation. (2) Turned out of her service.

(3) The object to dart at in martial exercises.

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love,

But justly, as you have exceeded promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;²

That could give more, but that her hand lacks

means.—

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,

Is but a quintain,³ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon

my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love;

Yet such is now the duke's condition,⁴

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother:

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—

But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A room in the palace. Enter

Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast

(4) Temper, disposition.

away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father: O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly.

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber³ smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe⁴ upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,) ⁵

We'll have a swashing⁵ and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

(1) Inveterately. (2) Compassion.

(3) A dusky, yellow-coloured earth.

(4) Cutlass. (5) Swaggering.

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads!
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:* Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

(1) Barbed arrows. (2) Encounter. (3) Scurvy.
(4) Sink into dejection. (5) Memorial.

'Tis right, quoth he; *this misery doth part
The flux of company:* Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yes, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope² him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A room in the palace. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynal³ clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly:

And let not search and inquisition quail⁴

To bring again these foolish runaways. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's house. Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gen-
tle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory⁵

Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond⁶ to overcome

The bony prisoner of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Evenoms him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

(6) Inconsiderate.

Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
(Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,¹ this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,² and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden. *Enter*
Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a
Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my

man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doubtlet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,³ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter *Corin and Silvius.*

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine (As sure I think did never man love so,) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd: Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd; Or if thou hast not broke from company, Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* *Silvius.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,⁴ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

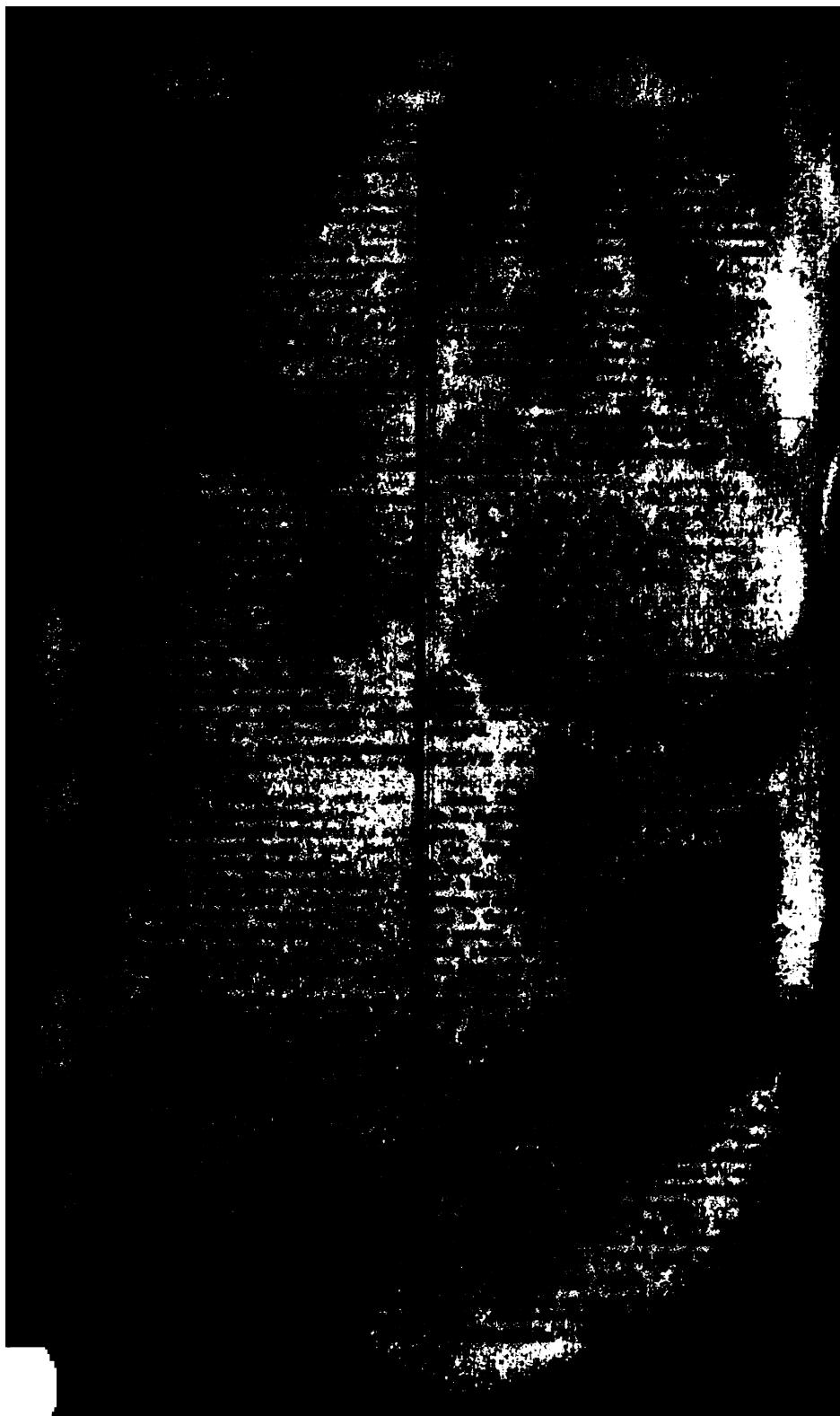
(1) Mansion, residence.

(2) Blood turned from its natural course.

(3) A piece of money stamped with a cross.

(4) In the night.

(5) The instrument with which washers beat clothes.



Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;— Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he, Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a dial from his poke; And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:* Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.¹

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder basket

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They must must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou

would'st do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Would'st thou discharge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?

What women in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery² is not on my cost

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy

distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny

point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,³

And know some nurture.⁴ But forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle-

ness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, welcome to our

table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray

you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Loose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days;

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;

If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better

days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,

That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good

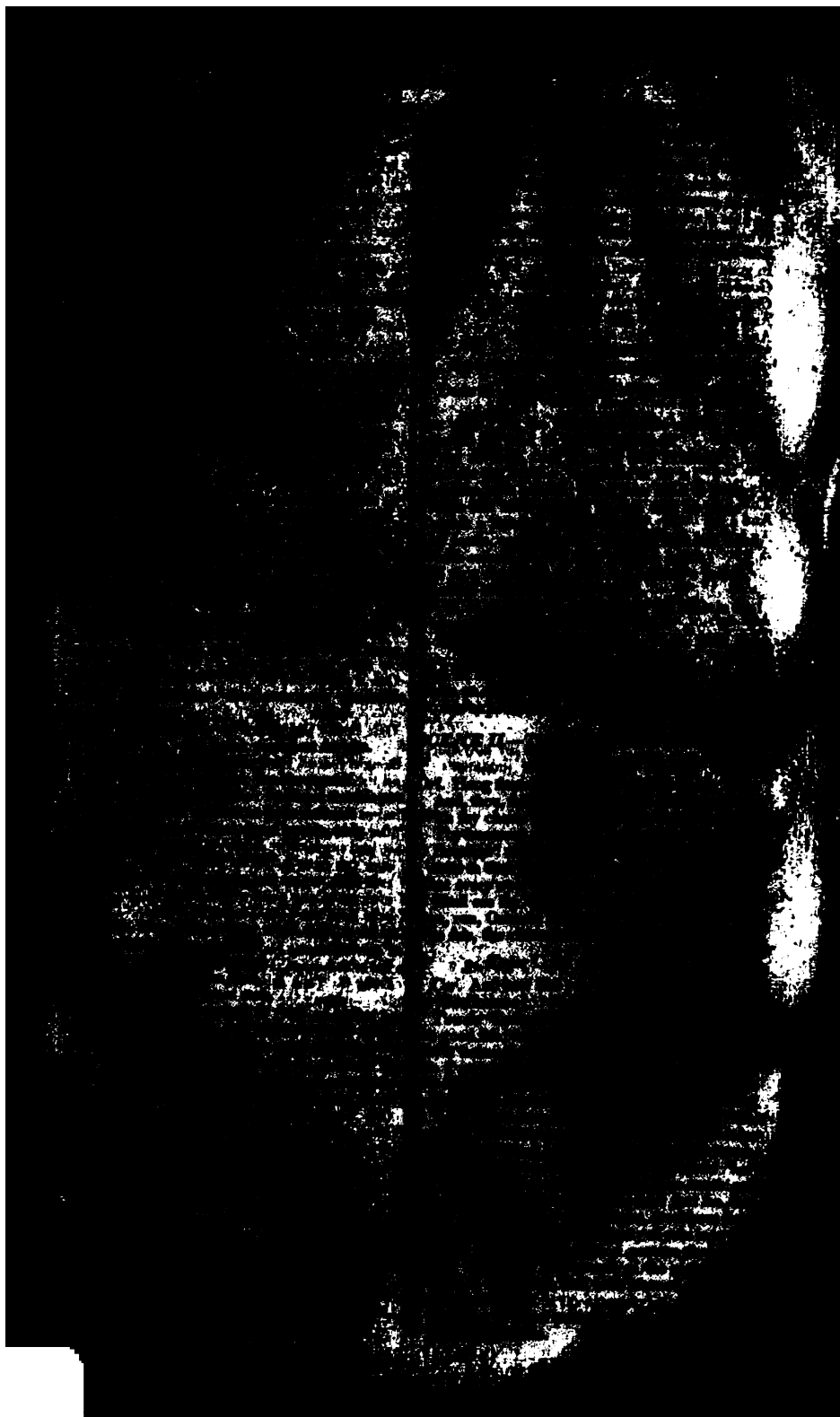
comfort! [*Exit.*]

(1) The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

(2) Finery.

(3) Well brought up.

(4) Good manners



nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.—Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a perilous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners, at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Will thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,²

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,

But the fair³ of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;

(1) Unexperienced.

(2) Delineated.

(3) Complexion, beauty.

(4) Grave, solemn.

dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter-garments must be lin'd,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap, must shear⁴ and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find,

Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled.⁵ No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil⁶ sayings show.

Some, how brief⁷ the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence⁸ end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches⁹ dearest pris'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied our parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exe. Cor. and Touch.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

(5) Features.

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, cos, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's⁴ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in the forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,⁵ as to resolve

the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

Jag. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jag. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yea, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁶ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.—Celia and Rosalind come forward.*]

(1) Out of all measure.

(2) Speak seriously and honestly.

(3) How was he dressed?

(4) The giant of Rabelais.

(5) Motes.

(6) An allusion to the moral sentences on old tapestry hangings.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pry'thee, who doth he trot withal.

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land¹ man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it: and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pry'thee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

- (1) Sequestered. (2) Civilized.
(3) A spirit averse to conversation. (4) Estate.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;³ which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having⁴ in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁵ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish⁶ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Enter Touchstone, and Audrey; Jacques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch

- (5) Over-exact. (6) Variable.

up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, what is the dowry of his wife? 'tis none of his own getting.—Horns! Even so:—Poor men alone;—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.¹ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthy than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence² is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes sir Oliver:—sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

(1) Lascivious. (2) Ill-lodged.

(3) A fool with matter in him. (4) Homely.

(5) Lean deer are called rascal deer.

Jaq. [Discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master! What go callst? How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'll you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox bath his bow,³ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver;

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[Exe. Jaq. Touch. and Audrey.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exe.]

SCENE IV.—The same. Before a Cottage.
Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pray thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's asterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are

(6) The art of fencing. (7) God reward you.

(8) Yoke.

both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Col. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover: as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Col. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:— Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest. *Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe: Say, that you love me not; but say not so In bitterness: The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humble neck, But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner; I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes,—that are the fruit'st and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies,— Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes, Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not; Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe, If ever (as that ever may be near,) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,

Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What thought you have more beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed,) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me? I see no more in you, than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work:—O'd's my little life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:— No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it; 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream, That can entame my spirits to your worship.— You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her, Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you, That make the world full of ill-favour'd children: 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; And out of you she sees herself more proper, Than any of her lineaments can show her.— But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees, And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love: For I must tell you friendly in your ear,— Sell when you can; you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falsest than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:— Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:— Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come, to our flock. [*Exe. Ros. Celia, and Cor.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find ~~thy~~ saw of might; Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love, By giving love, your sorrow and my grief Were both extirmin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

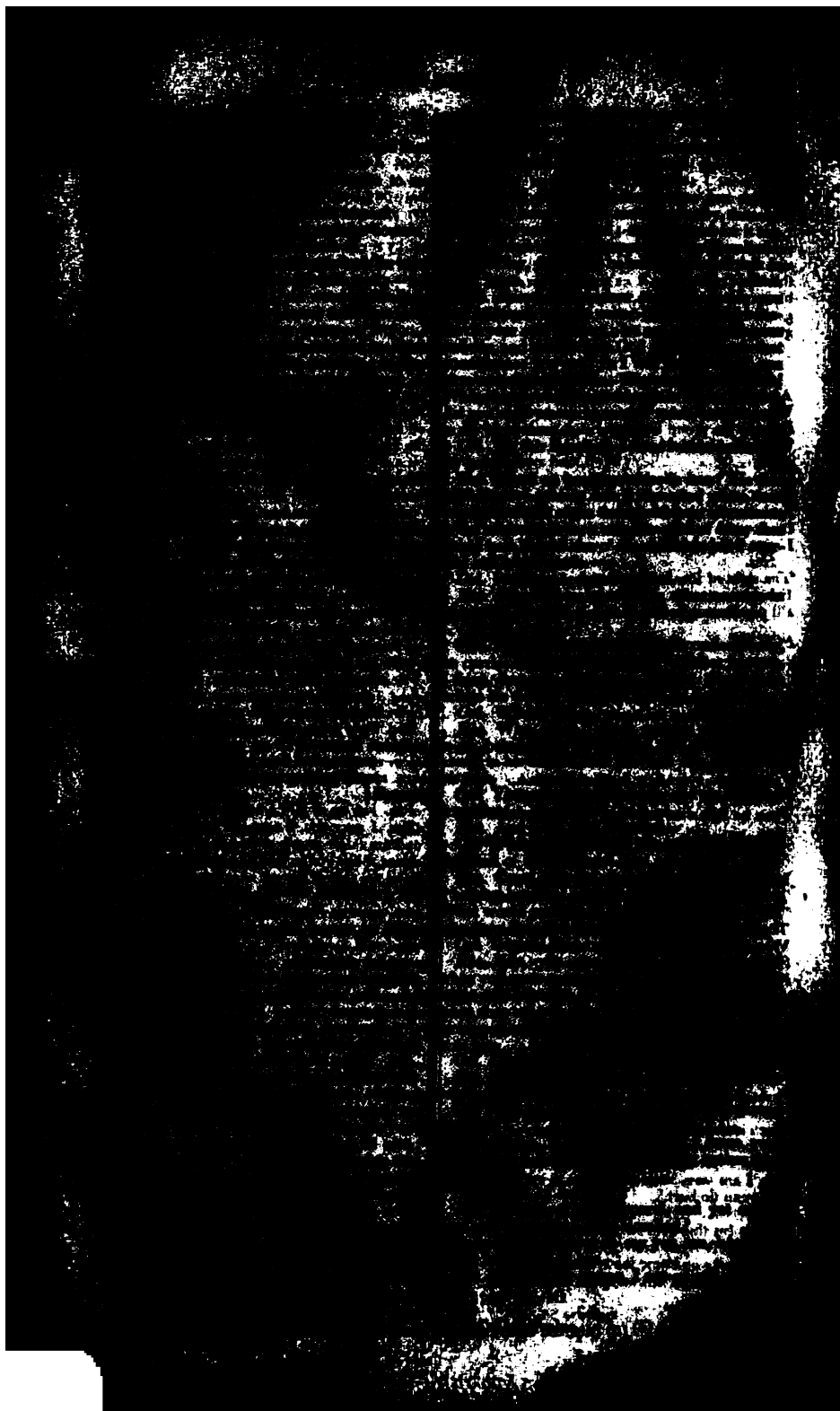
But do not look for further recompense,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

(1) Conversation. (2) Mistress. (3) Love.



Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:—*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole;

stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind miscalc boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest. Enter Jaques and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

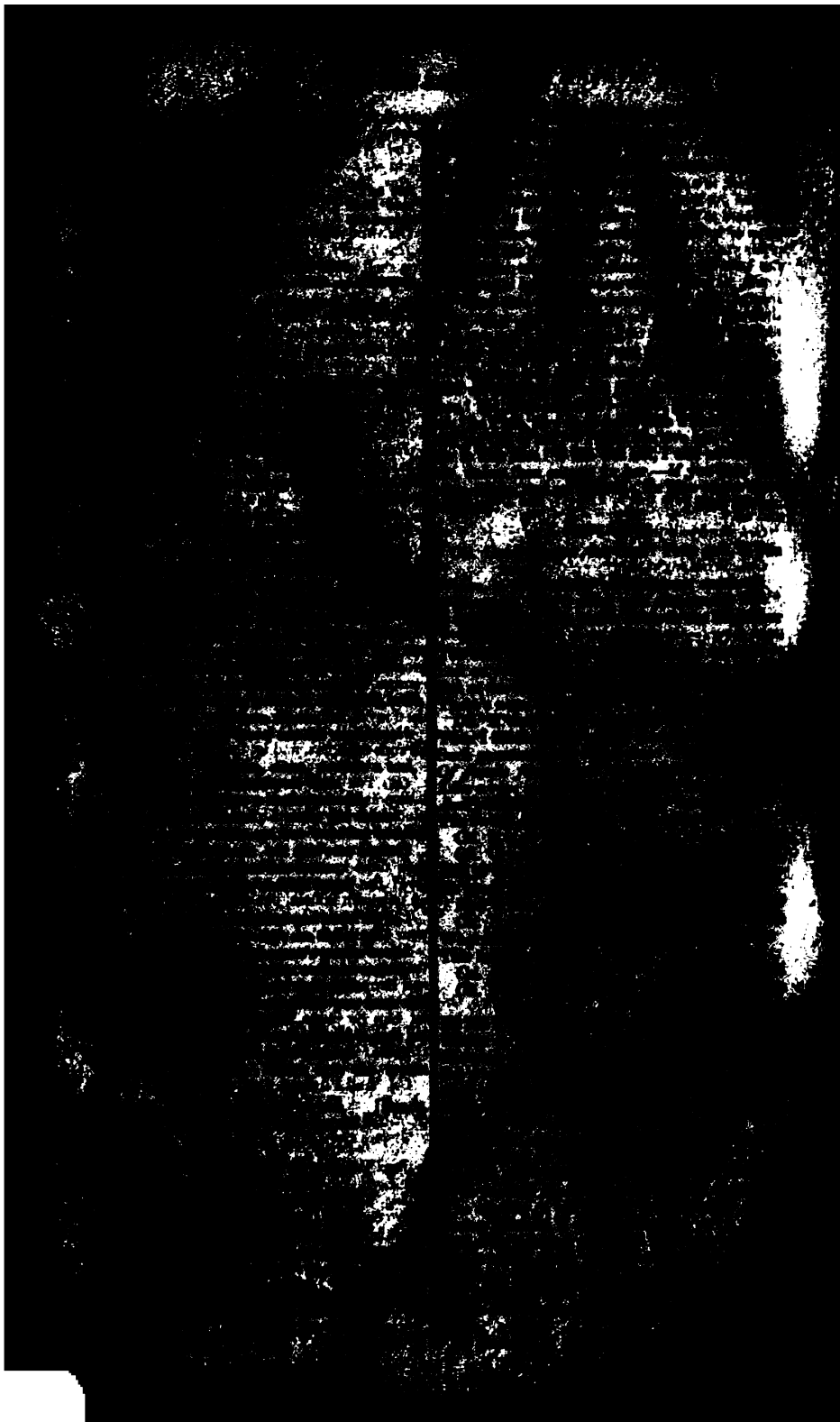
Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.



The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural,
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might do so,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando :—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurdling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? sweet Ganymede ?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man ?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited : I pray you tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho !—

Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a pas-
sion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but, 'faith I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you,
draw homewards :—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

(1) Describe.

(2) Scuffle.

Ros. I shall devise something : But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him :—Will you go ?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a
most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth
here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in
me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me, to see a
clown : By my troth, we that have good wits, have
much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we can-
not hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy
head, cover thy head ; may, prythee, be covered.
How old are you, friend ?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age ; is thy name William ?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name : Wast born 'tween the forest here ?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent
good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou
wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remem-
ber a saying ; *The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to
have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling
the one doth empty the other : For all your writers
do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*,
for I am he.

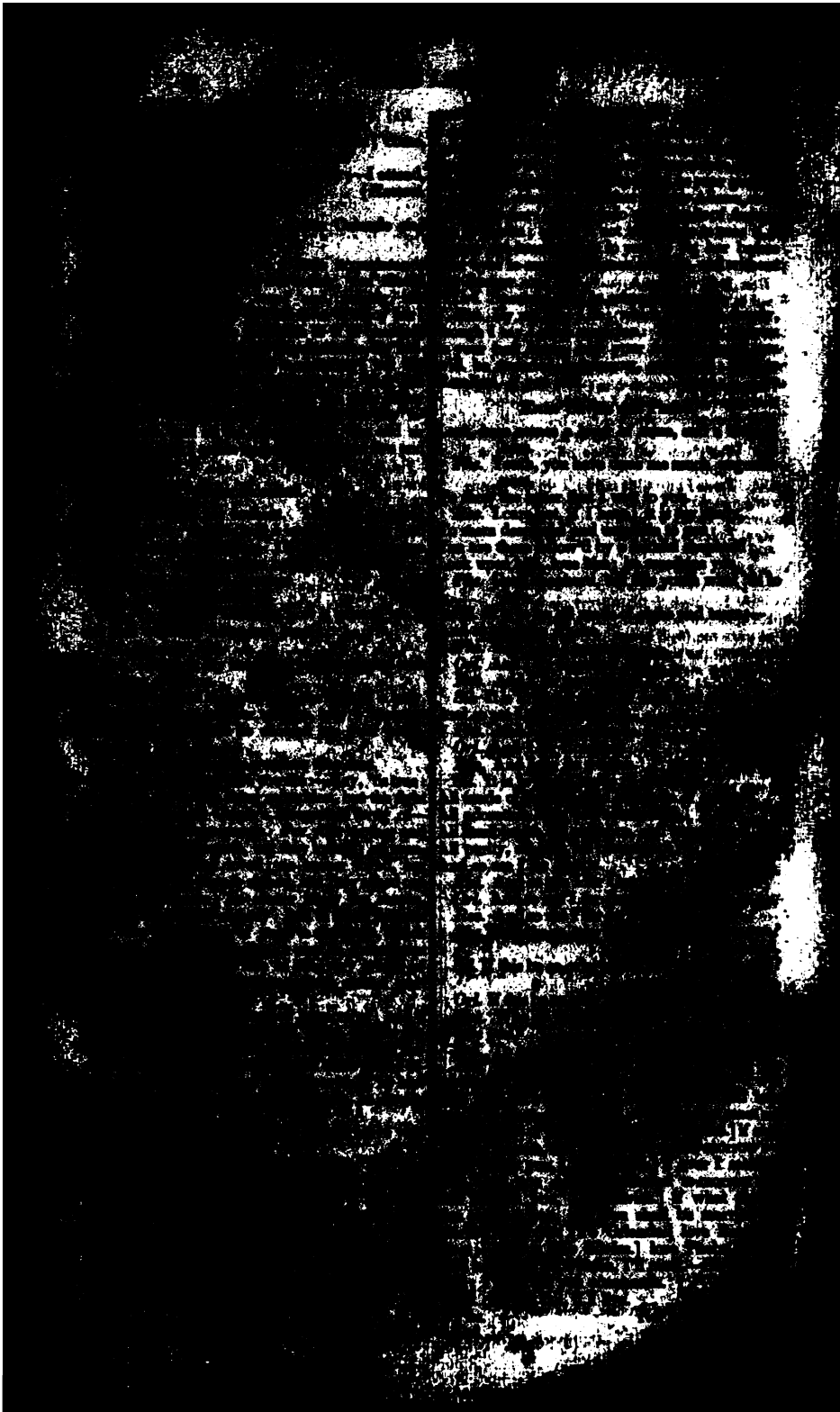
Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman :
Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the
vulgar, leave,—the society, which in the booziah
is, company,—of this female,—which in the com-
mon is,—woman, which together is, abandon the
society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ;
or, to thy better understanding, diest ; to wit, I
kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into
death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in
poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I
will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee
with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty
ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE III.—*The same. Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.¹ Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i'th' middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nomino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nomino,
These pretty country folks would be,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nomino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nomino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To Orlando.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To Phebe.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To Silvius.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome; This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a mine, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear

(1) A married woman.

(2) A stately solemn dance.

your body more seeming.' Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *lie circumstantial*, and the *lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *if you said so, then I said so*: and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia. Still music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,*

*Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Or.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!—

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To Orlando.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To Phebe.]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.²

You and you so cross shall part:

[To Orlando and Rosalind.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[To Oliver and Celia.]

You [To Phebe.] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Jove's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to these doth combine.³

[To Silvius.]

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purpose to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprize, and from the world:

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again

That were with him exil'd: This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke S.

Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To Duke S.]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—

You [To Orlando.] to a love, that your true faith

doth merit:—

(1) Seemly. (2) Unless truth fails of veracity.

(3) Bind.

You [To Oliver.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—

You [To Silvius.] to a long and well-deserved bed:—

And you [To Touchstone.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished¹ like a beggar, therefore to beg will

not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,² and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

JOHNSON.

(1) Dressed. (2) That I liked.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafau, an old Lord.

Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, }
Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the widow.

Violenta, }
Mariana, } neighbours and friends to the widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

Scene, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafau, in mourning.

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had² how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

(1) Under his particular care, as my guardian.

(2) The countess recollects her own loss of a husband, and observes how heavily *had* passes through her mind.

(3) Qualities of good breeding and erudition.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,³ there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness:⁴ she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood⁵ from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wills That thee may furnish,⁶ and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

(4) i. e. Her excellencies are the better because they are artless.

(5) All appearance of life.

(6) i. e. That may help thee with more and better qualifications.

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To Helena*] be servants to you!¹ Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exit Bertram and Lafen.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father: And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table;² heart, too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.⁴ But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way off, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

(1) i. e. May you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

(2) Helena considers her heart as the tablet on which his resemblance was portrayed.

(3) Peculiarity of feature. (4) Countenance.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtesier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now: Your date⁵ is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms, That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think; which never Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, J.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

(5) Forbidden.

(6) A quibble on date, which means age, and candied fruit.

(7) i. e. And show by realities what we now must only think.

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. What power is it, which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native things.² Impossible be strange attempts, to those That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose, What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Paris. A room in the King's palace. Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoy³ are by the ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

(1) i. e. Thou wilt comprehend it.

(2) Things formed by nature for each other.

(3) The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna is the capital.

(4) To repair, here signifies to renovate.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First try'd our soldier'ship! He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long; But on us both did baggish age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father: In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest Till their own scorn return to them unnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour. So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and, at this time, His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him He us'd as creatures of another place; And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times; Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb; So in appoof⁴ lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, To grow there, and to bear.)—*Let me not live,*— Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he, *After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff* Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain: whose judgments are Mere fathers of their garments;⁵ whose constancies Expire before their fashions:—*This he wish'd:* I, after him, do after him wish too, Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive, To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir; They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,

Since the physician at your father's died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;— Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out With several applications:—nature and sickness Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt.* Flourish.

SCENE III.—Roussillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,⁶ I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our

(5) His is put for *its*. (6) Approbation.

(7) Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress.

(8) To act up to your desires.

modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, I label the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, beards are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that cares¹ my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*,² he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer in the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:³

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
[Singing.]

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,*

(1) To be married. (2) Children.
(3) Ploughs. (4) Therefore.

*Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forthwith: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit Clown.]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

(5) The nearest way. (6) Foolishly done.
(7) Since.

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord, he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for¹ than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive² upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head.³ Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind⁴ they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
'That before you, and next unto high heaven,

(1) i. e. I care as much for: I wish it equally.

(2) Contend.

(3) The source, the cause of your grief.

(4) According to their nature.

(5) i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age proves

I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:

Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,⁵

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love:⁶ O then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know, my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More than they were in note:⁷ amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishes, whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive

For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,

Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,

Happily, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid,

He would receive it? He and his physicians

Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,

They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd of their doctrine,⁸ have left off

The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,

More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,

and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,

that you were no less virtuous when young.

(6) i. e. Venus.

(7) Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared.

(8) Exhausted of their skill.

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A room in the King's palace.
Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles,
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant¹ shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.²

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us.

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil³ with;

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with!⁴ By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very

sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of time,⁵ there, do muster true gait,⁶ eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure,⁷ such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exe. Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across:⁸
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,¹⁰
That's able to breath life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,¹¹
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one
arriv'd,

If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,¹²
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafew,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafew.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafew, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

(1) i. e. Those excepted who possess modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire.

(2) Seeker, inquirer.

(3) Be not captives before you are soldiers.

(4) With a noise, bustle.

(5) In Shakspeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

(6) They are the foremost in the fashion.

(7) Have the true military step. (8) The dance.

(9) Unskilfully; a phrase taken from the exercise at a quintaine.

(10) A female physician. (11) A kind of dance.

(12) By profession is meant her declaration of the object of her coming.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,¹
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [Ex.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.²

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,³
Safer than mine own two, more dear : I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics ; or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful ;

Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.⁴ Great floods have
flown

From simple sources ;⁵ and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.⁶
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind
maid ;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;⁷

(1) I am like Pandarus.

(2) Of acknowledged excellence. (3) A third eye.

(4) An allusion to Daniel judging the two Elders.

(5) i. e. When Moses smote the rock in Horeb.

(6) This must refer to the children of Israel
passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been
denied by Pharaoh.

But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring :
Ere twice in murr and accidental damp
Moist Hesperus⁸ hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in these some blessed spirit
doth speak ;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :⁹
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime¹⁰ can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try ;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly
hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must ;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rouillon. A room in the Count-
ess's Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

(7) i. e. Pretend to greater things than befits the
mediocrity of my condition.

(8) The evening star.

(9) i. e. May be counted among the gifts enjoyed
by thee.

(10) The spring or morning of life.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent¹ to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

(1) Properly follows.

(2) Ordinary.

(3) Fear means here the object of fear.

(4) The dauphin.

(5) Wicked.

Count. Haste you again. [Exit severally.]

SCENE III.—Paris. A room in the King's Palace. Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern² and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.³

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said: the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin⁴ is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous⁵ spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,⁶ as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice⁷
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one⁸

(6) Lustigh is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.

(7) They were wards as well as subjects.

(8) Except one, meaning Bertram.

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,¹ and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven had, through me, restor'd the king to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be re-
fus'd,

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.*

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.²
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace³ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a Lord*] that I your hand
should take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your rows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English ;
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass,
I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee al-
ready.

Hel. I dare not say I take you ; [*To Bertram.*]
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it my lord, to bring me down,
Must answer for your raising ? I knew her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge :

A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title⁴ thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty : if she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dialik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dialik'st
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell,⁵ and virtue none,
It is a drop'd honour : good alone
Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :⁶

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft a dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones inured. What should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am
glad ;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,
I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert : that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam : that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

(1) A docked horse.

(2) i. e. I have no more to say to you.

(3) The lowest chance of the dice.

(4) i. e. The want of title.

(5) Titles.

(6) Good is good independent of any worldly
distinction, and so is vileness vile.

And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.
[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,¹ to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,² he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, as he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married,

(1) *i. e.* While I sat twice with thee at dinner.

(2) At a need.

there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky³ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife

To the dark house,⁴ and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.

—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same. Enter Helena and Clown.*

Hd. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clw. She is not well; but yet she has her health;

(3) Exercise. (4) A cant term for a wife.

(5) The house made gloomy by discontent.

she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou art a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, I'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave of the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable.¹

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.—Another room in the same. *Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.²

(1) A specious appearance of necessity.

(2) The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends. I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

[To Bertram.]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? *[Aside to Parolles.]*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,—

And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs, and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.]*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse,³ than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need,

but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.

(3) Wonder.

Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;¹

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith,
yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. [Exit Helena.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A room in the Duke's
Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence,
attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield;²
But like a common and an outward man,³
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our na-
ture,⁴

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;

(1) Possess.

(2) i. e. I cannot inform you of the reasons.

(3) One not in the secret of affairs.

(4) As we say at present, our young fellows.

And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess's
Palace. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have
had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff,⁵ and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for
a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at
court: our old ling, and our Isabels o' the country,
are nothing like your old ling and your Isabels o'
the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out;
and I begin to love, as an old man loves money,
with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me.
I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to
make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run
away; know it, before the report come. If there
be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long
distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I
only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gen-
tlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman⁶ me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray
you?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence:

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,

(5) The folding at the top of the boot.

(6) i. e. Affect me suddenly and deeply, as our
sex are usually affected.

Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gent. Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine;

Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord,

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature

With his inducement.

1 Gent. Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him, that his sword can never win

The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you

Written to bear along.

2 Gent. We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the nose-sparing war? and is it I

(1) i. e. When you can get the ring, which is on my finger, into your possession.

(2) If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself.

(3) In reply to the gentlemen's declaration, that they are her servants, the countess answers—no

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim: move the still-piercing air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catfish, that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere,

I met the ravin' lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes,

Were mine at once: no, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all; I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of Paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence, Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:

Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone;

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son may hie;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

His taken labours bid him me forgive:

I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

(4) Ravenous.

(5) Alluding to the story of Hercules.

(6) Discretion or thought.

As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Steno. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er'taken; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angels shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
De-patch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both,
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Without the walls of Florence.
*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of
Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, and other
citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has taken their
greatest commander; and that with his own hand
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our la-
bour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you
may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed
of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her
name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Pa-
rolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions²
for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their
promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
engines of lust, are not the things they go under:³
many a maid hath been seduced by them; and
the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in
the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dis-
suade succession, but that they are limed with the
twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to
advise you further; but I hope your own grace
will keep you where you are, though there were
no further danger known, but the modesty which
is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pil-
grim: I know she will lie at my house: thither
they send one another: I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jacques le grand.
Where do the palmer⁴ lodge, I do beseech you?

(1) Weigh, here means to value or esteem.

(2) Temptations.

(3) They are not the things for which their names
would make them pass.

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pil-
grim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess,
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife

Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do
her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes⁵ with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, Bertram, and Parolles.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gen-
tleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same
knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,

(4) Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of
palm they were wont to carry.

(5) Because. (6) The exact, the entire truth.

(7) Deals with panders.

I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hed. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hed. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, officers, and soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound,
Already at my house.

Hed. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exe.*]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence. *Enter*
Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a biding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguers' of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not

(1) A paltry fellow, a coward. (2) The camp.
(3) I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt.

the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost?—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*!

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[*Exit.*]

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; daunts himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't!

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him,⁵ you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.⁶ He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

(4) I will pen down my plans, and the probable obstructions.

(5) Hunted him down. (6) Strip him naked.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

(Exit.)

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show

you

The last I spoke of.

2 Lord.

But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but

once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same cockcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 Lord.

With all my heart, my lord.

(Exit.)

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the

Widow's house. Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you miscount me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further,

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well

born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel.

Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;

And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,

Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bestowing it.

Wid.

I should believe you;

For you have show'd me that, which well approves

You are great in fortune.

Hel.

Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

Which I will over-pay, and pay again,

When I have found it. The count he woos your

daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,

Now his importunate blood will nought deny

That she'll demand: A ring the county¹ wears,

That downward hath succeed'd in his house,

From son to son, some four or five descents

Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

Howe'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel.

You see it lawful then: It is no more,

But that your daughter ere she seems as won,

Desires this ring: appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

Herself most chaste absent: after this,

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns

To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,

That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,

May prove coherent. Every night he comes

With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd

To her unworthiness: It is a thing steals us,

To slide him from our eaves;² for he persists,

As if his life lay on't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

(1) i. e. By discovering herself to the count.

(2) Importunate. (3) i. e. Count.

(4) From under our windows.

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

And lawful meaning in a lawful act;

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:

But let's about it.

(Exit.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine camp. Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge's corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's⁵ entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: enough⁶ language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes: to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *(Aside.)*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a better woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? *(Aside.)*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. *(Aside.)*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say,

it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. *(Aside.)*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. *(Aside.)*

(5) i. e. Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.
(6) A bird like a jack-daw. (7) The proof.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[Alarum within.]

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par carbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vauvado.*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kratelybonto.—Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka r-vania dulce.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volinorca.*

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet: And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded.]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Florence. A room in the Widow's house. Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

(1) i. e. Against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena.

Ber.

So should you be.

Dia.

No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber.

No more of that!

I prythee, do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her: but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia.

Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Ber.

How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy: that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness? Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber.

Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: Say, thou art mine, and ever My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes in such affairs, That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power To give it from me.

Dia.

Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.

Dia.

Mine honour's such a ring:

My chasity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber.

Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

(2) The sense is—we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest, the Divinity.

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braid!

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Florentine camp. Enter the
two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's
letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there
is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the
reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon
him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a
lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever-
lasting displeasure of the king, who had even
tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will
tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly
with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and
I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown;
and this night he fishes his will in the spoil of her
honour: he hath given her his monumental ring,
and thinks himself made in the unchaste compo-
sition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we
are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them
reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred
ends; so he, that in this action contrives against
his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows
himself?

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not
then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted
to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly
have him see his company⁴ anatomized; that he
might take a measure of his own judgments,
wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he
come; for his presence must be the whip of the
other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of
these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Roussillon do then?
will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not
altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a
great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since,
fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to
Saint Jacques le grand; which holy undertaking,
with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished:
and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature
became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan

of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own let-
ters; which makes her story true, even to the point
of her death: her death itself, which could not be
her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed
by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations,
point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad
of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us
confidants of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we
drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that
his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home
be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be
proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our
crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd
by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of
whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship
will next morning for France. The duke hath of-
fered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful
there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's
tastiness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my
lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen busi-
nesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of
success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my
adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for
her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; en-
tertained my convoy; and, between these main
parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs;
the last was the greatest, but that I have not
ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and
this morning your departure hence, it requires
haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fear-
ing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this
dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—
Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has
deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [Enter Soldiers.] he
has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have desert'd it, in
usurping his spurs⁴ so long. How does he carry
himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the
stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you
would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that
had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to
Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the
time of his remembrance, to this very instant dis-
aster of his setting in the stocks: And what think
you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be
read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I be-

(1) Crafty, deceitful.

(2) i. e. Betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

(3) Here, as elsewhere, used adverbially.

(4) For companion.

(5) Model, pattern.

(6) An allusion to the degradation of a knight
by hacking off his spurs.

lieve you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pesty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Bobibindo chicurmucho.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general!—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* *Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,³ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,⁴ and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be in the camp; a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertise in wars; or whether he thinks, it were*

not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories:⁵ Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent,⁶ that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next title that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper? Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* *Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold.*—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me

(1) Theory. (2) The point of the scabbard.

(3) Cassock then signified a horseman's loose coat.

(4) Disposition and character.

(5) For interrogatories.

(6) A natural fool.

(7) i. e. A match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

live, sir, in a dungeon, if the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus? He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. Even crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition² of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, head-man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave

of all your friends.

[*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you, but fare you well. [*Exe. Ber. Lords, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall,—simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. A room in the Widow's house. Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:

Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd, His grace is at Merseilles; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive³ And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy⁴ trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away: But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia.

Let death and honesty⁵ Go with your impositions,⁶ I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel.

Yet, I pray you,— But with the word, the time will bring on summer, When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

(1) i. e. He will steal any thing however trifling, from any place however holy.

(2) The Centaur killed by Hercules.

(3) The fourth part of the smaller French crown.

(4) To deceive the opinion.

(5) For mover.

(6) Lascivious.

(7) i. e. An honest death. (8) Commands.

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine'st the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Lafew, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-tafta fellow there; whose villanous saffron² would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.³

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more botter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold then, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest⁴ thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall

be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.⁵

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well: 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed⁶ face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A street. Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.⁷

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

(1) End.

(2) There was a fashion of using yellow starch for bands and ruffles, to which Lafew alludes.

(3) i. e. Rue.

(4) Seduce.

(5) Mischievously unhappy, waggish.

(6) Scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.

(7) A gentleman Falconer.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen from the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, good-d with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed;

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*; yet; Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it: I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;— Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner court of the Countess's Palace. Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.— Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.— Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Here is a par of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis

too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.¹

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox² my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafew, Lords, Gentlemen, guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem³ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.⁴

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'rbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon.—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.⁵

(5) i. e. The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

(1) You need not ask;—here it is.

(2) Reckoning or estimate.

(3) Completely, in its full extent.

(4) So in As you like it:—to have 'seen much

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,¹
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,²
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults,
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful nate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood inag'd;³ but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,⁴
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,⁵
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so:—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Ber. guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,⁶ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] Upon his many protestations to
marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say
it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower;
his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's
paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no
leave, and I follow him to his country for justice:

(1) i. e. Of uninterrupted rain.

(2) Faults repented of to the utmost.

(3) In the sense of unengaged.

(4) The philosopher's stone.

(5) i. e. That you have the proper consciousness
of your own actions.

(6) Post-stages.

Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some attendants.]
I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,² without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To Bertram.*] comes too
short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your
honour,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.³

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,⁴
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

(1) Pay toll for him. (2) Docease, die.

(3) Gamester, when applied to a female, then meant a common woman.

(4) Value. (5) Noted. (6) Debauch'd.

Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted⁵ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;⁶
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's⁷ course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace⁸
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.⁹ I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of
late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had
in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love
this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion¹⁰ is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

(7) Love's.

(8) Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common.

(9) May justly make me fast. (10) Fellow.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed: and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine! in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to Lafew.]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes¹ the ring, is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick; So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist²

- (1) Too artful. (2) Common woman.
(3) Owns. (4) Enchanter.

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber.

Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter; This it says, When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, [To Parolles.] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[To Diana.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; For I can guess, that, by the honest aid, Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.— Of that, and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express: All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.]

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;³

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.]

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable; and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is diamised to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

JOHNSON.

- (5) i. e. Hear us without interruption, and take our parts, that is, support and defend us.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,
and other Servants attending on
the Lord.

Persons in
the Induc-
tion.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincenzio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincenzio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Katharina.

Gremio, } suitors to Bianca.
Hortensio, }
Tranio, } servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grunio, } servants to Petruchio.
Curtis, }

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincenzio.

Katharina, the Shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
Bianca, her sister, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on
Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*,
entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and
printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.

Sly.

A Tapster.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonsus, a merchant of Athens.

Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.

Aurelius, his son, } suitors to the daughters of
Ferando, his son, } Alphonsus.

Polidor,

Valeria, servant to Aurelius.

Sauder, servant to Ferando.

Phylotus, a merchant who personates the Duke.

Kate.

Emelia, } daughters to Alphonsus.

Phylema, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando
and Alphonsus.

Scene, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Coun-
try House.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.
Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly.

I'LL phese¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y^e are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:
Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*,² let the
world slide: *Sessa*.³

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have
burst.⁴

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁵

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the
thirdborough.⁶ [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll an-
swer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let
him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

(1) Beat or knock. (2) Few words.

(3) Be quiet. (4) Broke.

(5) This line and the scrap of Spanish is used in
burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo, or
the Spanish Tragedy.

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with
Huntsmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well
my bounds:

Brach? Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,⁸
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

(6) An officer whose authority equals a constable.

(7) Bitch. (8) Strained.

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hum.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hum.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer,¹ the third a diaper,²
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly smit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his bounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is,—say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,³ gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.⁴

1 *Hum.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
'ravelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,

(1) Pitcher. (2) Napkin. (3) Naturally.

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Least, over-eying of his odd behaviour

(For yet his honour never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Re-ent Servant and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a Servant.*]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance,

Tell him from me (as he will win my love,)

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;

And say,—What is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May show her duty, and make known her love?

And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift:

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;

And how my men will stay themselves from

laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply,⁵ my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for

(4) Moderation.

(5) Perhaps.

I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraited! Here's—

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleet^r than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee lo, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall and Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Ser. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

(1) Distracted. (2) Faith. (3) Court-leet.

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,² a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were braten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet,³

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpornell;

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me:

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,

For so your doctors hold it very meet;

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
2 K

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a common¹ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. *[They sit down.]*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious² studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue³ specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash,⁴ to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate,*⁵ gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,⁶
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken⁶ you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:

If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To court her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, *[To Bap.]* is it your will
To make a stale⁷ of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis,⁸ it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat⁹ 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. *[Aside.]*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I, that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew¹⁰ her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit Bianca.]*

And for I know, she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer¹¹ them hither; for to cunning¹² men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; May I not?

What shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts¹³
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love

(1) For comedy. (2) Ingenious.
(3) Small piece of water. (4) Pardon me.
(5) Harsh rules. (6) Animate.

(7) A bait or decoy. (8) Think. (9) Pet.
(10) Shut. (11) Recommend.
(12) Knowing, learned. (13) Endowments.

I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,¹ it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dote! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee,—That art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl: Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated² from the heart: If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—*Redime et captum quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly³ on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter⁴ of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air; Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

- (1) Consideration. (2) Gain or lot.
(3) Driven out by chiding. (4) Longingly.
(5) Europa. (6) 'Tis enough.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta! content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house; Nor can we be distinguished by our faces, For man, or master: then it follows thus;—Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house, and port,⁵ and servants, as I should: I will some other be; some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief then, sir, sith⁶ it your pleasure is,

And I am tid to be obedient

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;

Be servicable to my son, quoth he,

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eyes.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes? Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:⁷

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

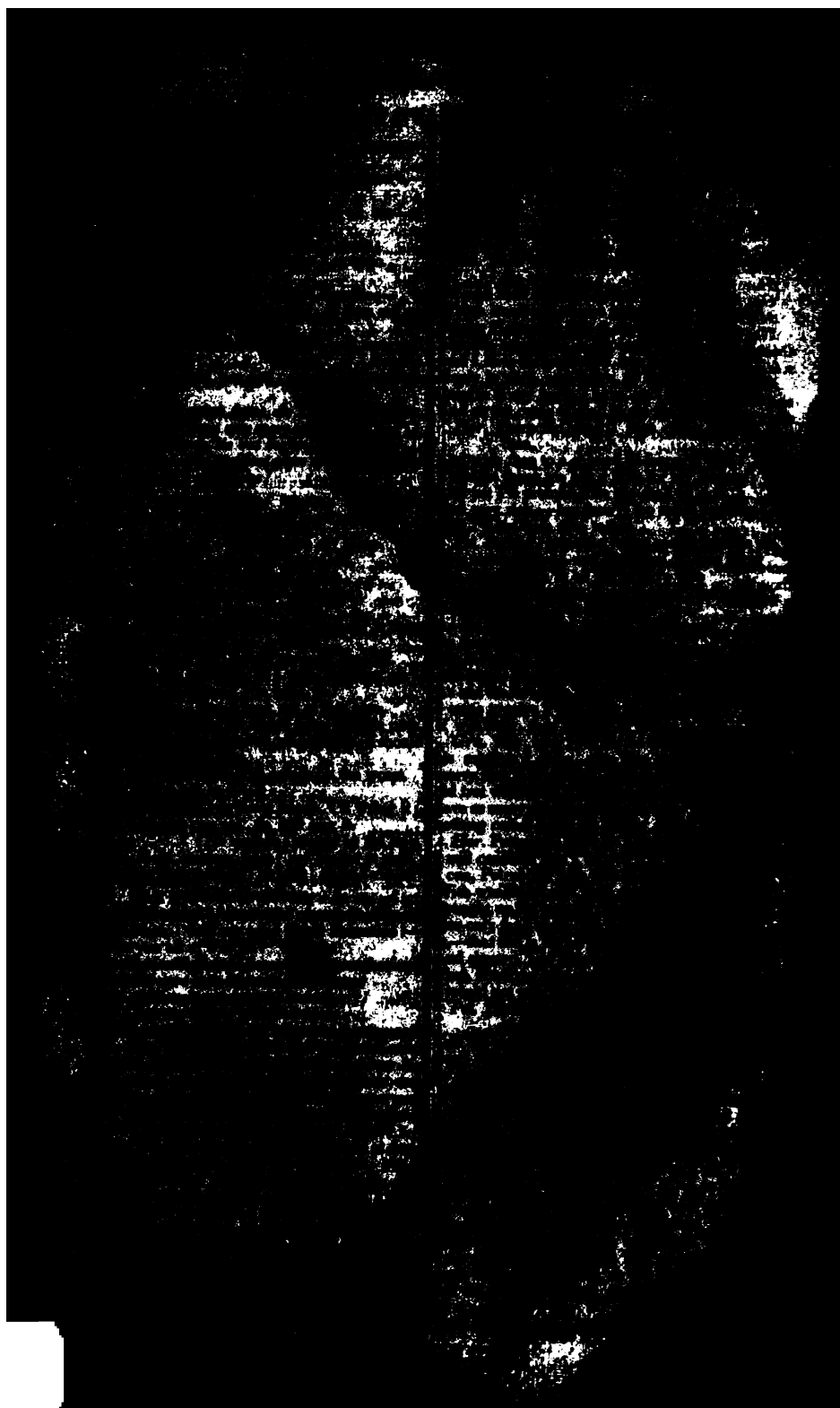
Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

- (7) Show, appearance. (8) Since.
(9) Observed.



good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.¹ I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand? him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disgrace her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucchio, I must go with thee; For in Baptista's keep² my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; And her withholds from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love: Supposing it a thing impossible (For those defects I have before rehears'd,) That ever Katharina will be woo'd, Therefore this order³ hath Baptista ta'en;— That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst! A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucchio do me grace; And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster: Well seen⁴ in music, to instruct Bianca: That so I may by this device, at least, Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio; with him Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Gremio; 'tis the rival of my love:— Petrucchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.]

Gru. O, very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand.⁵ And see you read no other let-turs to her: You understand me:—Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perus'd; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron (stand you so assur'd,) As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yes, and (perhaps) with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gru. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Gremio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gru. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,

Whether I am going?—To Baptista Minola. I promis'd to inquire carefully About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca: And, by good fortune, I have lighted well On this young man; for learning, and behaviour, Fit for her turn; well read in poetry, And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gru. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. *[Aside.]*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gru. So said, so done, is well:— Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gru. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gru. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent? Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a cheanut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.⁶

Gru. For he fears none. *[Aside.]*

Gru. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gru. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. *[Aside.]*

Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold, Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gru. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't *[Aside to Tranio.]* he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gru. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. *[Aside.]*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

(1) Abusive language. (2) Withstand.

(3) Custody. (4) These measures.

(5) Versed. (6) Rate. (7) Present.

(8) Fright boys with bug-bears.

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen, Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.¹

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion!—Fellows,² let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your *benvenuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in Baptista's house. Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;

That I disdain: but for these other gawds,³

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

Or, what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

(1) Ungrateful. (2) Companions.

(3) Trifling ornaments.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect⁴ him, sister, here I swear,

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more;

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I will perceive,

You have but jested with me all this while:

I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding⁵ of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband?

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep.

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That,—bearing of her beauty, and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your

good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,

She is not for your turns, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;

(4) Love.

(5) A worthless woman.

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucchio is my name; Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:

Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*Presenting Lucentio.*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*To Tranio.*] methinks you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preference of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

(1) A proverbial exclamation then in use.

(2) A fret in music is the stop which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.

Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as pre-emptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:

So I to her, and so she yields to me:

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy

speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,²

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute:

While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack;³ with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petrucchio, will you go with us;

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exe. Bap. Gre. Tra. and Hor.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—

But here she comes; and now, Petrucchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

(3) Paltry musician.

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-well.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[Striking him.]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven!

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of? such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

(1) A degenerate cock.

(2) By.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

That you shall be thy wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nil you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now,

Signior Petrucchio: How speed you with

My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the roan;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel;

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petrucchio! she says, she'll see thee

hang'd first.

Tru. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied! so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,¹
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock² wretch can make the curtest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, severally.*]
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city,
Is richly furnish'd with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,⁴
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valence of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

(1) To vie and revie were terms at cards now superseded by the word brag.
(2) It is well worth seeing.
(3) A dastardly creature.
(4) Coverings for beds; now called counterpanes.

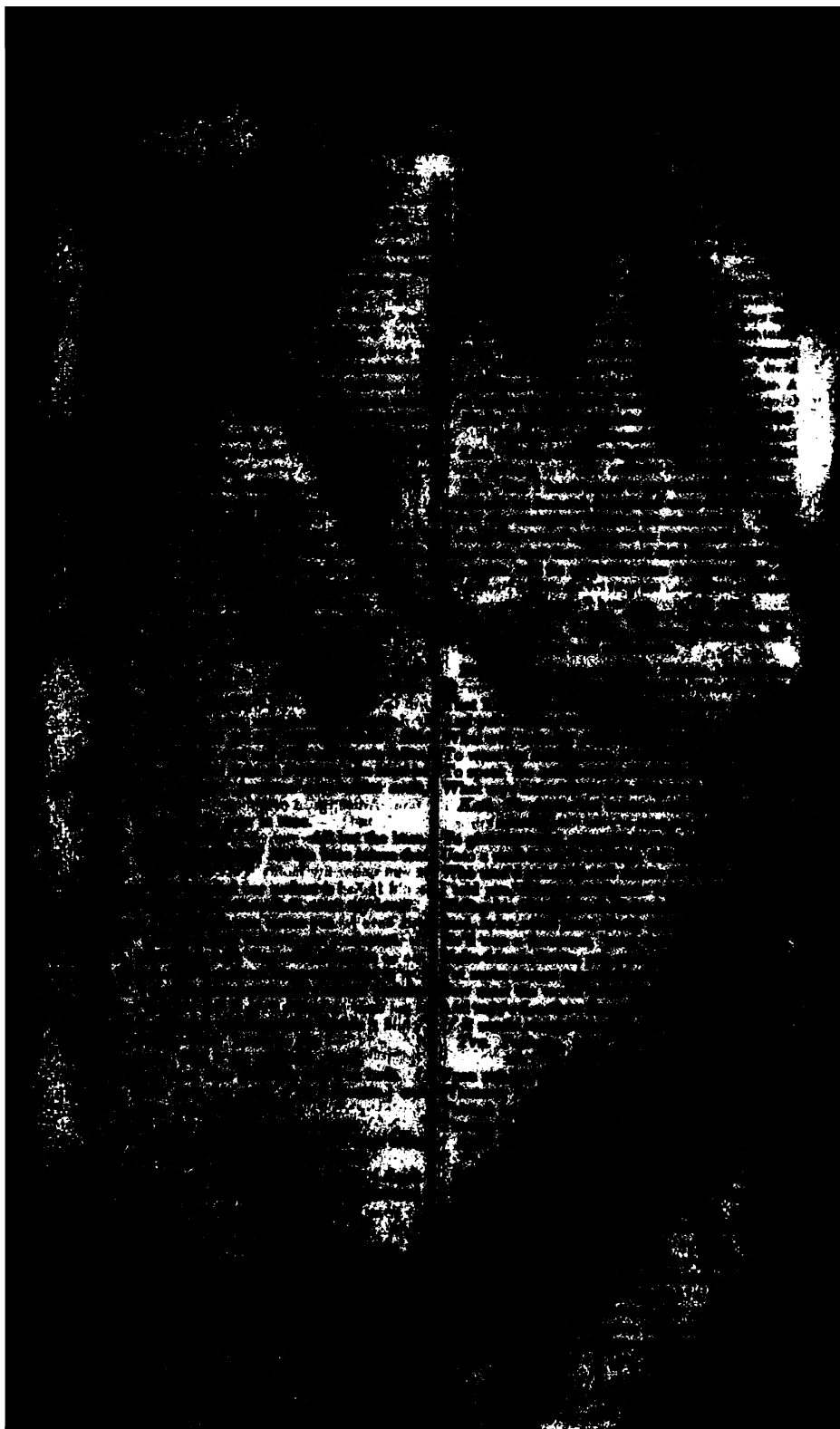
Tra. That only came well in—Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,⁵
That now is lying in Marsailles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,⁶
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Ex.*]
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.⁷
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in Baptista's house. *Enter*
Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pendant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

(5) A large merchant-ship.
(6) A vessel of burthen worked both with sails and oars.
(7) The highest card.



Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what :—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelless ; with two broken points : His horse hipp'd with an old moth's saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,¹ full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives,² stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather : which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots : one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,³ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock⁴ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list : an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel ; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir ; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, By Saint Jany, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown :

And wherefore gaze this goodly company ;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day :

First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;

(1) Farcy.

(2) Vives ; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie ! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress ;⁵

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her ;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent

robes ;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore have done

with words ;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,

It skills⁶ not much : we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;

And make assurance, here in Padua,

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say,—no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business :

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola ;

The quaint⁷ musician, amorous Licio ;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming

home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, in-

deed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio: When the priest

Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by *gogs-wots*, quoth he ; and swore so loud,

(3) Velvet.

(4) Stocking.

(5) i. e. To deviate from my promise.

(6) Matters. (7) Strange.

That all amas'd, the priest let fall the book :

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now takes them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gra. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if

He had been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm:—*Quaff'd off the muscadell*,¹

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before;

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista,
Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gra. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have

eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way.

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not

angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gra. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—

I see a woman may be made a fool,

(1) It was the custom for the company present
to drink wine immediately after the marriage-
ceremony.

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-
mand:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—*Grumio,*

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gra. Went they not quickly, I should die with

laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly

mated.

Gra. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and

bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets² at the feast:—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,

let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Petruchio's country house.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad
masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so
beaten? was ever man so rayed?³ was ever man
so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they
are coming after to warm them. Now, were not
I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might
freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by
a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire,
shall warm myself; for, considering the weather,
a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho!
Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou
may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no
greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire,
good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire;
cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost:
but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and
beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my
new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

(2) Delicacies.

(3) Bowsayed, dirty

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Grü. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Grü. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Grü. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Grü. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Grü. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Grü. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grü. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grü. There.

[Striking him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grü. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Grü. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grü. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grü. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarbop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent kuit: let them cursey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Grü. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Grü. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Grü. Thou, it seems; that call for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Grü. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Grü. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Grü. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grü. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grü. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel;

There was no link⁴ to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and

Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exit some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.]

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the fear of orders gray, [Sings.]

As he forth walked on his way—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here: what, ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you

hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with—

(1) Bannied.

(2) Broken.

(3) Not different one from the other.

(4) A torch of pitch.

(5) A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A basin is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[Servant lets the cover fall.]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What is this? mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders cholera, planteth anger; And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,— Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,— Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.]

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Grat. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul, Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak; And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully: My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty; And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd, For then she never looks upon her lure! Another way I have to man my haggard,¹ To make her come, and know her keeper's call, That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites, That bate,² and beat, and will not be obedient. She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; As with the meat, some undeserved fault I'll find about the making of the bed; And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:— Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,³ That all is done in reverent care of her; And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night; And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl, And with the clamour keep her still awake.

(1) A thing stuffed to look like the game which the hawk was to pursue.

(2) To tame my wild hawk.

This is the way to kill a wife with kindness; And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Padua. Before Baptista's house. Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tran. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. [They stand aside.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [They retire.]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tran. O despicable love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion.⁴

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tran. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tran. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—

Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio.—Luc. and Bian. advance.]

Tran. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tran. Mistress, we have.

Luc.

Then we are rid of Licio.

Tran. Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

(3) Flutter.

(4) Pretend.

(5) Despicable fellow.

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tru. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tru. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tru. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel¹ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tru. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,²
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tru. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tru. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;

But then up further, and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tru. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tru. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tru. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tru. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tru. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tru. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. *[Aside.]*

Tru. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tru. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:

Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A room in Petruchio's house. *Enter*
Katharina and Grumio.

Grumio. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say,—If I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I prythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prythee let me
have it.

Grumio. I fear it is too choleric a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard
rest.

Grumio. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, *[Beats him.]*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Petr. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort³?

Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Petr. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.

Petr. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

(1) Messenger. (2) A merchant or a schoolmaster.

(3) Dispirited; a gallicism.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,¹

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffing² treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,³ a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censor⁴ in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,⁵ more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-met⁶ thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.⁷

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.

I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown;
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*,
thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape,⁸*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I
commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and
sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,
though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; and I had thee in
place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me thy mete-yard,⁹ and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have
no odd's.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mis-
tress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
for:

Take up my mistress's gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
paid:— [*Aside.*]

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-mor-
row.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
father's,

(1) Finery.

(2) Rustling.

(3) A coffin was the culinary term for raised crust.

(4) These censers resembled our brasiers in shape.

(5) Curious.

(6) Be-measure.

(7) Turned up many garments with facings.

(8) A round cape. (9) Measuring-yard.

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Ped. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's house.
Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tran. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tran. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tran. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tran. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tran. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are haply met:—

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ahe to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,

(1) Appeareth. (2) Brave. (3) Scrupulous.
(4) Assure or convey. (5) Betrothed.

To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious¹ I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass⁴ my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tran. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,

We be affied;⁵ and such assurance 'a'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hear'ning still;
And, happily,⁶ we might be interrupted.

Tran. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tran. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral⁷ of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is afe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is
at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance
of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:
to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some
sufficient honest witnesses:

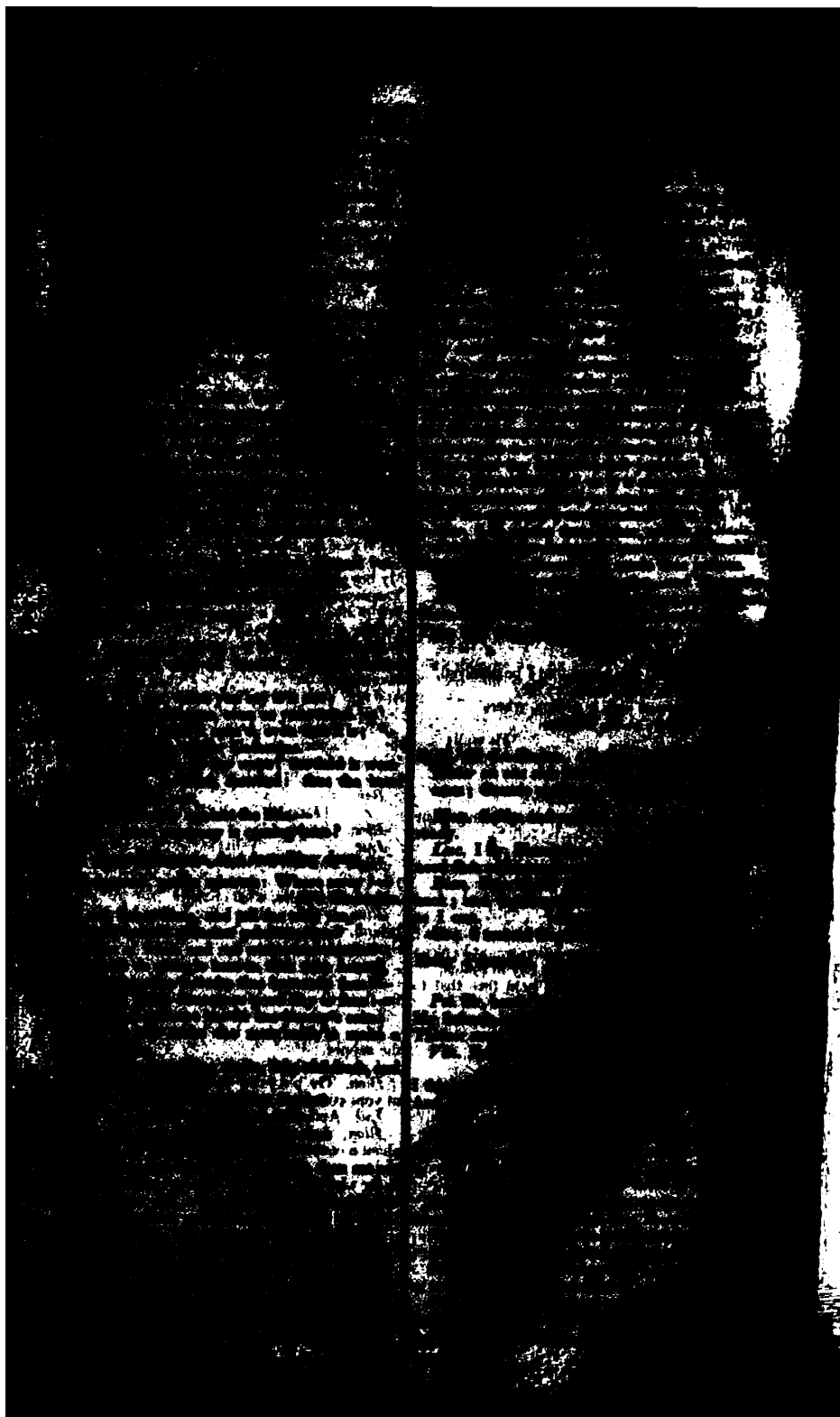
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to
say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married

(6) Accidentally. (7) Secret purpose.



Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Ped. Why, how now, gentleman! [To Vincen.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cosen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing Biondello.*]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed?

[*Beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*]

Ped. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and servants.

Tru. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tru. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tru. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad as! his name is Lucentio!—and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's

name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tru. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Grenio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be conycatched² in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tru. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son unto the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.³

Gre. Here's packing,⁴ with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arriv'd at last Unto the wished haven of my bliss:— What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To Lucentio.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

[*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bian.*]

Gre. My cake is dough.⁵ But I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*]

Petruchio and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Ped. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

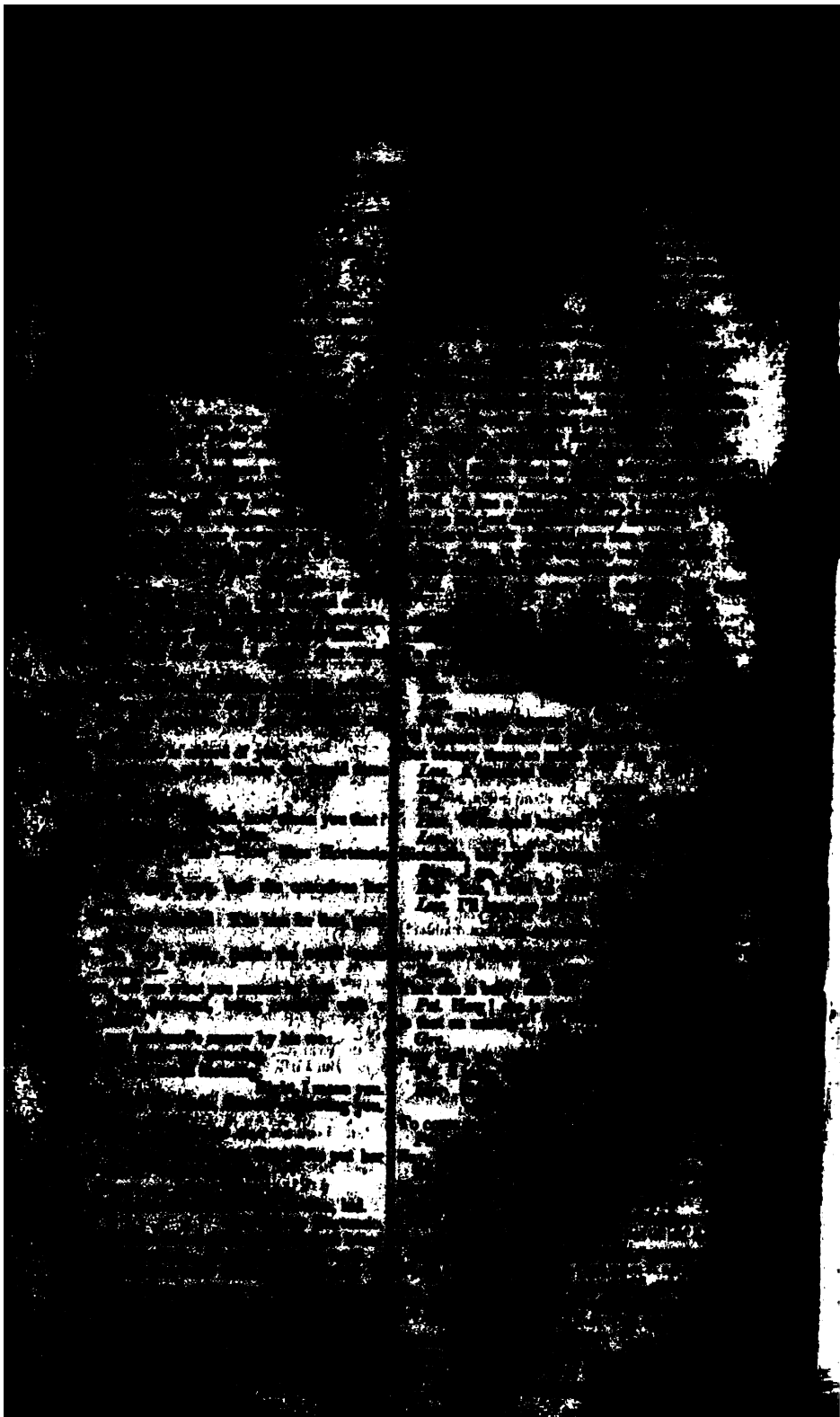
Ped. What, art thou ashamed of me?

(1) A hat with a conical crown.

(2) Cheated. (3) Deceived thy eyes.

(4) Trickling, underhand contrivances.

(5) A proverbial expression, repeated after a disappointment.



Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca, and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unknot brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And, not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Fin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

[*To Lucentio.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.*]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*]

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

JOHN SON.

(1) Gentle temper.

(3) Abate your spirits.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, king of Sicilia.
Mamillius, his son.
Camillo,
Antigonus, }
Cleomenes, } Sicilian lords.
Dion,
Another Sicilian lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman.
An attendant on the young prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of judicature.
Polixenes, king of Bohemia.
Florizel, his son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord.
A mariner.
Gooler.
An old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
Autolycus, a rogue.
Time, as Chorus.
Hermione, queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a lady, } attending the queen.
Two other ladies, }
Mopaa, } Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, }
Lords, ladies, and attendants; satyrs for a dance,
shepherds, shepherdesses, guards, &c.
Scene, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' palace. Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned,⁽¹⁾ with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast⁽²⁾ and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either

(1) Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

(2) Wide waste of country.

malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,⁽³⁾ makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A room of state in the palace. Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, and attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

With one we thank-you, many thousands more

That go before it.

Leon.

Stay your thanks a while; And pay them when you part.

Pol.

Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence: That may blow

No sneaping⁽⁴⁾ winds at home, to make us say,

This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon.

We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol.

No longer stay.

Leon.

One seven-night longer.

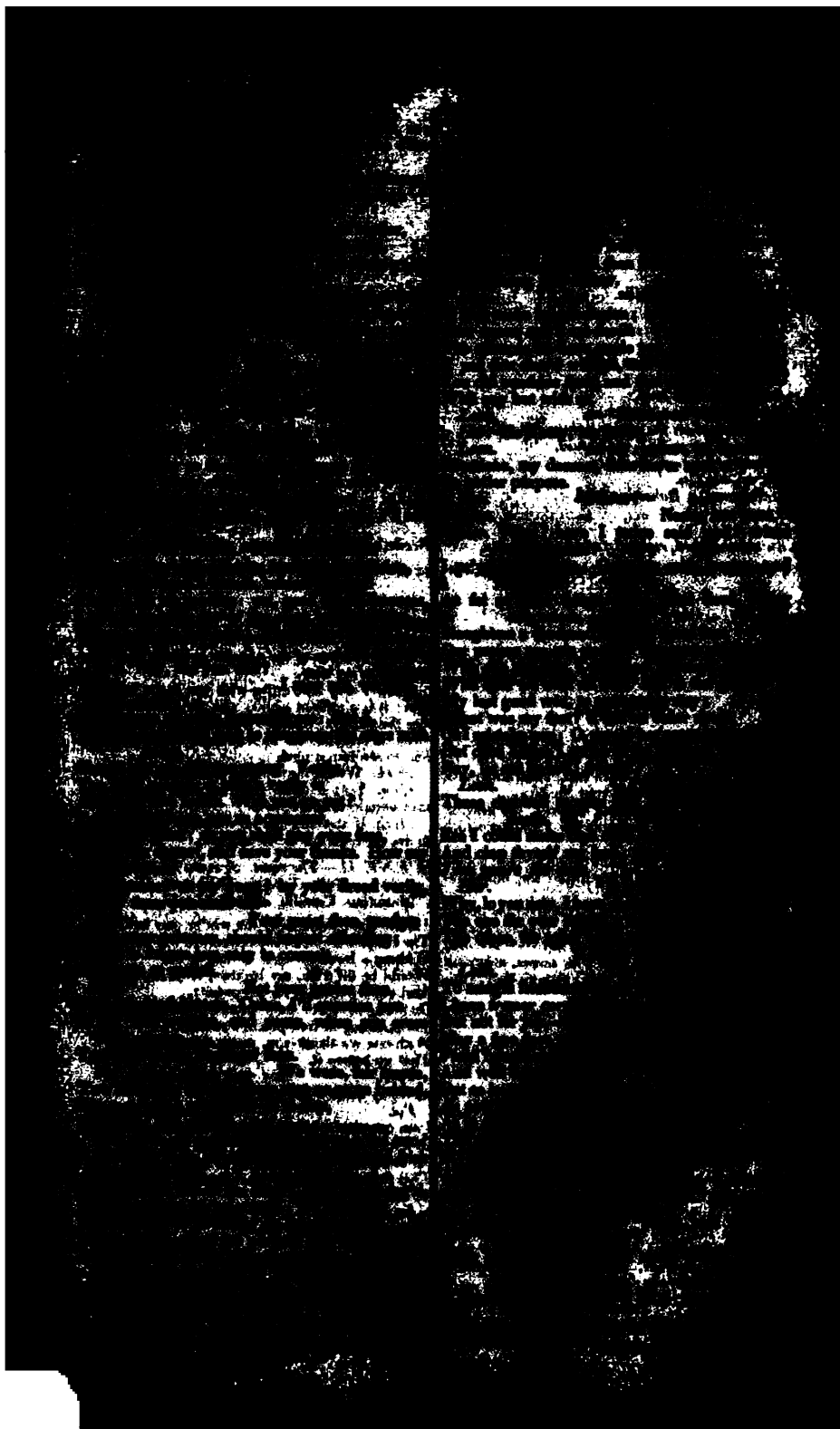
Pol.

Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon.

We'll part the time between's then: and in that

(3) Affords a cordial to the state. (4) Nipping.



We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling!

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,²

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bound³ twist his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin⁴ eye: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't
be?

Affection! thy infection stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat⁵st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,⁶
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou
dost;

(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)

And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,⁸ this gentleman:—mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!⁹—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childishness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent¹⁰ to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

(1) i. e. Playing with her fingers as if on a spinnet.
(2) Thou wantest a rough head, and the budding
borns that I have.

(3) Boundary. (4) Blue. (5) Credible.

(6) Pea-cod. (7) Will you be cajoled?

We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

How she holds up the neb,¹⁰ the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing¹¹ husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.¹²—

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.]

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.—[Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing,¹³

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust¹⁴ it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be
pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals,

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meases,¹⁵

Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most under-
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

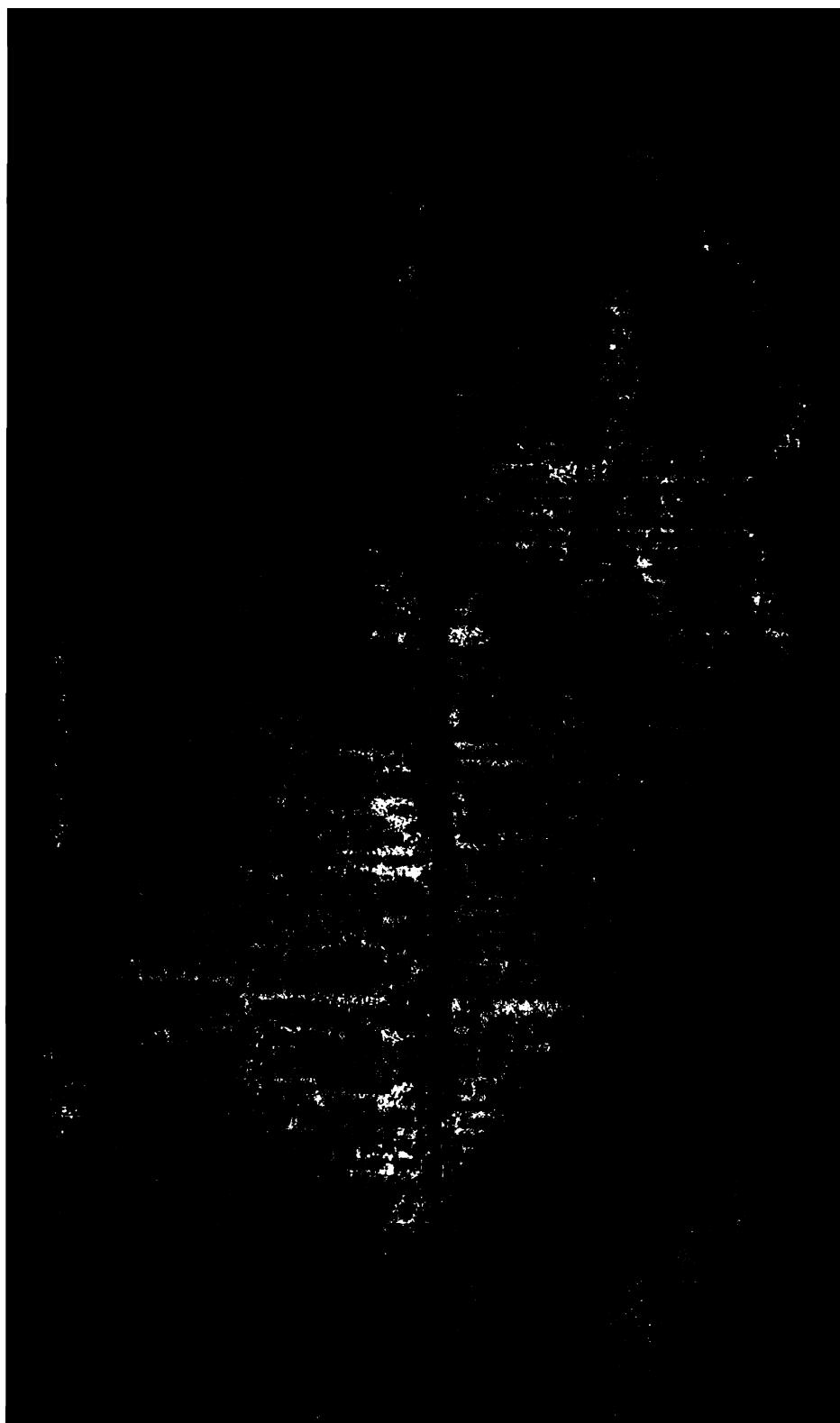
(8) May his share of life be a happy one!

(9) Heir apparent, next claimant. (10) Mouth.

(11) Approving. (12) A horned one, a cuckold.

(13) To round in the ear was to tell secretly.

(14) Taste. (15) Inferiors in rank.



Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me, What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't Is the obedience to a master; one, Who, in rebellion with himself, will have All that are his, so too.—To do this deed, Promotion follows: If I could find example Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings, And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one, Let villany itself forswear't. I must Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now! Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks, My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?— Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance, As he had lost some province, and a region, Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him With customary compliment; when he, Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and So leaves me to consider what is breeding, That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts; For, to yourself, what you do know, you must; And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be A party in this alteration, finding Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper; but I cannot name the disease; and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk: I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,— As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns Our gentry, than our parents' noble names, In whose success¹ we are gentle,²—I beseech you, If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well! I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; Which way to be prevented, if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.³

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears, As he had seen't, or been an instrument To vice⁴ you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly; and my name Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!

Turn then my freshest reputation to A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd, Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake The fabric of his folly; whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith,⁵ and will continue The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born. If therefore you dare trust my honesty,— That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night. Your followers I will whisper to the business; And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns, Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; For, by the honour of my parents, I Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon

His exocution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee: I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand; Be pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago.—This jealousy Is for a precious creature: as she's rare, Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty, Must it be violent: and as he does conceive He is dishonour'd by a man which ever Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me: Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

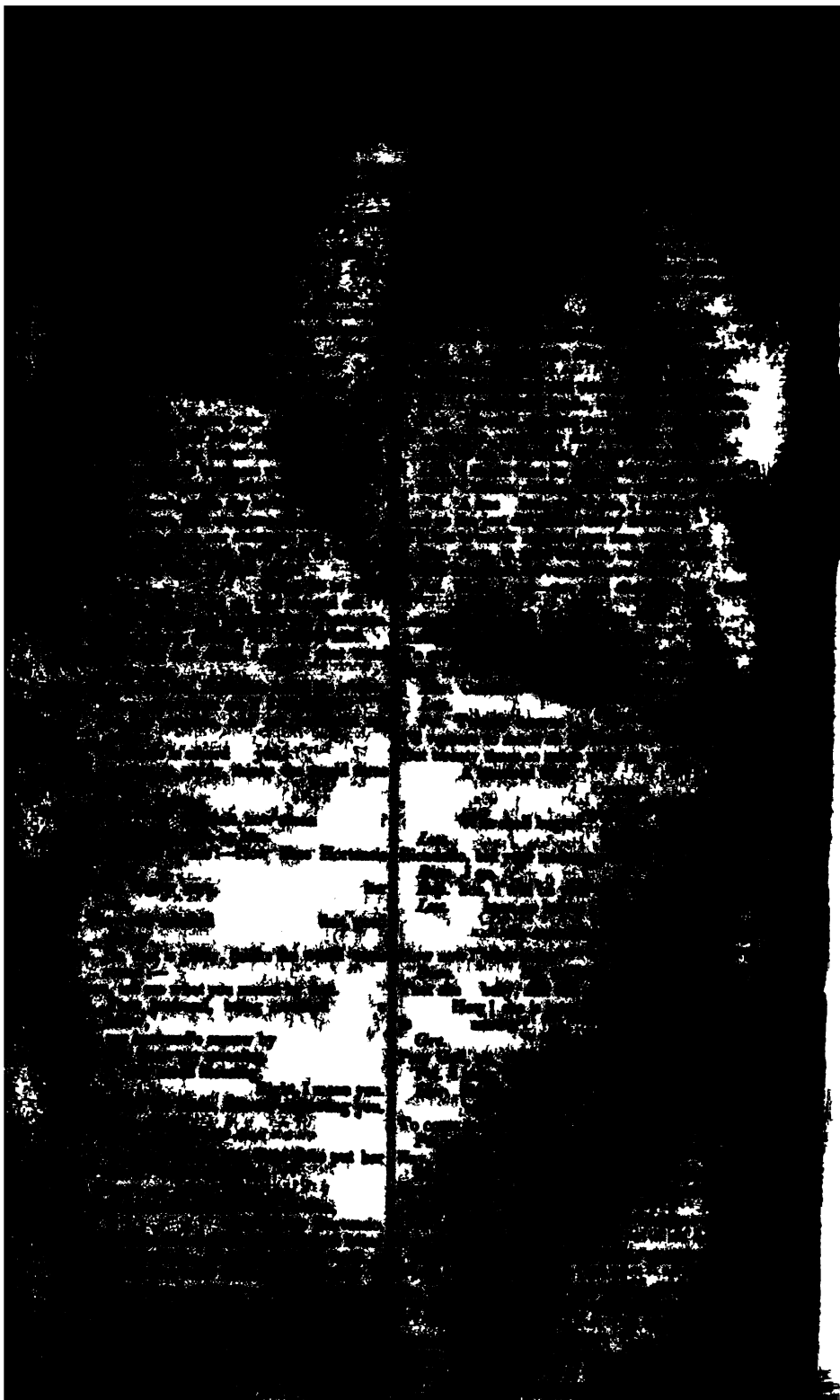
[*Exeunt.*]

(1) For succession.

(2) Gentle was opposed to simple; well born.

(3) i. e. I am the person appointed, &c.

(4) Draw. (5) Settled belief.



The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,¹
But that he speaks?²

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[To the guards.]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,⁴
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

(1) Remotely guilty. (2) In merely speaking.
(3) Take my station. (4) Instigator.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation. Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,⁵
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:⁶ Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others: such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] to laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. The outer room of a
prison. Enter Paulina and attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[Exit an attendant.]
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

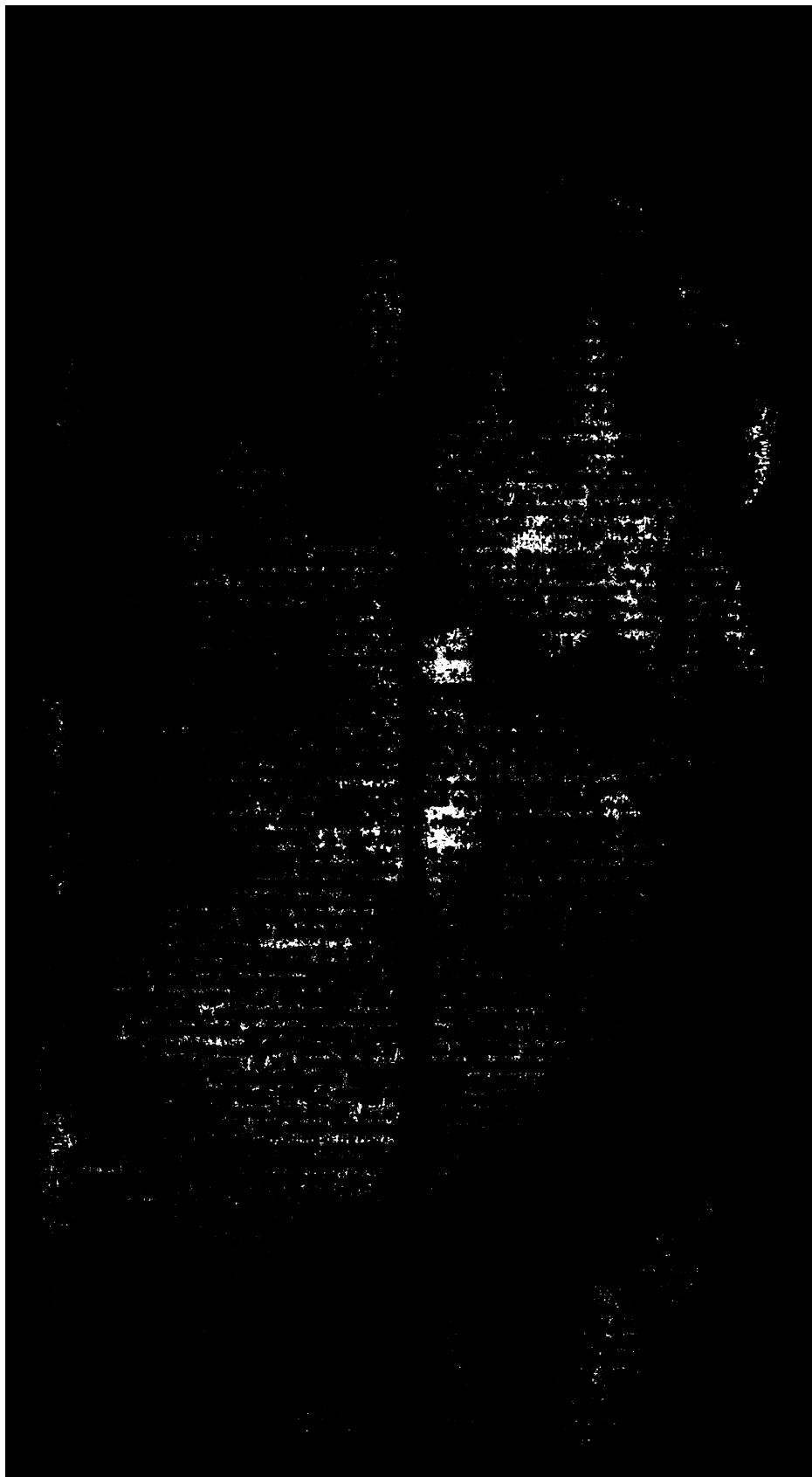
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,

(5) Proof. (6) Of abilities more than sufficient.



But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come.—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,¹
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst² about you.

Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]
Leon. Out!
A mankind³ witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou dotard, [*To Antigonus.*] thou art woman-
tir'd,⁴ unrooted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.⁵

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced⁶ baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any.
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't.) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,⁷
Of boundless tongue: who late hath beat her hus-
band,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

(1) Abetting your ill courses. (2) Lowest.

(3) Masculine.

(4) Pecked by a woman; hen-pecked.

(5) Worn-out old woman.

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow⁸ in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,⁹ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:

It is a heretic, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these bands?—
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-
pose;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

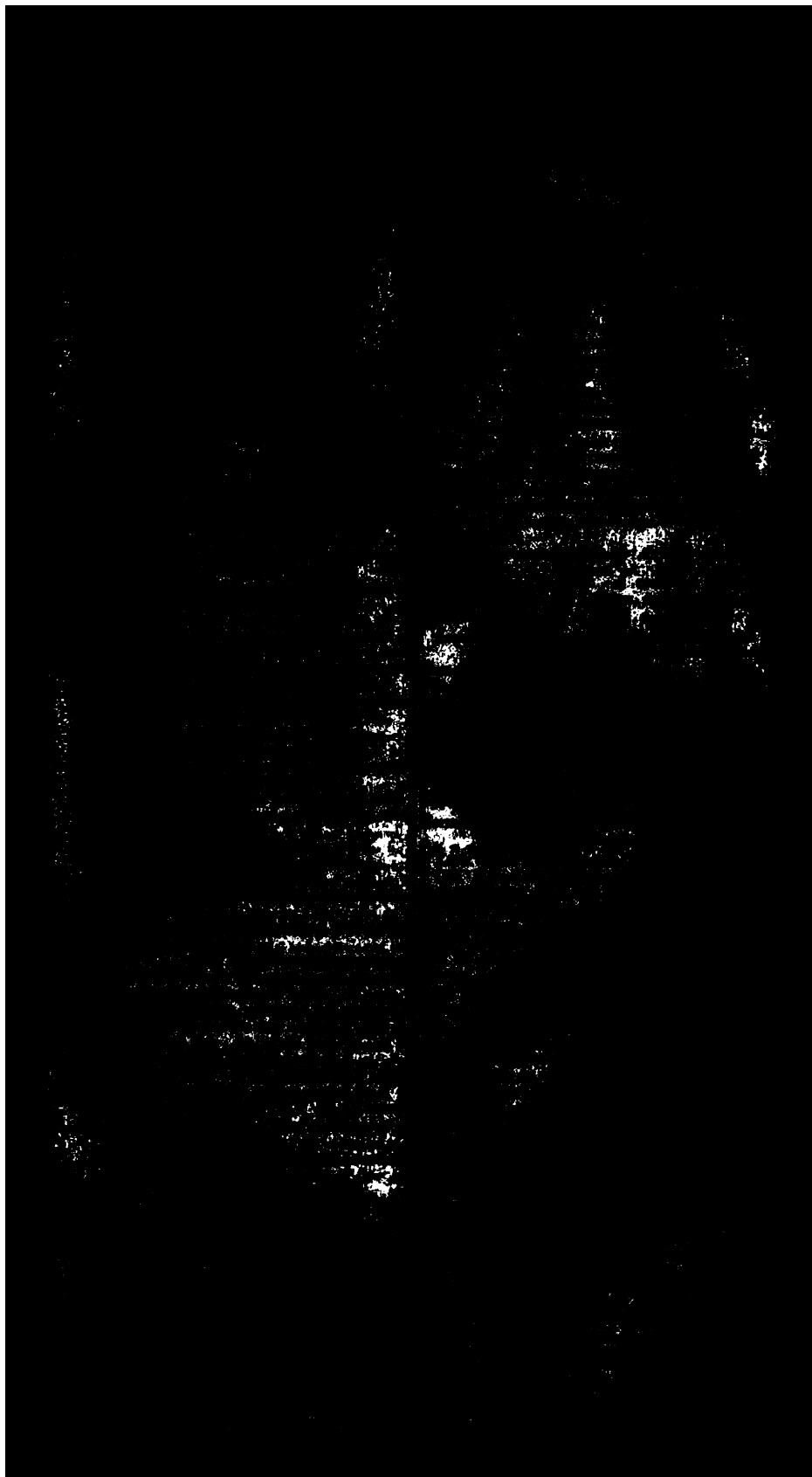
[*To Antigonus.*]
You, that have been so tenderly officious

(6) Forced is false; uttered with violence to truth.

(7) Trull.

(8) The colour of jealousy.

(9) Worthless fellow.



A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so concurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level¹ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact² are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third com-
fort,

Starr'd most unluckily,³ is from my breast,

(1) Is within the reach.

(2) They who have done like you.

(3) Ill-starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred
To child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit⁴ Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with Cleomenes and Dion.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jeal-
ous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and
the king shall live without an heir, if that, which
is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,⁵ is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
selves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

(4) i. e. The degree of strength which it is cus-
tomary to acquire before women are suffered to go
abroad after child-bearing.

(5) Of the event of the queen's trial.

the economy. The model is a dynamic model, and the variables are defined in terms of the current period.

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Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
 Sweet fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I pr'ythee, call't; for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these:

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
 have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour?—
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
 and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep
 out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
 but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
 cientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
 Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and
 two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have
 scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
 the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any
 where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing
 on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we
 here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a
 little! a very pretty babe! A boy, or a child? I
 wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure,
 some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can
 read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has
 been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some be-
 hind-door-work: they were warmer that got this,
 than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity:
 yet I'll carry till my son come; he holla'd but
 even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, lo!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
 to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come
 hither. What silest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
 land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now

(1) The writing afterward discovered with
 Perdita.

(2) Child. (3) Female infant. (4) Swallowed.

(5) The mantle in which a child was carried to
 be baptized.

the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot
 thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how
 it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not
 to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor
 souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:
 now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;
 and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd
 thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the
 land service,—To see how the bear tore out his
 shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and
 said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But
 to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea
 flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls
 roared, and the sea mocked them:—and how the
 poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mocked him,
 both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
 these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
 nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at
 it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the
 old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to
 have helped her; there your charity would have
 lacked footing. [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st
 with things dying, I with things new born. Here's
 a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a
 squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up,
 boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I
 should be rich by the fairies: this is some chang-
 ling:—open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
 youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
 all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.
 up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next
 way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still re-
 quires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
 Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings;
 I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
 and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,
 but when they are hungry: if there be any of him
 left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st dis-
 cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
 me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put
 him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
 deeds on't. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy,
 and terror,
 Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried

(6) Some child left behind by the fairies, in the
 room of one which they had stolen.

(7) Nearest. (8) Mischievous.

Of that wide gap:¹ since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient² order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,³
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument⁴ of Time: Of this allow,⁴
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—The same. A room in the palace of
Polixenes. Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more im-
portunate; 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing;
a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country:
though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,
I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the peni-
tent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose
feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-
ween⁵ to think so; which is another spur to my
departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out
the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the
need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made;
better not to have had thee, than thus to want
thee: thou, having made me business, which
none without thee can sufficiently manage, must
either stay to execute them thyself, or take away
with thee the very services thou hast done: which
if I have not enough considered (as too much I
cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my
study; and my profit therein, the heaping friend-
ships.⁶ Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pry thee speak
no more: whose very naming punishes me with the
remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him,
and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of
his most precious queen, and children, are even now
to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st
thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less
unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they
are in loving them, when they have approved their
virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince:
What his happier affairs may be, are to me un-
known: but I have, missingly, noted,⁷ he is of late
much retired from court: and is less frequent to his
princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and

(1) i. e. Leave unexamined the progress of the
intermediate time which filled up the gap in Per-
dita's story.

(2) Imagine for me. (3) Subject. (4) Approve.

(5) Think too highly. (6) Friendly offices.

(7) Observed at intervals. (8) Talk.

with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my
service, which look upon his removedness: from
whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom
from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man,
they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the
imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an
unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath
a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is
extended more, than can be thought to begin from
such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence.
But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.
Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we
will, not appearing what we are, have some ques-
tions⁸ with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I
think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's
resort thither. Pry thee, be my present partner in
this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise our-
selves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A road near the Shep-
herd's cottage. Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the meet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.⁹

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging¹⁰ tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer-songs for me and my wants,¹¹

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile;¹² but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the now-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus;
who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:
With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;
and my revenue is the silly cheat.¹³ Gallows, and
knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating,
and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come,
I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Let me see:—Every eleven wether—todds;¹⁴
every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen
hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springs hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.]

Clow. I cannot do't without countra.¹⁵—Let me

(9) i. e. The spring blood reigns over the parts
lately under the dominion of winter.

(10) Thievish.

(11) Doxies.

(12) Rich velvet.

(13) Picking pockets.

(14) Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or
twenty-eight pounds of wool.

(15) Circular pieces of base metal, anciently used
by the illiterate, to adjust their reckonings.

see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosebags for the shearers: three-man song-men¹ all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means² and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden³ pies; *mace*,—*dates*,—*none*: that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *race*, or *two*, of *ginger*; but that I may beg:—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o' the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:⁴ I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.⁵

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion⁶ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having down over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,⁷ for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and ber-a-baiting.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clo.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent⁸ the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A shepherd's cottage.*
Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes,⁹ it not becomes me; O, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark¹⁰ o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up!¹¹ But that our feasts, In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush, To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference¹² forges dread: your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now: Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer; Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

(1) Singers of catches in three parts.

(2) Tenors. (3) A species of pear.

(4) The machine used in the game of pigeon-hole.

(5) Sojourn. (6) Puppet-show. (7) Thief.

(8) Take hold of. (9) Excesses.

(10) Object of all men's notice.

(11) Dressed with ostentation. (12) i. e. Of station.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king :
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak ; that you must change this
purpose,

Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd¹ thoughts, I pry thee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, *No*. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming :

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you suspicious !

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised ; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes : and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir ! [To Pol.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day :—You're welcome, sir !
[To Camillo.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour,² all the winter long ;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For³ I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

- (1) Far-fetched. (2) Likeness and smell.
(3) Because that. (4) A tool to cut plants.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race ; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble⁴ in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you !
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,

That come before the swallow darses, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a maldy
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick,⁵ and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does charge my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,

- (5) Plute's. (6) Living.

You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Music.]

Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding:² but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:³ He says, he loves my
daughter;

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kism to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.⁴
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move
you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell
money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dole-
ful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all
sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such de-
licate burdens of dildos and fadings; jump her
and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts
him off, slight him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,
good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

- (1) Green turf.
- (2) A valuable tract of pasturage.
- (3) Truth. (4) Neatly.
- (5) Plain goods. (6) Worsted galloon,
- (7) A kind of tape. (8) The cuffs.
- (9) The work about the bosom.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?⁵

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the
rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; inkles,⁶ caddiseses,⁷ cambrics,
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were
gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were
a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand,⁸ and
the work about the square on't.⁹

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfums for a lady's chamber:¹⁰
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lady to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd
as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain
ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast;
but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you:
may be he has paid you more; which will shame
you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will
they wear their plackets, where they should bear
their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you
are going to-bed, or kilm-hole,¹¹ to whistle off these
secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all
our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Cla-
mour your tongues,¹² and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry laco,¹³ and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cosened
by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are coseners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of change.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

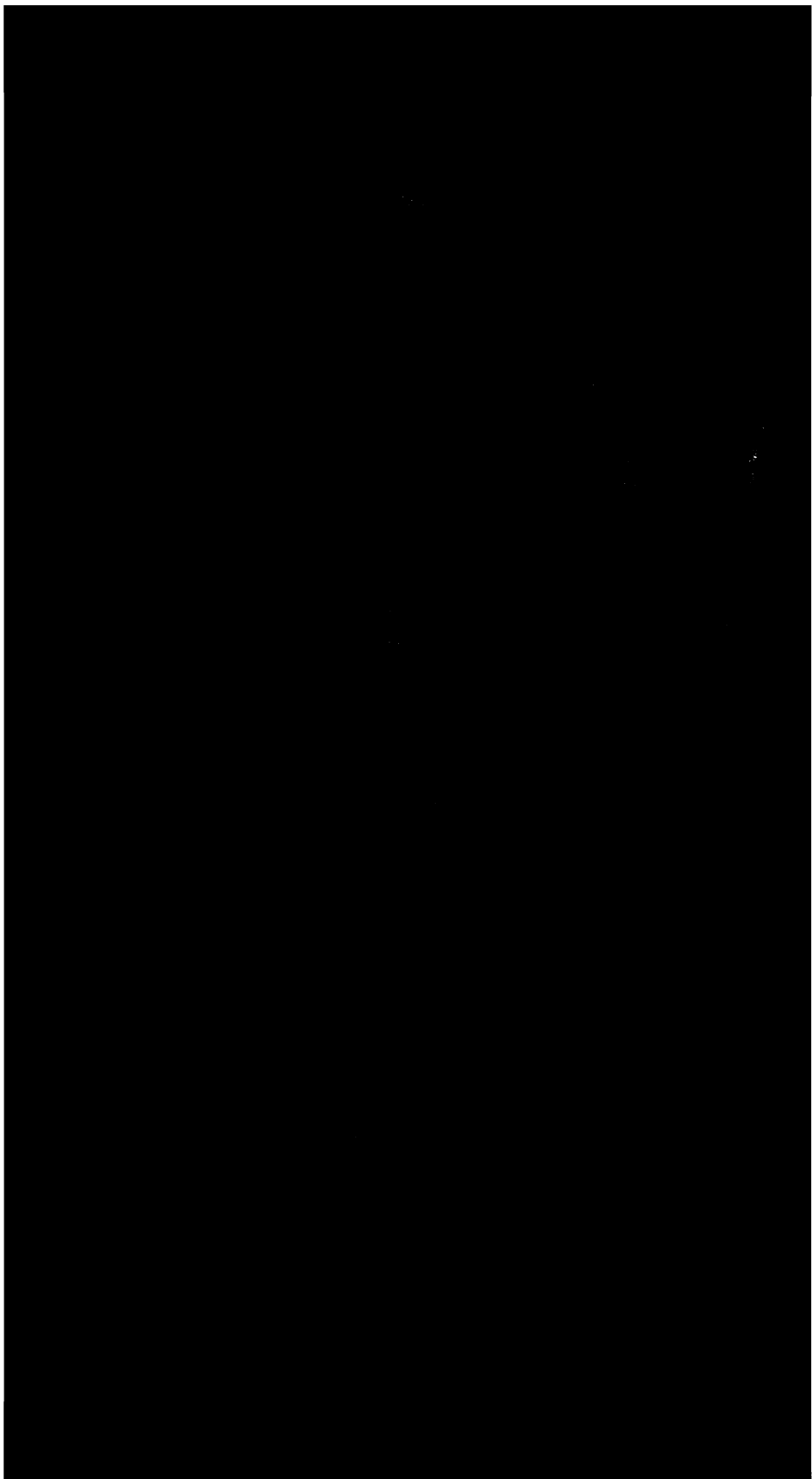
Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a
usurer's wife was brought to-bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat ad-
ders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

(10) Amber, of which necklaces were made fit
to perfume a lady's chamber.

(11) Fire-place for drying malt; still a noted
washing-place.

(12) Ring a dumb peal.

(13) A lace to wear about the head or waist.



By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ?

Shep. bear ?
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd : Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook ?—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far² then Deucalion off :—Mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment—

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yes, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches³ to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone !
I was not much afraid : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this : 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch !
[To Perdita.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back ; not following
My leasht unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith ; And then
Let Nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

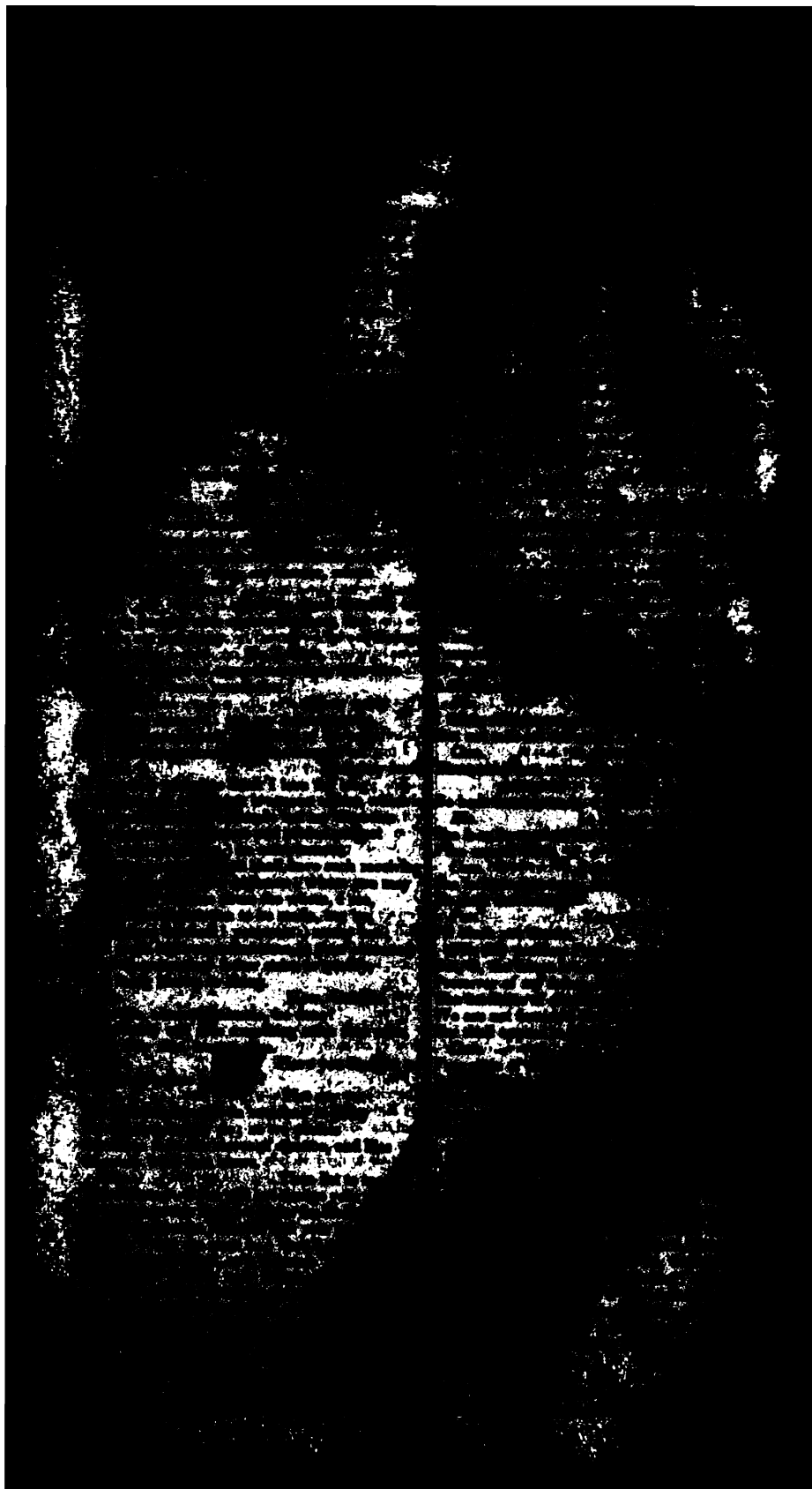
Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow⁴ :
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair below'd : Therefore, I pray you,

(1) Talk over his affairs. (2) Further.

(3) Doors. (4) A leading string. (5) Love.
2 P



membered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no bearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my thoughts from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly (thou must think there's necessity in't), and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. and Aut. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows: muffle your face; Dismantle you: and as you can, dialiken The truth of your own seeming; that you may (For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have

No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot? Pray you, a word.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail, To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clow. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clow. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clow. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

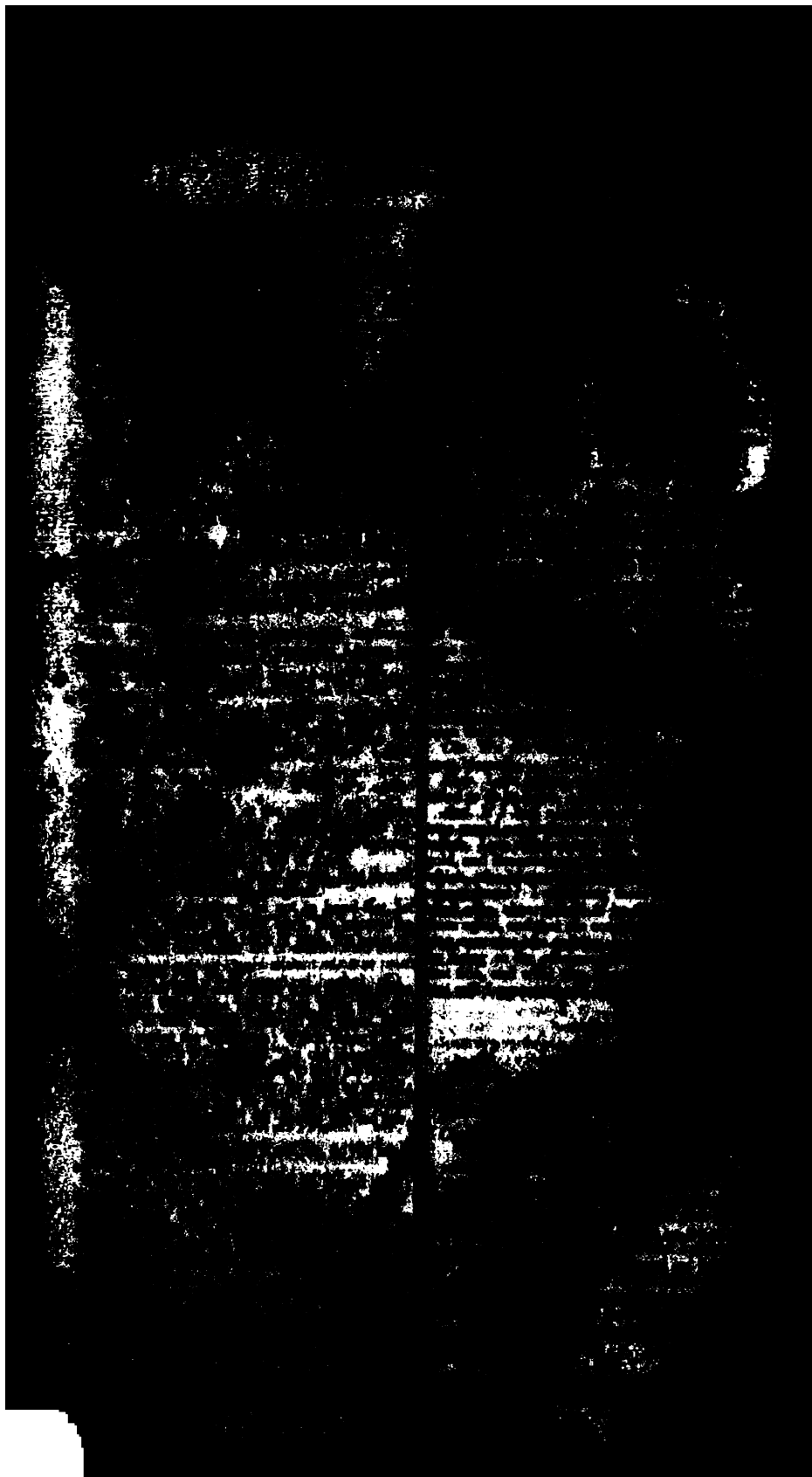
Clow. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

(5) His false beard.

(6) Estate, property.

(1) Birds. (2) Something over and above.
(3) Stripped. (4) Bundle, parcel.



Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good
now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their will.—Care not for issue;

[To Leontes.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, And why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incens'd me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rife to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leon. Stars, very stars,

(1) At rest, dead. (2) Instigate.
(3) Split. (4) Meet.

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront^d his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd*;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

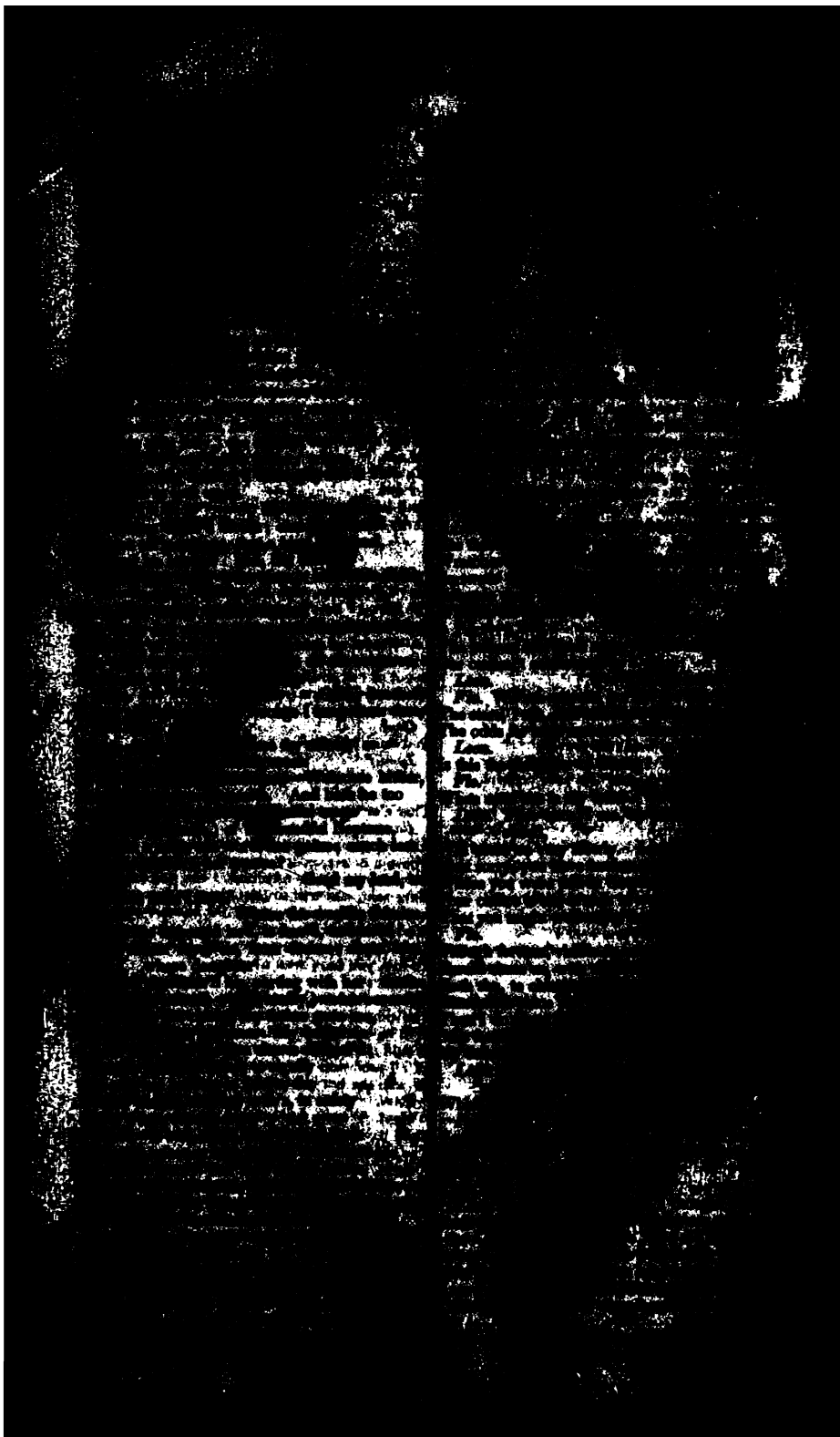
Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
(*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.*)
He should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(*Jewel of children*;) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

(5) i. e. Than the corns of Hermione, the sub-
ject of your writing



And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the palace. Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all command'd out of the chamber ; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business : — But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd : A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow : but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more : The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother :—the affection² of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.³ Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries his daughter, with clipping⁴ her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another

encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still ; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open : He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death ; and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wound⁵ his daughter : till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, blood tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour ; some swoon'd, all sorrow'd : if all the world could have seen it, the wo had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No : the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano : who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed⁶ house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrift⁷ to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it

(1) The thing imported.

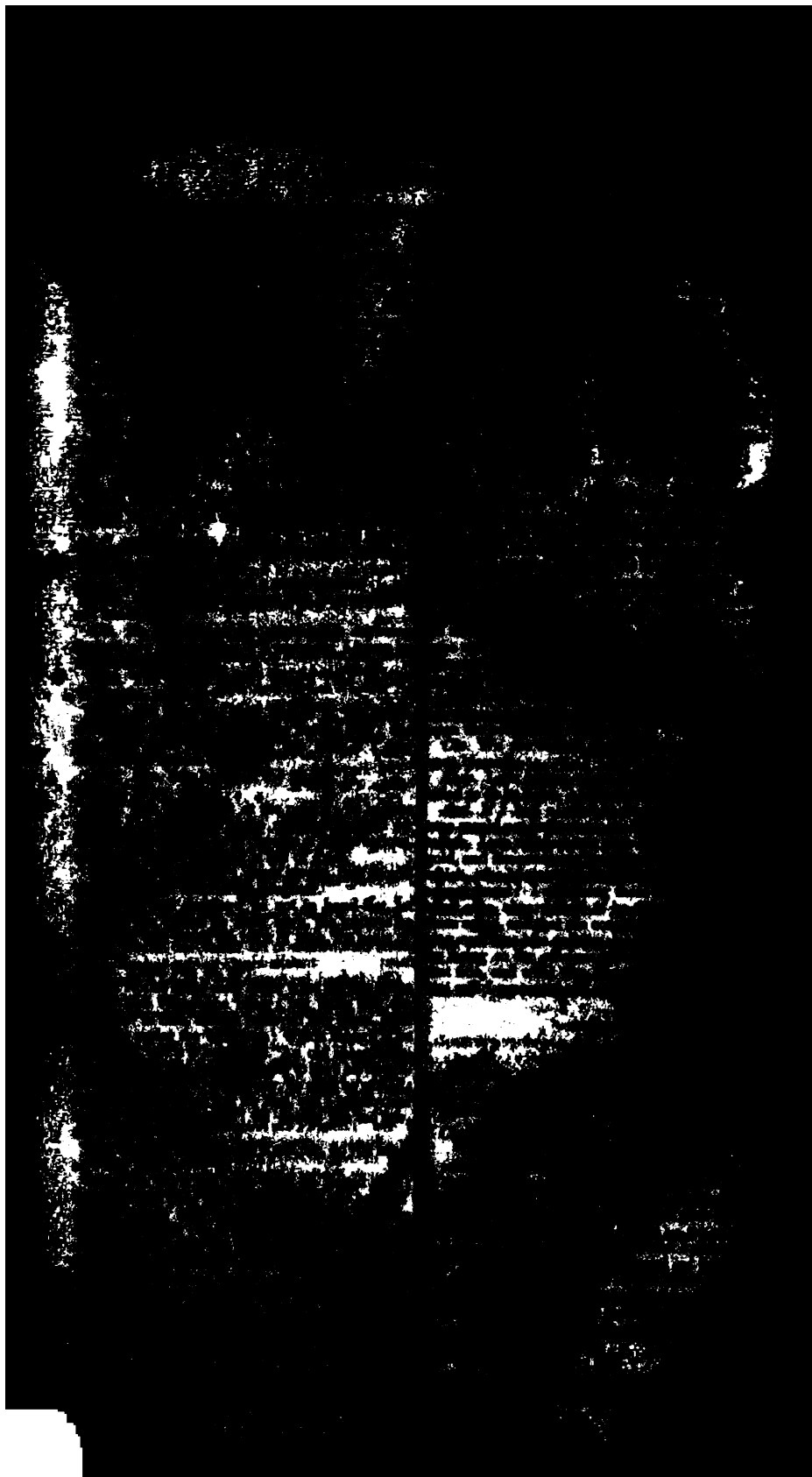
(2) Disposition or quality.

(3) Countenance, features.

(4) Embracing.

(5) Most pained with wonder.

(6) Remote.



Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,¹
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd
you : but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music ; awake her : strike—
[*Music.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :
[*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm ! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

(1) i. e. Though her eye be fixed, it seems to have
motion in it.

(2) As if.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has
liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be boot'd at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady ;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Per. who kneels to Her.*
Her. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head :—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Least they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners² all ; your exultation
Partake³ to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O grace, Paulina ;
Thou should'st at a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast for
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd : ~~As I~~ I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo, &
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and
honesty,

Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother :—both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were discover'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exc.*

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is,
with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The
character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and
strongly represented.

JOHNSON.

(3) You who by this discovery have gained what
you desired.

(4) Participate



COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, duke of Ephesus.

Egeon, a merchant of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons
Antipholus of Syracuse, } to Egeon and Emilia,
but unknown to each other.

Dromio of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants
Dromio of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholus's.

Balthazar, a merchant.

Angelo, a goldsmith.

A merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Pinch, a schoolmaster, and a conjuror.

Emilia, wife to Egeon, an abbess at Ephesus.

Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

Luciana, her sister.

Luce, her servant.

A courtesan.

Guoler, officers, and other attendants.

Scene, Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, Egeon, Guoler, officer, and other attendants.*

Egeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall;
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders¹ to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts² and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose:
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort; when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:

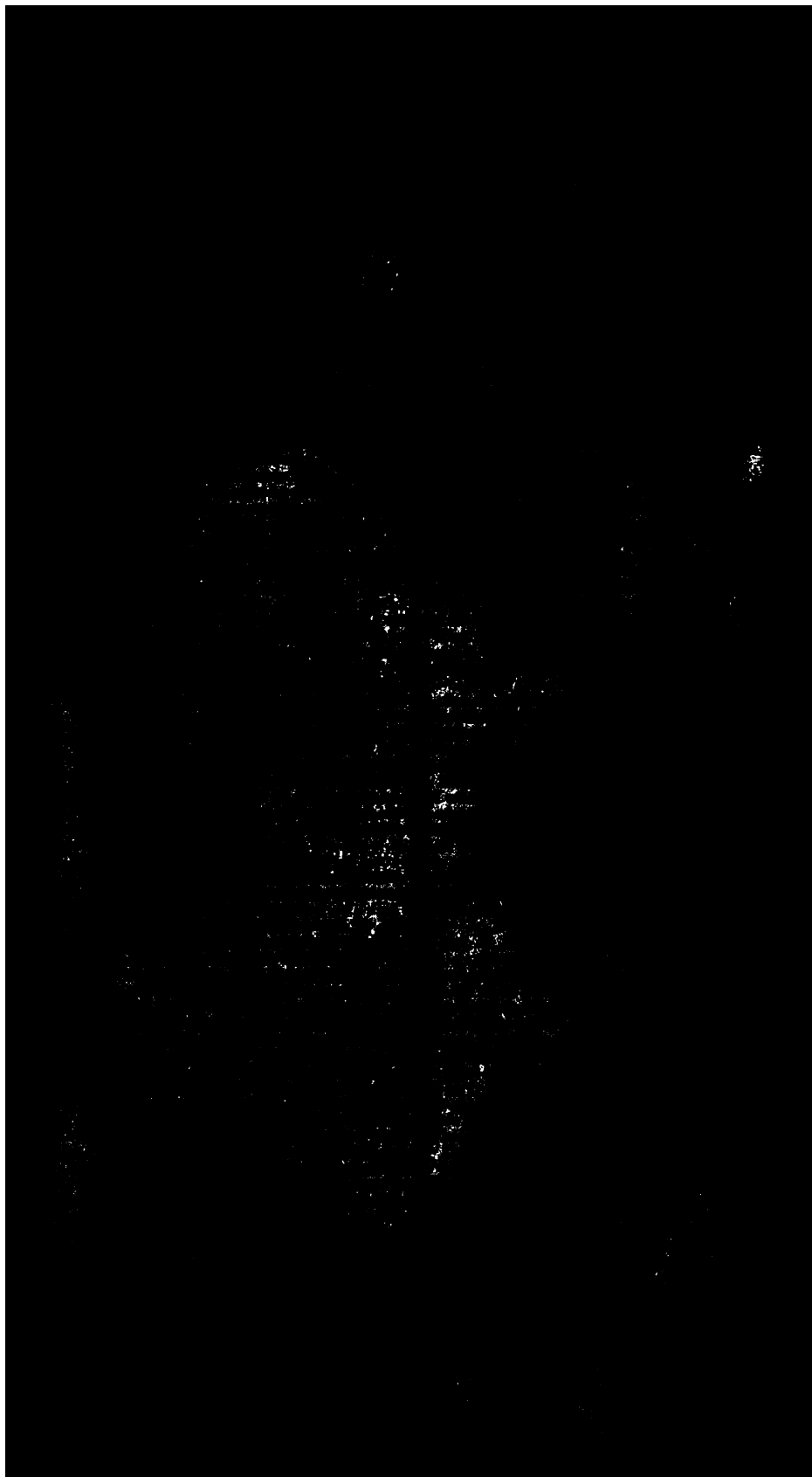
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature,³ not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnus, till my factor's death;
And he (great care of goods at random left)
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was deliver'd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obacured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
For'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,

(1) Name of a coin.

(2) Markets.

(3) Natural affection.



Dro. E. O.—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed:
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your
foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry scone¹ of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress,
slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at
the Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou float me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught² of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public place. Enter Adriana,
and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

(1) Head.

(2) Over-reached.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, and masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unweild.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st
thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that
I could scarce understand them.³

Adr. But say, I pr'y thee, is he coming home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd: *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I: *Hang up thy mistress*,

(3) i. e. Scarce stand under them.



Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts! us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow,

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

(1) Beckons.

(2) Unfertile.

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to see my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentleman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
'Till I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land:—O, spite of sprites!—

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transform'd, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.



Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.²
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break open the gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir: and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.
Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, that she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made³ against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner.
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that suppos'd by the common rout
Against your yet ungalley estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—

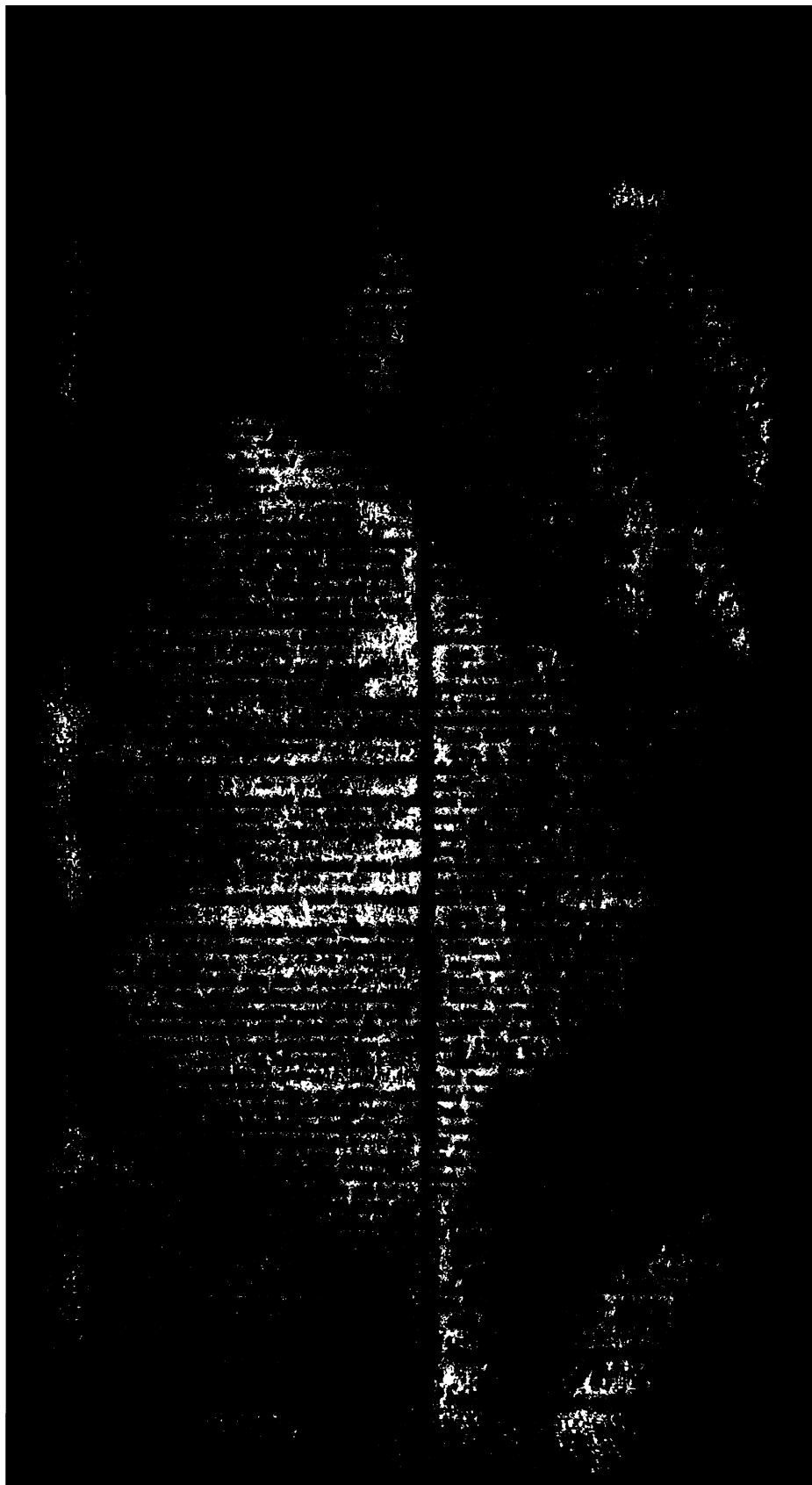
- (1) Have part. (2) A proverbial phrase.
(3) i. e. Made fast. (4) By this time.
(5) Love-springs are young plants or shoots of love.

Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert.)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this,⁴ I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife.)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so: This jest shall cost me some expense. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs⁵ rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruin'd?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,⁶ that you love us;
Though others have the arm show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,⁷
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine.)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show
not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid,⁸ with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

- (6) i. e. Being made altogether of credulity.
(7) Vain, is light of tongue. (8) Mermaid for siren.



Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now;
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
 [Exit.]
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders! for my voyage:
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
 Is growing² to me by Antipholus:
 And, in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
 I shall receive the money for the same:
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:

I promised your presence, and the chain;
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
 Forchance, I will³ be there as soon as you.

(1) A coin. (2) Accruing. (3) I shall.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,
 But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;
 Good sir, say, where you'll answer me, or no;
 If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
 Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
 Either consent to pay this sum for me,
 Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
 I would not spare my brother in this case,
 If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
 But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
 As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
 To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

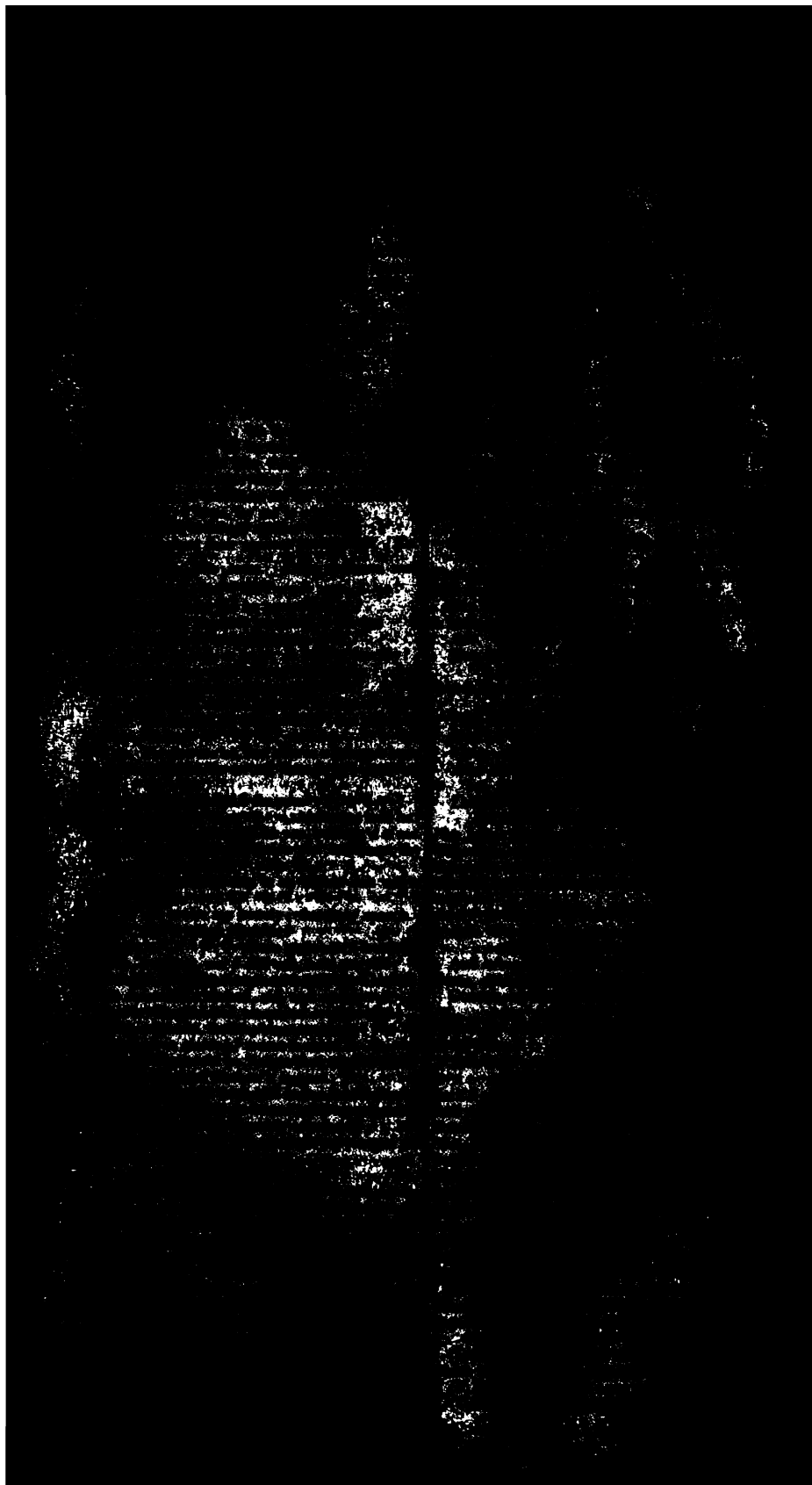
Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnus,
 That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
 And then, sir, bears away: our freightage,⁴ sir,
 I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
 The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.
 The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
 Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why thou peevish⁵ sheep,

What ship of Epidamnus stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.⁶

(4) Freight, cargo. (5) Silly. (6) Carriage.



Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks a band: one that thinks a man always going to be, and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the boy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions; Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtizan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now; Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here. *Dro. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

(1) Correct them all.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine, worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain!

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad

(Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.* Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;

And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all!

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

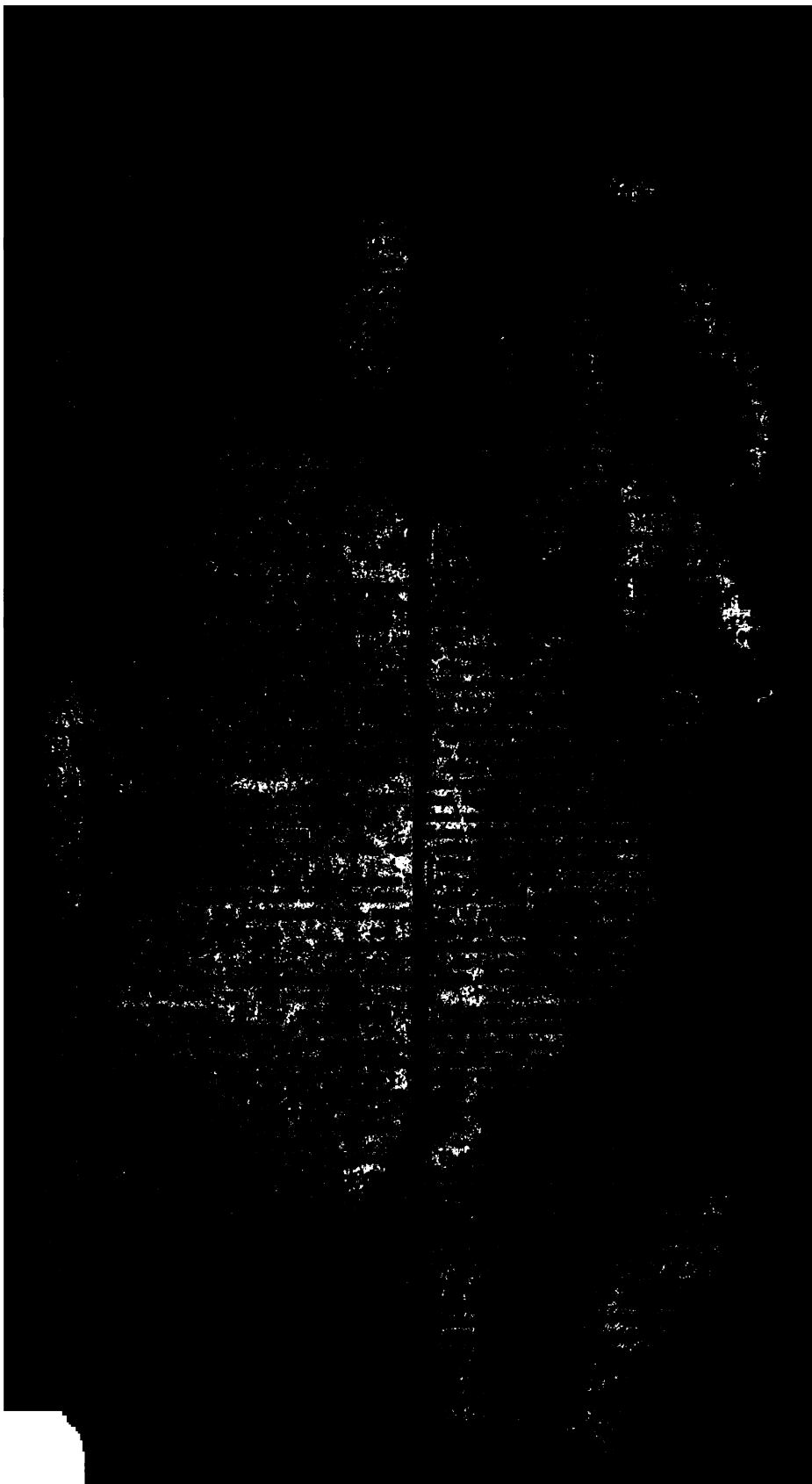
Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep: rais'd with it, when I sit: driven out of doors with it, when I go from home: welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtizan, with Pinch, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.



To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Off. Adr. and Luc.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town: Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exe.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did

bear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty,

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:—

Some get within him,² take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.³

This is some priory:—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Dro. to the priory.*]

(1) Baggage. (2) i. e. Close, grapple with him.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence; Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, and, And much, much different from the man he was; But, till this afternoon, his passion Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last:

Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy⁴ of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it:

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glauc'd it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-

ings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and

wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;

(3) i. e. Go into a house. (4) Theme.



Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me

down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd vil-

lain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mrs. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then, you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate imbrach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;

I think you are all mated,¹ or stark mad.

[*Erit an attendant.*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that will deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,

Have written strange defeatures² in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege.

I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grain'd³ face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnessses (I cannot err,)

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracusan, and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deiphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

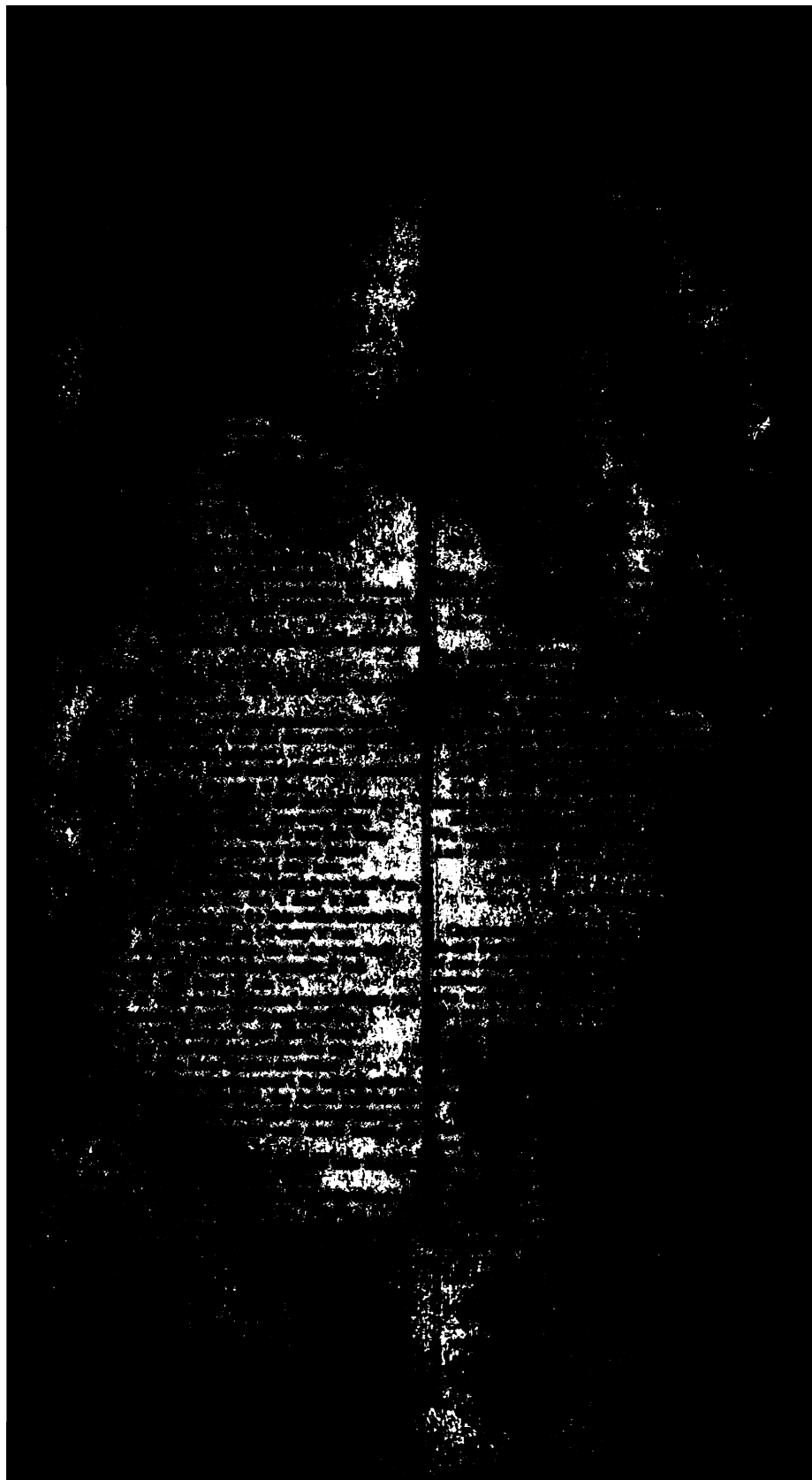
Ant. S. Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

(1) Confounded. (2) Alteration of features.

(3) Furrowed, lined.



MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *king of Scotland* :
 Malcolm, Donalbain, Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, Lenox, Ross, Menteth, Angus, Cathness, Fleance, son to Banquo.
his sons.
generals of the king's army.
noblemen of Scotland.
 Siward, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces :
 Young Siward, his son.
 Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.
 Sen to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.
 Lady Macduff.
 Gentlewoman attending on lady Macbeth.
 Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
 The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England ; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place ?

2 Witch. Upon the heath :

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

All. Paddock calls :—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Flower through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres. Alarm within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that ? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
 The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
 'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend !
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood ;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
 (Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
 The multiplying villanies of nature

(1) Tumult.

(2) i. e. Supplied with light and heavy-armed troops.

(3) Cause. (4) The opposite to comfort.

Do swarm upon him,) from the western Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied ;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak ;
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave ;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels :
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Sold. Yes ;

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth,⁵ I must report they were

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;

So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,⁶

I cannot tell :—

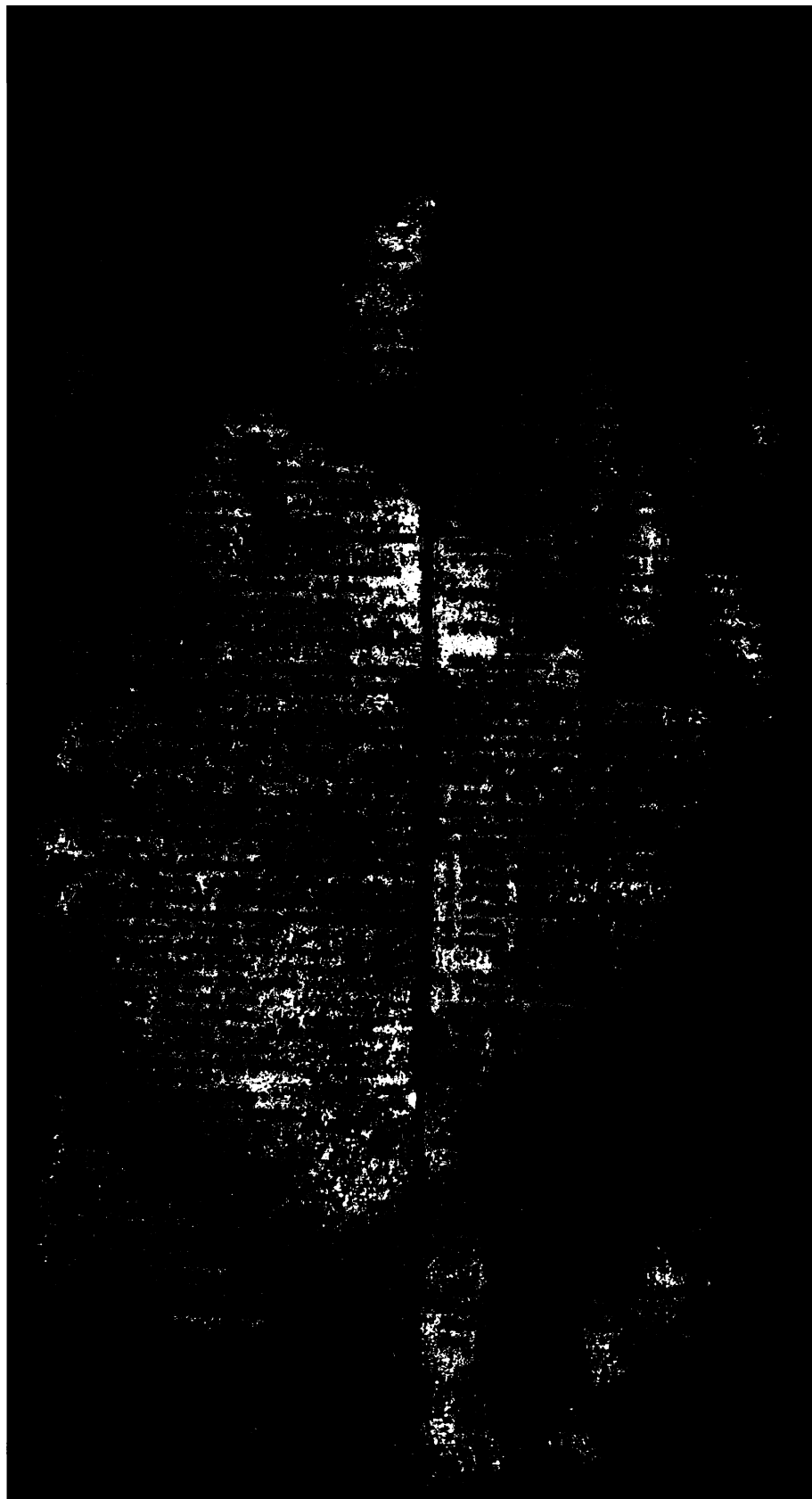
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
 wounds ;

They smack of honour both :—Go, get him sur-
 geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

(5) Truth.

(6) Make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.



Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,¹
 Came post with post: and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition,² hail, most worthy thane!
 For this is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do
 you dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgement bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrow him.

Macb. Glamis, the thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle³ you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting⁴
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion⁵
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated⁶ heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise;⁷ and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
 may crown me,

(1) As fast as they could be counted. (2) Title.
 (3) Stimulate. (4) Excitement.
 (5) Temptation. (6) Firmly fixed.

(7) The powers of action are oppressed by con-
 jecture.

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
 Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
 mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
 Time and the hour⁸ runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lea-
 sure.

Macb. Give me your favour:⁹—my dull brain
 was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them—Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Fores.* A room in the palace.
Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
 Lennox, and attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die: who did report,
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
 Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it: he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,¹⁰
 As 'twere a careless trife.

Dun. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face:¹¹
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
 Which do but what they should, by doing every
 thing

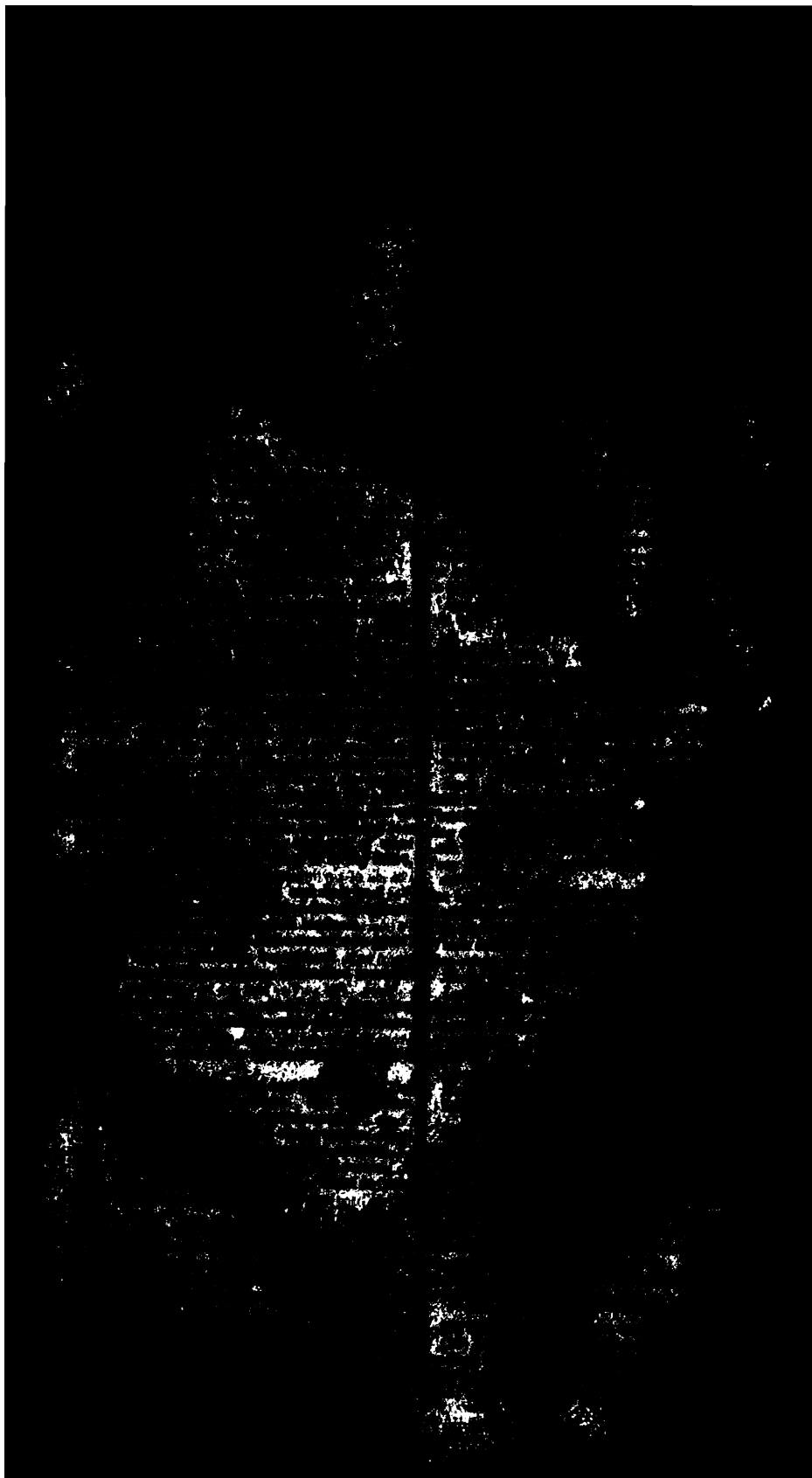
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.¹²—Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon

(8) Time and opportunity. (9) Pardon.
 (10) Owned, possessed.
 (11) We cannot construe the disposition of the
 mind by the lineaments of the face.
 (12) Exuberant.



Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God yield¹ us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business, to contend Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith Your majesty loads our house: For those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We treat your hermits.²

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? We court'd him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his purveyor: but he rides well; And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,³

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand: Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The same. A room in the castle. Hawthorns and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Server,⁴ and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success: that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,— We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases, We still have judgment here: that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed: then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off: And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd Upon the sightless couriers⁵ of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself, And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

(1) Reward.

(2) i. e. We as hermits shall ever pray for you.

(3) Subject to account.

(4) An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i'th' adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, Did then adhere,⁶ and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, (Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassell⁷ so convince,⁸ That memory, the warder⁹ of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers: who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?¹⁰

Macb. Bring forth men-children only! For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received,¹¹ When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show; False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Court within the castle. Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

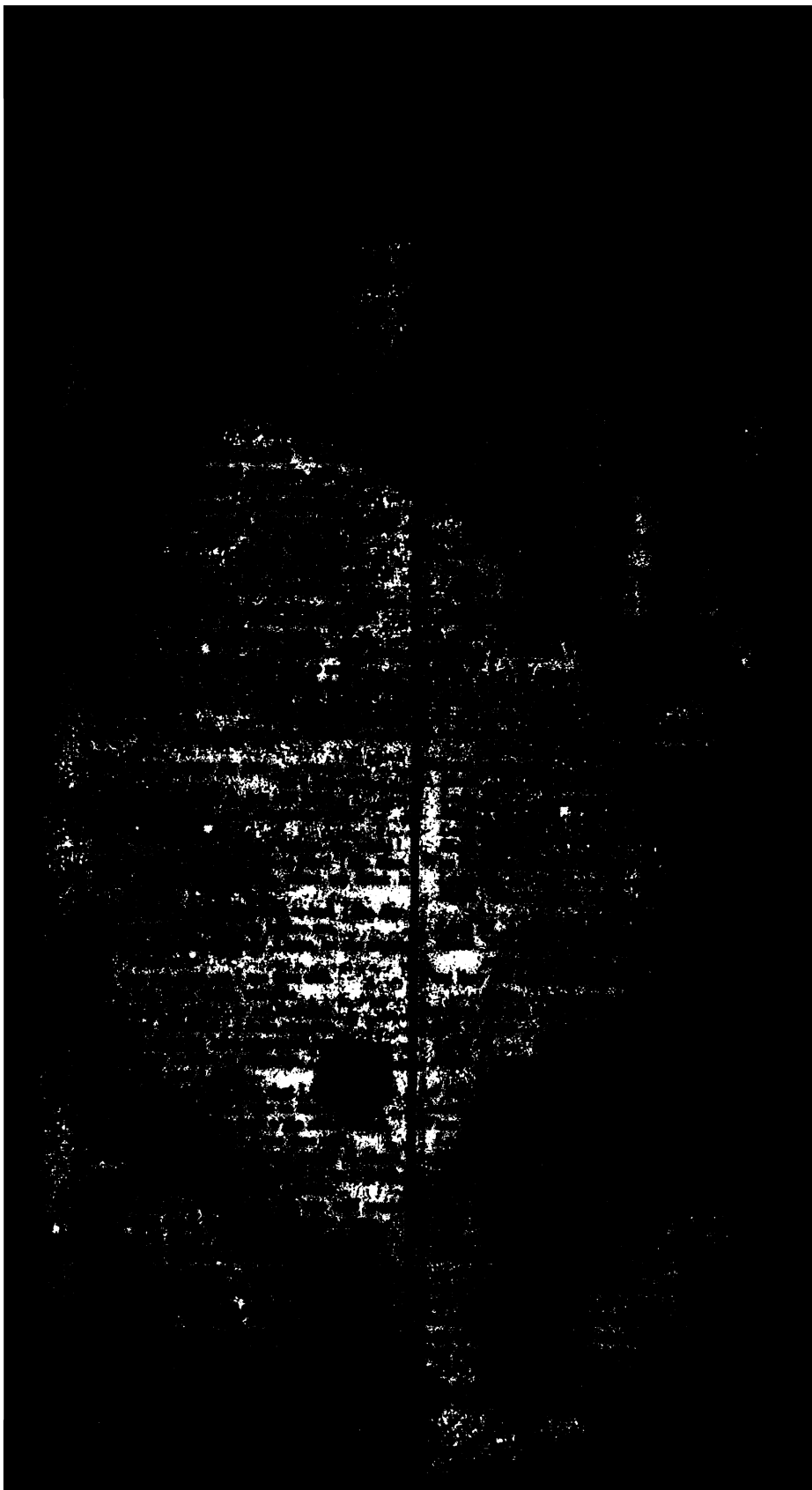
(5) Winds; sightless is invisible.

(6) In the same sense as cohere.

(7) Intemperance.

(8) Overpower.

(9) Sentinel. (10) Murder. (11) Apprehended.



Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Can-dor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainlessly of things:—Go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.— Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: The sleeping and the dead, Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnardine,¹ Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not

know myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The same. Enter a Porter.
[*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of bell-gate, he should have old² turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins³ enough about you: here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'th' other devil's name?—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Ne-

ver at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:⁴ and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him: makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'th' very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics⁵ pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.⁶ [*Exit Macd.*]

Len. Goes the king

From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard i'th' air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!⁷

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

(1) To incarnardine is to stain of a flesh-colour.

(2) Frequent. (3) Handkerchiefs.

(4) Cock-crowing.

(5) i. e. Affords a cordial to it.

(6) Appointed service.

(7) The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common in our author.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrill'd ambition, that wilt rav'n up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there;—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. *A room in the palace. Enter Banquo.*

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st that most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Servant sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

(1) Intend to themselves. (2) Commit.
(3) Nobleness. (4) For defied.

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Atten.]

To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's
there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

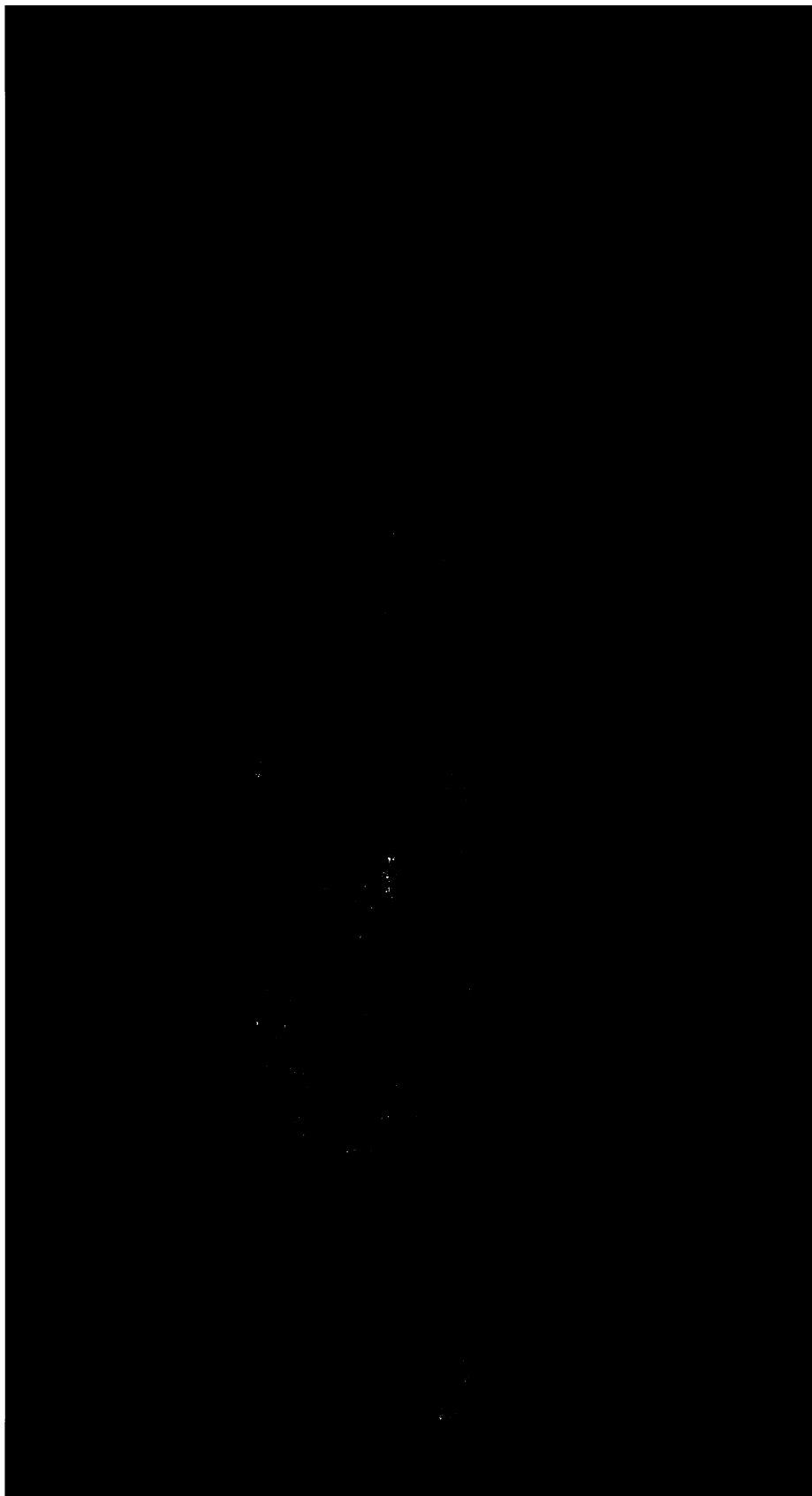
1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,

(5) Challenge me to extremities.
(6) Proved. (7) Deluded.



Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, prythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A park or lawn, with
a gate leading to the palace. Enter three Mur-
derers.*

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he de-
livers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller space,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,¹
Already are i'the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a servant with a torch
preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly;

Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and servant escape.]

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A room of state in the palace. A
banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Mac-
beth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state;² but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

(1) i. e. They who are set down in the list of
guests, and expected to supper.

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-mor-
row

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in
Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'Pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought³

He will again be well: If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;⁴

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

(2) Continues in her chair of state.

(3) As quick as thought. (4) Prolong his suffering.



I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] Come away, come away, &c.
Hark, I am call'd : my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Fores. A room in the palace. Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ?—dunn'd fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
That by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our table meat, sleep to our nights ;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours.¹
All which we pine for now : And this report
Hath so exasperat² the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?
Lord. He did : and with an absolute, Sir, not I.
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing

(1) Honours freely bestowed.

(2) For exasperated.

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accus'd !

Lord.

My prayers with him !
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark cave. In the middle a cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold-stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd³ venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot !

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake :

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;

Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,⁴

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark ;

Liver of blaspheming Jew ;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :

Add thereto a tiger's chauldrion,⁵

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other Three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;

And every one shall share i'th' gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,

Red spirits and grey ;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes :—

Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-

night hags ?

What is't you do ?

All.

A deed without a name.

(3) This word is employed to signify that the

animal was hot, and sweating with venom, al-

though sleeping under a cold stone.

(4) The throat. (5) Ravenous. (6) Entrails.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty¹ waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladd' corn be lodg'd,² and trees blown
down ;
Though castles topp'd³ on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the trea-
sure
Of nature's germi'n⁴ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Four in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly⁵ show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me : — Enough.
[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;
Thou hast harp'd⁶ my fear aright : — But one word
more : —

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute : laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]
Macb. Then live, Macduff ; What need I fear
of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

(1) Frothy. (2) Laid flat by wind or rain.

(3) Tumble.

(4) Seeds which have begun to sprout.

(5) Adroitly.

(6) Touched on a passion as a harper touches a
string.

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ?⁷ bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Re-bellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing ; Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know : —
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise⁸ is this ?
[*Hautboys.*]

1 *Witch.* Show !

2 *Witch.* Show !

3 *Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in
order ; the last with a glass in his hand ; Ban-
quo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;
down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls : — And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first : —
A third is like the former : — Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ? — A fourth ? — Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom ?¹⁰

Another yet ? — A seventh ? — I'll see no more : —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight ! — Ay, now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd¹¹ Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so : — But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ? —

Come, sisters, cheer us up his spirits,¹²

And show the best of our delights ;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round.

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music.* The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ? — Let this per-
nicious hour

Stand eye accurs'd in the calendar ! —

Come in, without there !

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;

And damn'd, all those that trust them ! — I did hear

The galloping of horse : Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord that bring you

word,

(7) The round is that part of a crown which en-
circles the head : the top is the ornament which
rises above it.

(8) Who can command the forest to serve him
like a soldier impressed ?

(9) Music.

(10) The dissolution of nature.

(11) Besmeared with blood. (12) i. e. Spirits.

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st⁽¹⁾ my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace⁽²⁾ his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Fife. A room in Macduff's castle.
Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.⁽³⁾

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch⁽⁴⁾ for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
ward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. *[Exit Rosse.]*

L. Macd. Sirrah,⁽⁵⁾ your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

(1) Preventest, by taking away the opportunity.

(2) Follow.

(3) i. e. Our flight is considered as evidence of
our treason.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet, 'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.⁽⁶⁾
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?
[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother;

Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.]*

*[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.]*

SCENE III.—England. A room in the King's
palace. *Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

(4) Natural affection.

(5) Sirrah was not in our author's time a term of
reproach.

(6) I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom:¹ Each new
morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,² I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongue,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To o'er up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.³ But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,

Thy title is affeind'⁴—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my conscienceless harras.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

(1) Birthright. (2) Befriend.

(3) i. e. A good mind may recede from good-
ness in the execution of a royal commission.

Luxurious,⁵ avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,⁶ malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear:
Scotland hath foysons⁷ to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,⁸
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee
Ofner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks me

(4) Legally settled by those who had the final
adjudication.

(5) Lascivious.

(6) Passionate.

(7) Plenty.

(8) May be endured.

From over-credulous haste ! But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unepeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth :
Now we'll together : And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—*Comes the king forth,*
I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure : their malady convinces²
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Ex. Doct.*]

Macd. What is the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : their malady-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp³ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now :—Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
air,

Are made, not mark'd : where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy :⁴ the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true !

- (1) Over-hasty credulity.
- (2) Overpowers, subdues.
- (3) The coin called an angel.

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; How
goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To duff⁵ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither : gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;

An older, and a better soldier, none,

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch⁶ them.

Macd. What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief ?

Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some wo ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd ; your wife, and
babes,

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,

Were, on the quarry⁸ of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;

Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !

My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?

Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All !

What, all my pretty chuckens, and their dam,

At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,

- (4) Common distress of mind.
- (5) Put off.
- (6) Catch.
- (7) A grief that has a single owner.
- (8) The game after it is killed.

That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And bringart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission! front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him: if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our task is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:

The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exe.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle.
Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky?

(1) All pause. (2) Dark. (3) Confounded.

—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power o' account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated;² and amazed my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exit doct.*]

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane. *Enter, with drum and colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.⁴

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

(4) A religious; an ascetic. (5) Unbearded.

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicin' of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle.
Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences pronounce'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall ever have power on thee.*—Then fly, false
thanes,

and mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag² with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!³
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?⁴
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear,⁵ the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
ported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr⁶ the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine ar-
mour.—

(1) The physician. (2) Sink. (3) Base fellow.
(4) An appellation of contempt. (5) Dry.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleave the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: A wood
in view. *Enter, with drum and colours, Mal-
colm, Old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Men-
teth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Ross, and Sol-
diers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less⁷ have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

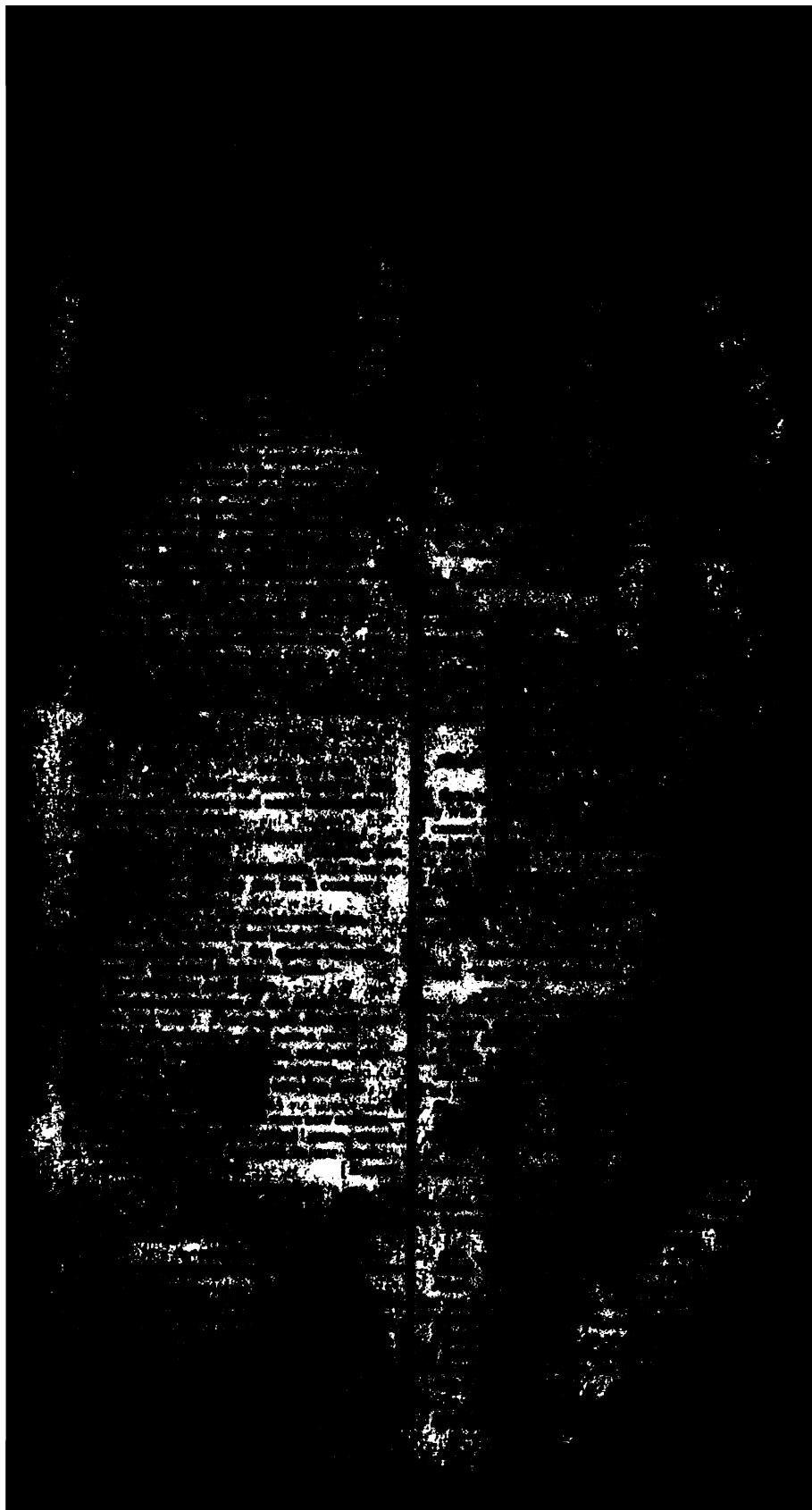
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:⁸
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the castle.
*Enter, with drums and colours, Macbeth, Sey-
ton, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;

(6) Scour. (7) i. e. Greater and less.
(8) Determine.



As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air!
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter² with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,³
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—

Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-

men,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

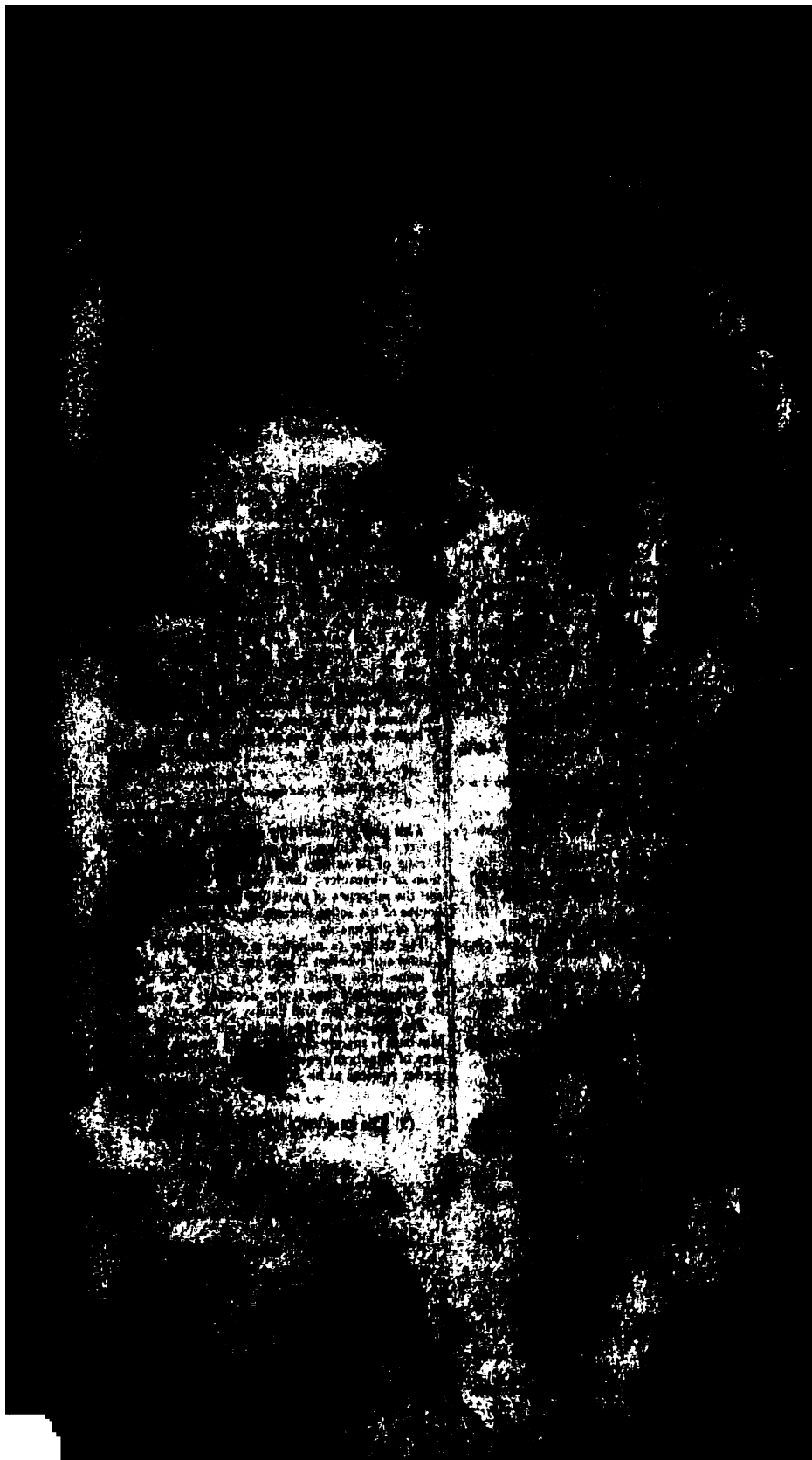
The danger of ambition is well described: and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

(1) The air, which cannot be cut. (2) Shuffle.

(3) The kingdom's wealth or ornament.



KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.	Lewis, the dauphin.
Prince Henry, his son; afterward King Henry III.	Arch-duke of Austria.
Arthur, duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.	Cardinal Pandulph, the pope's legate.
William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.	Melun, a French lord.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, chief justice of England.	Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.	Elinor, the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.	Constance, mother to Arthur.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the king.	Blanch, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.
Robert Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.	Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge, his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.	Lords, ladies, citizens of Angiers, sheriff, heralds, officers, soldiers, messengers, and other attendants.
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.	Scene, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet.	
Philip, King of France.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A room of state in the palace. Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.*

King John.

NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
for blood,
Control for control; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,

¹ In the manner I now do.

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct! let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage² of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than
your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his bastard brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire: and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

(2) Conduct, administration.

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, That is well known; and, as I think, one father: But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother; Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it; That is my brother's plea, and none of mine; The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out At least from fair five hundred pound a year: Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born, Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But wher' I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;

With that half-face would he have all my land:

A half-face'd grout five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay

(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it, on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;

Your father's wife did, after wedlock, bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-

bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,

Lord of thy presence,¹ and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-roads,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Least men should say, Look, where three-farthings

goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,

'Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face;

I would not be sir Not² in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy for-

ture,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my

chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;

Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose

form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;

Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me

your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:

What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou

thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got 't' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

Good den,³ sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, follow:—

(1) Whether. (2) Trace, outline

(3) Dimity of appearance

(4) Robert.

(5) Good evening.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
 'Tis too respective,¹ and too sociable,
 For your conversion.² Now your traveller,—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mass ;
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries :—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now ;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :—
O, sir, says answer, at your best command ;
At your employment ; at your service, sir :—
No sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*
 And so ere answer knows what question would
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth—
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn :
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me ! it is my mother :—How now, good lady ?
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where
 is he ?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son? Ay, thou unreverend
 boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
 while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
 There's toys³ abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
 Sir Robert could do well; Marry (to confess)
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good
 mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine
 honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
 like.⁴

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

(1) Respectable. (2) Change of condition.

(3) My travelled fop. (4) Catechism.

(5) Idle reports.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
 Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
 bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy
 father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exe.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the walls of Angiers. *Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and forces; Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,

At our importance,⁵ hither is he come,

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;

And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,

Shadowing their right under your wings of war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

(6) A character in an old drama, called *Soliman* and *Perseda*.

(7) Importunity.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK with a long-term condition has increased by 50% (Department of Health 1999).

There is a growing emphasis on the need for people with long-term conditions to be able to manage their own health and to take responsibility for their own care. This has led to the development of self-management programmes for people with long-term conditions. These programmes aim to help people to understand their condition, to learn how to manage it, and to take control of their own health. Self-management programmes can be delivered in a variety of ways, including through group sessions, individual sessions, and self-help materials. The effectiveness of self-management programmes has been evaluated in a number of studies, and the results have generally been positive. Self-management programmes have been found to improve people's knowledge, skills, and confidence, and to lead to better health outcomes.

One of the main challenges in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes is the need to ensure that the programmes are tailored to the needs of the target population. This is particularly important for people with long-term conditions, who may have a range of different needs and requirements.

One of the ways in which self-management programmes can be tailored to the needs of the target population is by using a participatory approach. This involves involving people with long-term conditions in the development and evaluation of the programmes. Participatory approaches can help to ensure that the programmes are relevant, useful, and acceptable to the target population. Participatory approaches can also help to build people's confidence and skills, and to encourage them to take control of their own health. Participatory approaches have been found to be effective in a number of studies, and they are becoming increasingly popular in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes.

Another way in which self-management programmes can be tailored to the needs of the target population is by using a needs assessment. A needs assessment is a process that involves identifying the needs and requirements of the target population. Needs assessments can be carried out in a number of ways, including through interviews, focus groups, and surveys. Needs assessments can help to identify the specific needs and requirements of the target population, and they can be used to inform the development and evaluation of self-management programmes. Needs assessments have been found to be effective in a number of studies, and they are becoming increasingly popular in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes.

One of the main challenges in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes is the need to ensure that the programmes are sustainable. This is particularly important for people with long-term conditions, who may need ongoing support and resources.

One of the ways in which self-management programmes can be made sustainable is by using a community-based approach. This involves involving the community in the development and evaluation of the programmes. Community-based approaches can help to ensure that the programmes are relevant, useful, and acceptable to the target population. Community-based approaches can also help to build people's confidence and skills, and to encourage them to take control of their own health. Community-based approaches have been found to be effective in a number of studies, and they are becoming increasingly popular in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes.

Another way in which self-management programmes can be made sustainable is by using a multi-sectoral approach. This involves involving a range of different sectors in the development and evaluation of the programmes. Multi-sectoral approaches can help to ensure that the programmes are relevant, useful, and acceptable to the target population.

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One of the main challenges in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes is the need to ensure that the programmes are evaluated properly. This is particularly important for people with long-term conditions, who may need ongoing support and resources.

One of the ways in which self-management programmes can be evaluated properly is by using a rigorous evaluation design. This involves using a design that is able to measure the effectiveness of the programmes. Rigorous evaluation designs can help to ensure that the results of the evaluation are valid and reliable. Rigorous evaluation designs have been found to be effective in a number of studies, and they are becoming increasingly popular in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes.

Another way in which self-management programmes can be evaluated properly is by using a participatory approach. This involves involving people with long-term conditions in the evaluation of the programmes. Participatory approaches can help to ensure that the evaluation is relevant, useful, and acceptable to the target population. Participatory approaches can also help to build people's confidence and skills, and to encourage them to take control of their own health. Participatory approaches have been found to be effective in a number of studies, and they are becoming increasingly popular in the development and evaluation of self-management programmes.

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Leu. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const. Do, child, go to it! grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdum, and it! grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.*

*Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.*

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r^s she does, or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visit'd in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

*Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!*

*Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.*

*Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!*

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim^s
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

*1 Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.*

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

(1) Bustle. (2) Whether. (3) To encourage.

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parie.⁴

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been disabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forewearied in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town.
Being no further enemy to you,

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

To him that owes⁵ it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unwe'd retire,

With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,

Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure⁶ of your old-fac'd walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And stalk in blood to our possession?
1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,

(4) Conference. (5) Worn out.

(6) Owns. (7) Circle.

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to
arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, [To Austria,] with your
lioness,

I'd set an ox head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis,] and at the
other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Alarums and Excursions;
then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald,
with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of buntmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

(1) Indged, determined.

(2) Potentates.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:¹

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
fronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King John, with his power,
Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other,
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;

Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

And now he feasts, moulting the flesh of men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,

You equal potentates, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the
king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his
right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers

flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount

(3) Scabby fellows.

(4) Mutineers.

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-earing clamours have brawld down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dis sever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[Aside.]

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,

Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What canonner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiat of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Ed. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie,
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been for-
ward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy prince-
ly son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.]

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported to be the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1970s, *S. flexneri* was the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis in the United Kingdom [13]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis in the United Kingdom [14].

The aim of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. flexneri* in children with shigellosis in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis.

Methods

Study area

The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from children with shigellosis.

Study design

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Study population

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Study protocol

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Study results

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Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of
me?—

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,²
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Evenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state! of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Elinor, Bastard, Austria, and attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bless-
ed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides,⁴ in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargain break, that are not this day made:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

(1) Unightly. (2) Portentous. (3) Seated in state.

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
tried,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a
war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

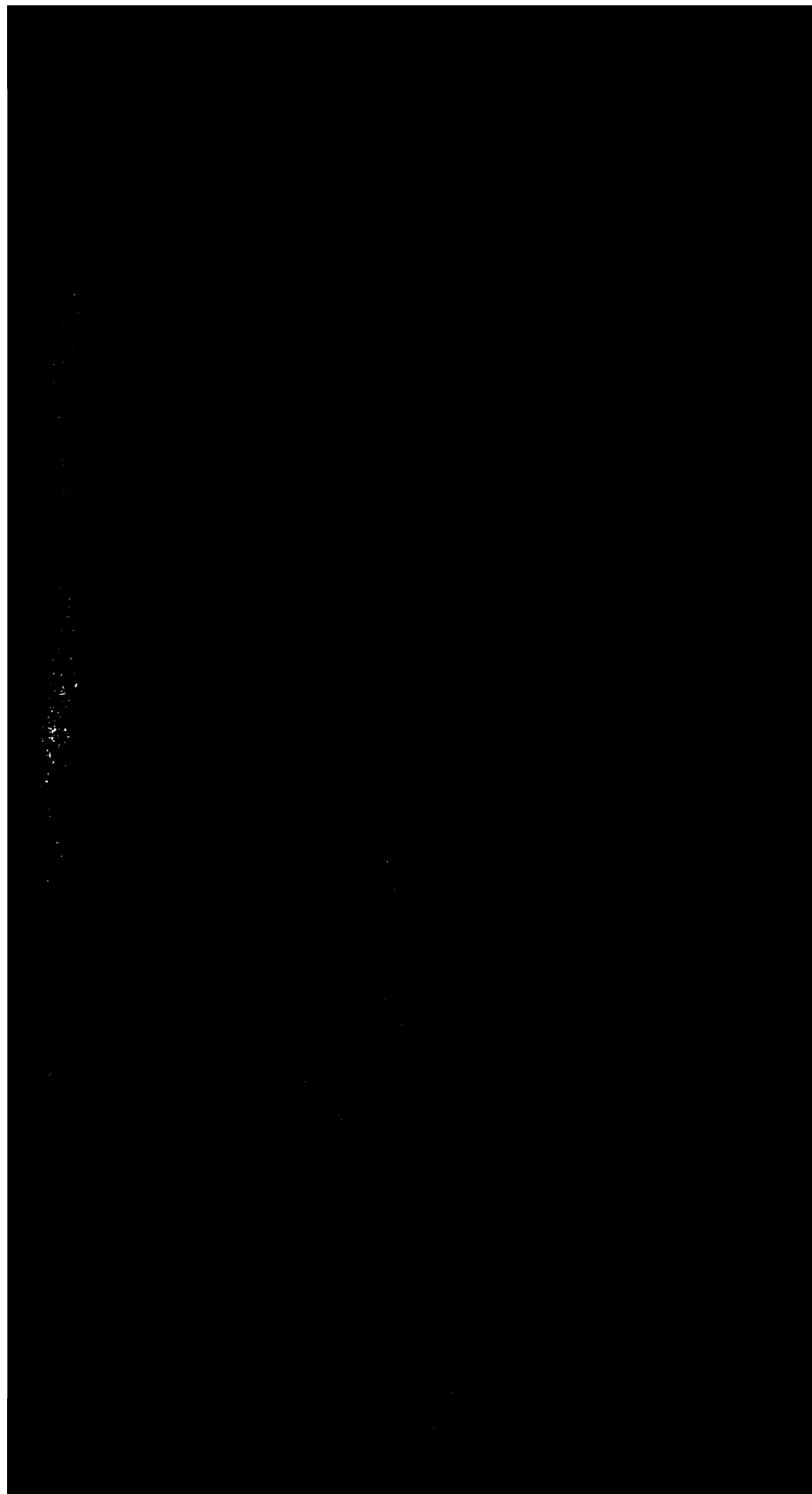
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

(4) Solemn seasons.

(5) Do off.



But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off.
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Leo. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell—be measures¹ to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive
may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Leo. I muse,² your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour with-
in this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair
day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Leo. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance³ to-
gether.—
[*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms let's hie!
[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.
Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
Austria's head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows won-
drous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, Make
up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I reacqu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE III.—The same. Alarums; Excursions;
Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Ar-
thur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
behind, [To Elinor.]

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To Arthur.]

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for
England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots: angels⁴ imprisoned

Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me
back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes Arthur aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

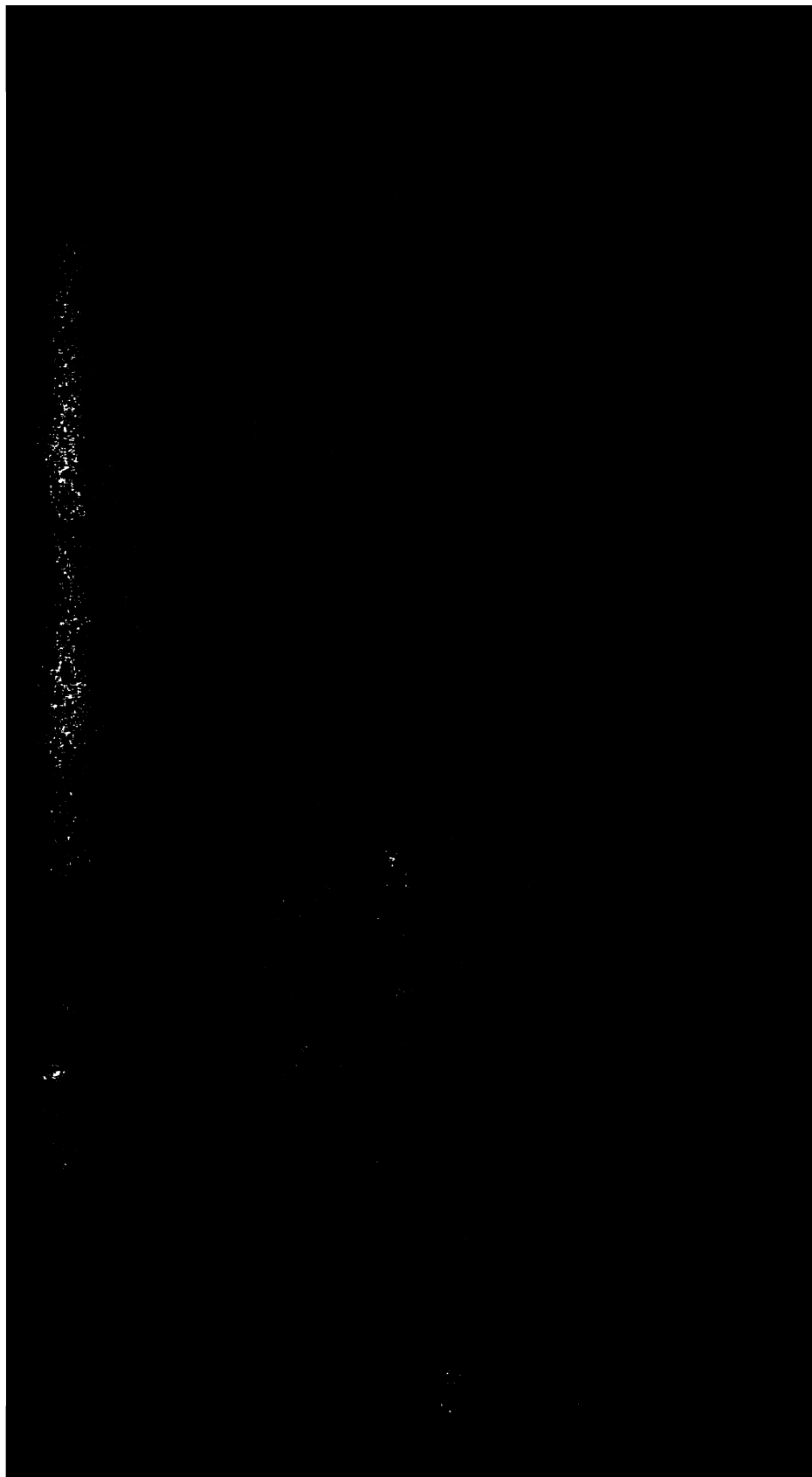
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet:

(1) Music for dancing.

(2) Wonder.

(3) Force.

(4) Gold coin.



If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday expire,¹
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! *[Exit.]*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her *[Exit.]*

Leo. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Leo. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you have won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Leo. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Leo. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

(1) Breathe. (2) Graceful. (3) Tapestry.

Leo. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,

No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Leo. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breed- for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to his side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Now that their souls are topful of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Leo. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot: and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't—*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

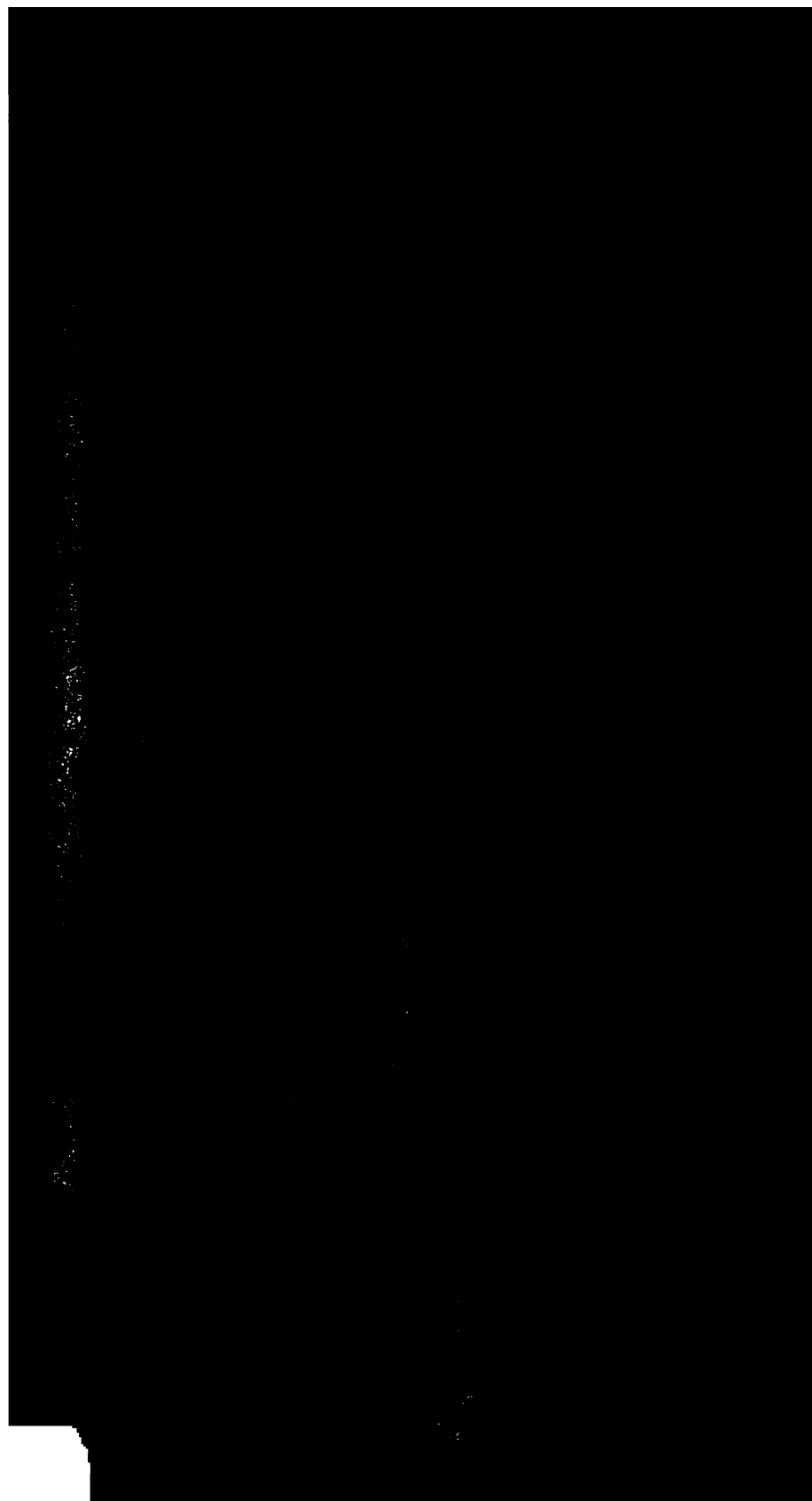
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,



SCENE II.—*The same. A room of state in the palace. Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard¹ a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,²
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:³
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd⁴ our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),
I shall induce you with: Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound⁵ the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself, and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement⁶ of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent,
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and do my youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;

Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell!

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd⁷ the breath of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.—Never such a
power?

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

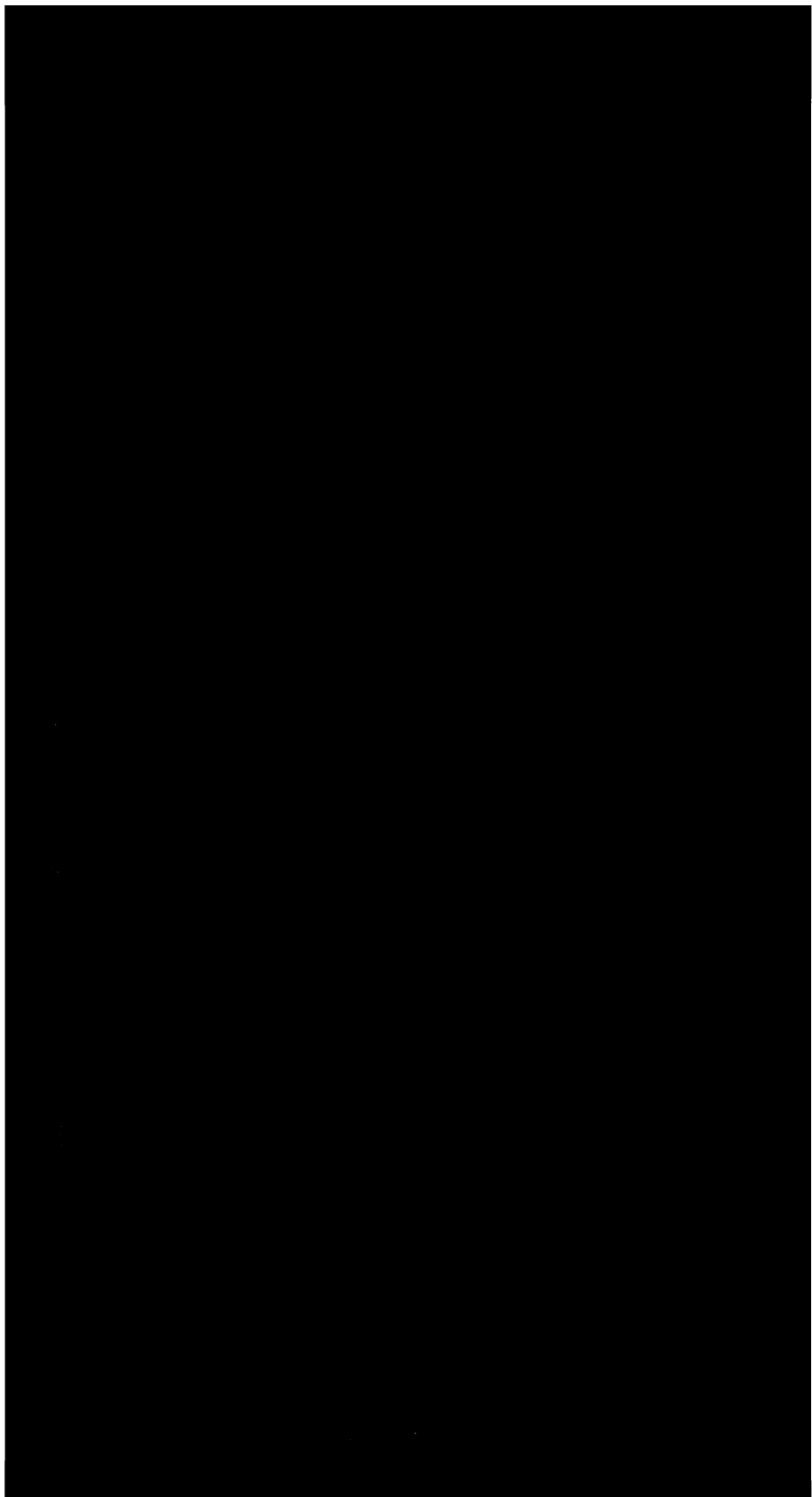
(1) Lace.

(2) Decorate.

(3) Desire of excellency.

(4) Publish.

(5) Releasement. (6) Owned. (7) Force.



Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,¹
This kingdom, the confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the castle.*
Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap
down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*]
Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-
bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. What'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our grief, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

- (1) His own body. (2) Expeditious.
(3) Private account. (4) Out of humour.
(5) Pity.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you
beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the ears of soft remorse.⁵

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exemplary by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathless excellence,
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,⁶

By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. *Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy
words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I
say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;⁷

- (6) Hand should be head: a glory is the circle of
rays which surrounds the heads of saints in pictures.
(7) Honest. (8) By compelling me to kill you.

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O, let it not be said !—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers !
Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O, inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd² silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have you the ordering of this present
time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*
Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many : O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,

And follow unacquainted colours here ?
What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth³ thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

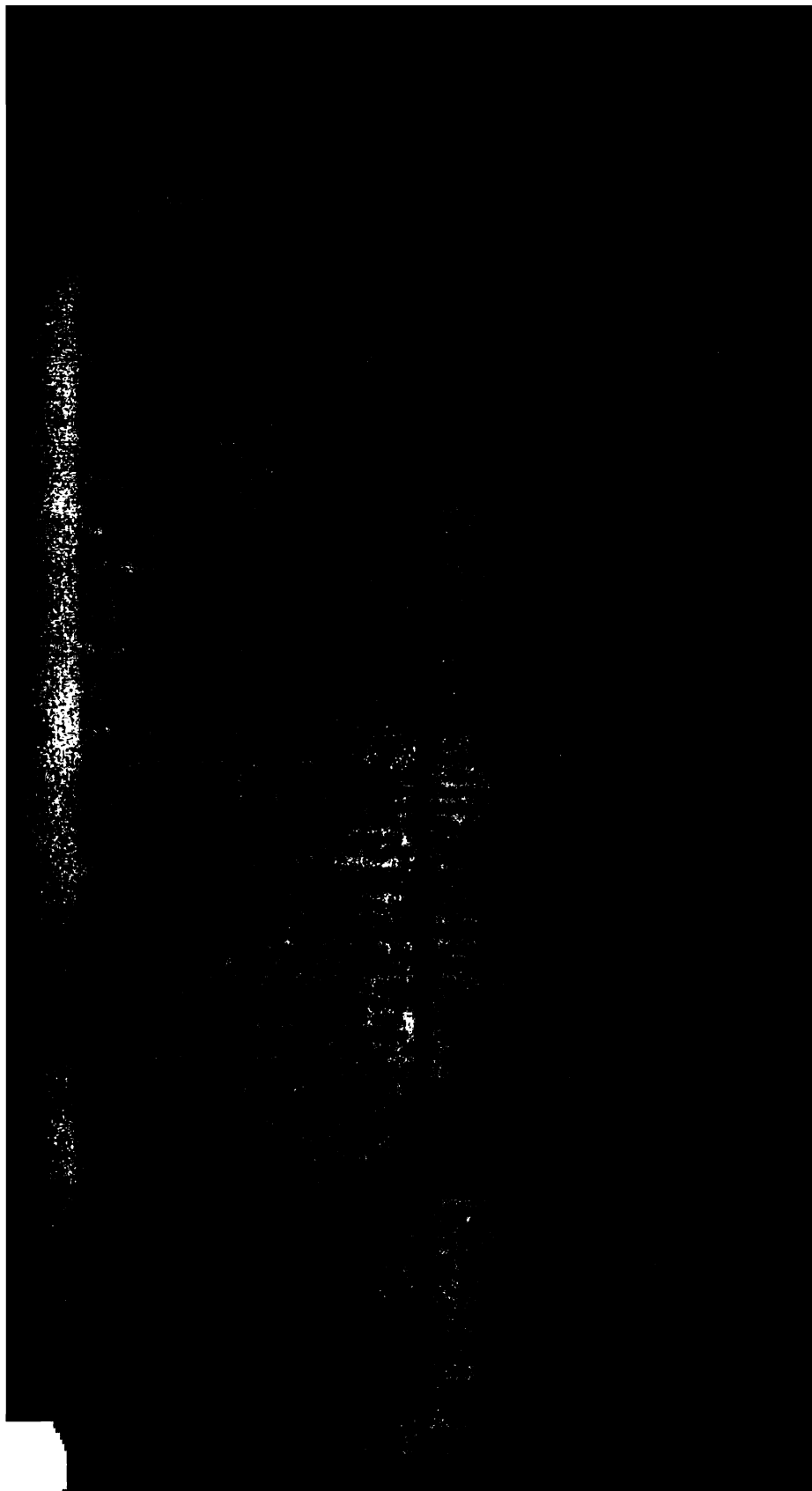
And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be propertied,⁴
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chaste'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action ? is't not I,
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,

(1) Forces. (2) Fondled. (3) Embraceth.

(4) Love of country. (5) Appropriated.



Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from his figure 'gainst the fire?¹
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis, by your assistance, win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandaire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu² whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew³ my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pang of death
Right⁴ in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
fight;
And happy newness⁵ that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melan.*]

SCENE V.—The same. The French camp.
Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin⁶ blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lew. Here.—What news?

Mess. The count Melan is slain; the English
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did pass your weary powers?

- (1) In allusion to the images made by witches.
(2) Place. (3) Ill betide. (4) Immediate.
(5) Innovation. (6) Sky.

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,⁷ and good care
to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE VI.—An open place in the neighbour-
hood of Swinstead abbey. Enter the Bastard
and Hubert, meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I de-
mand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if you please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans⁸ compliment, what
news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power⁹ this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

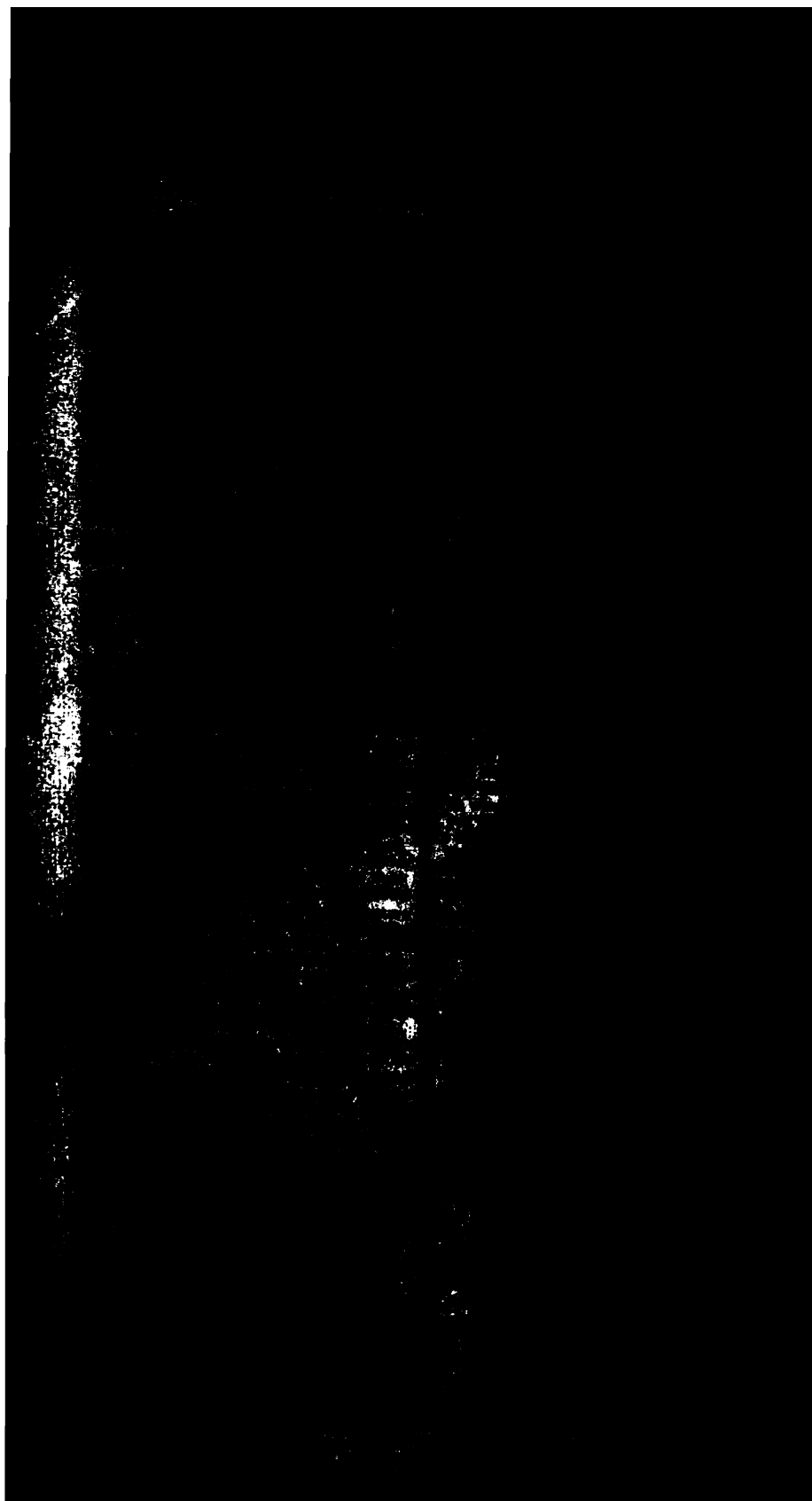
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The orchard of Swinstead abbey.
Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house.)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,

- (7) In your posts or stations.
(8) Without. (9) Forces.



KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.

*Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; } uncles to
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; } the King.
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Here-
ford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King
Henry IV.*

Duke of Aumerle, son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.

Bushy,

Bagot,

Green,

Earl of Northumberland:

Henry Percy, his son.

Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, heralds, officers, soldiers, two gardeners,
keeper, messenger, groom, and other attendants.*

Scene, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

*SCENE I.—London. A room in the palace.
Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt,
and other nobles, with him.*

King Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily as a good subject should,

On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could rift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,

Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[Exeunt some attendants.]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but fathers us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely, to appeal² each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record of my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appellat to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well: for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword

may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:

The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

Which else would post, until it had return'd

These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,

And let him be no kinsman to my liege.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;

Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:

Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;

And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

Or any other ground inhabitable!

Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

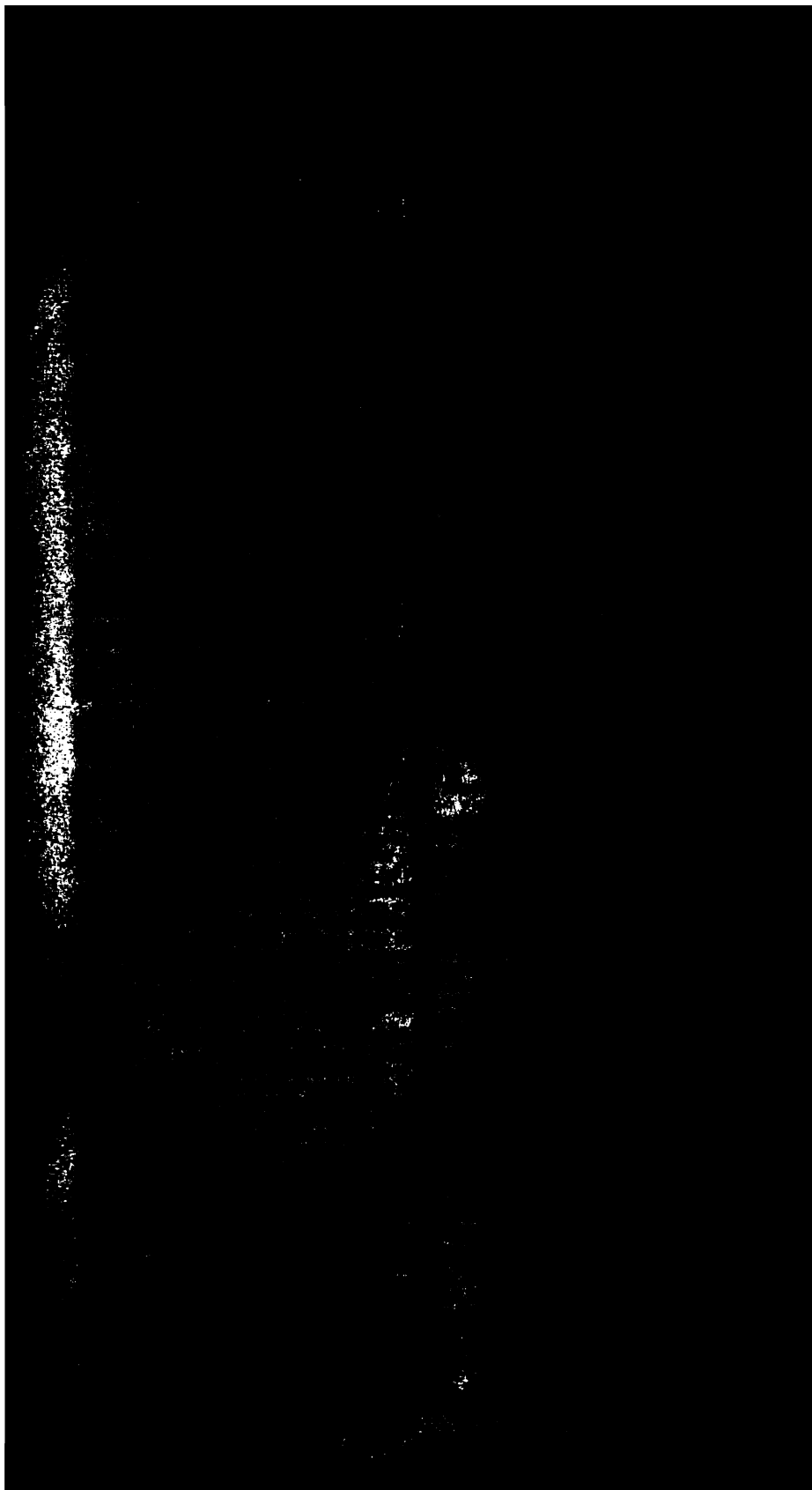
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw

my gage,

(1) Bond. (2) Charge. (3) Uninhabitable.



K. Rich. We were not born to see, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone¹ you, we shall see
Justice design² the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the Duke of Lancaster's palace. Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part³ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent⁴

In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his fawning courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff⁵ recreant⁶ to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

I take my leave before I have begun;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy⁷ visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me: let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending. Enter the Lord Marshal, and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;

And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath

(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[*He takes his seat.*]

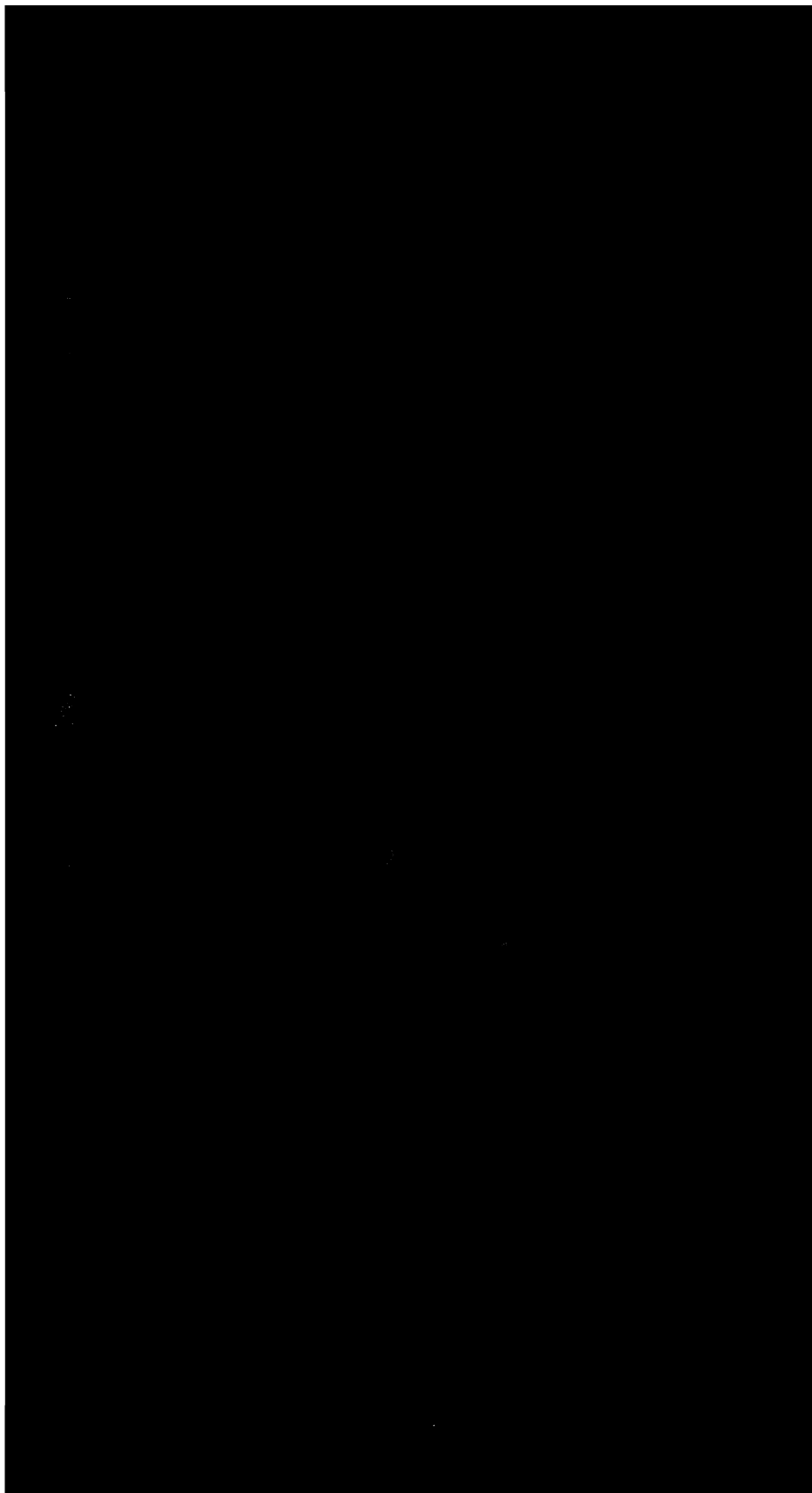
Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour; preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

(1) Reconcile. (2) Show. (3) Relationship.
(4) Assent. (5) A base villain.

(6) Cowardly. (7) Her house in Essex.



The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or, like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd,¹ with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;²
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with
thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advis'd³ purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or conspire any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [To Boling.] with welcome home from
banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

(1) Barred. (2) To move compassion.
(3) Concerted. (4) Consideration.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that be hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times
about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,⁴
Whereto thy tongue a party⁵ verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander⁶ sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him
so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exit K. Rich. and train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must
not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour⁷ of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly
gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one
hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

(5) Had a part or share. (7) Grief.
(6) Reproach of partiality.

the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased by 20% (Meltzer 1997).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The World Health Organization (WHO) has developed a 'Global Strategy for Mental Health' (WHO 1993) which aims to improve the lives of people with mental health problems by promoting mental health, preventing mental illness, and providing care and support for people with mental health problems. The WHO strategy is based on three main principles: (1) the need to promote mental health and prevent mental illness; (2) the need to provide care and support for people with mental health problems; and (3) the need to ensure that people with mental health problems are treated with dignity and respect.

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My death's end tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands:
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England.

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King Richard, and Queen; Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt² in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not Gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd:
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all Gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

(1) Paltry. (2) Lean, thin. (3) Mad.

Is my strait fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me Gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, Gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd² now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—

K. Rich. — a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an age's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

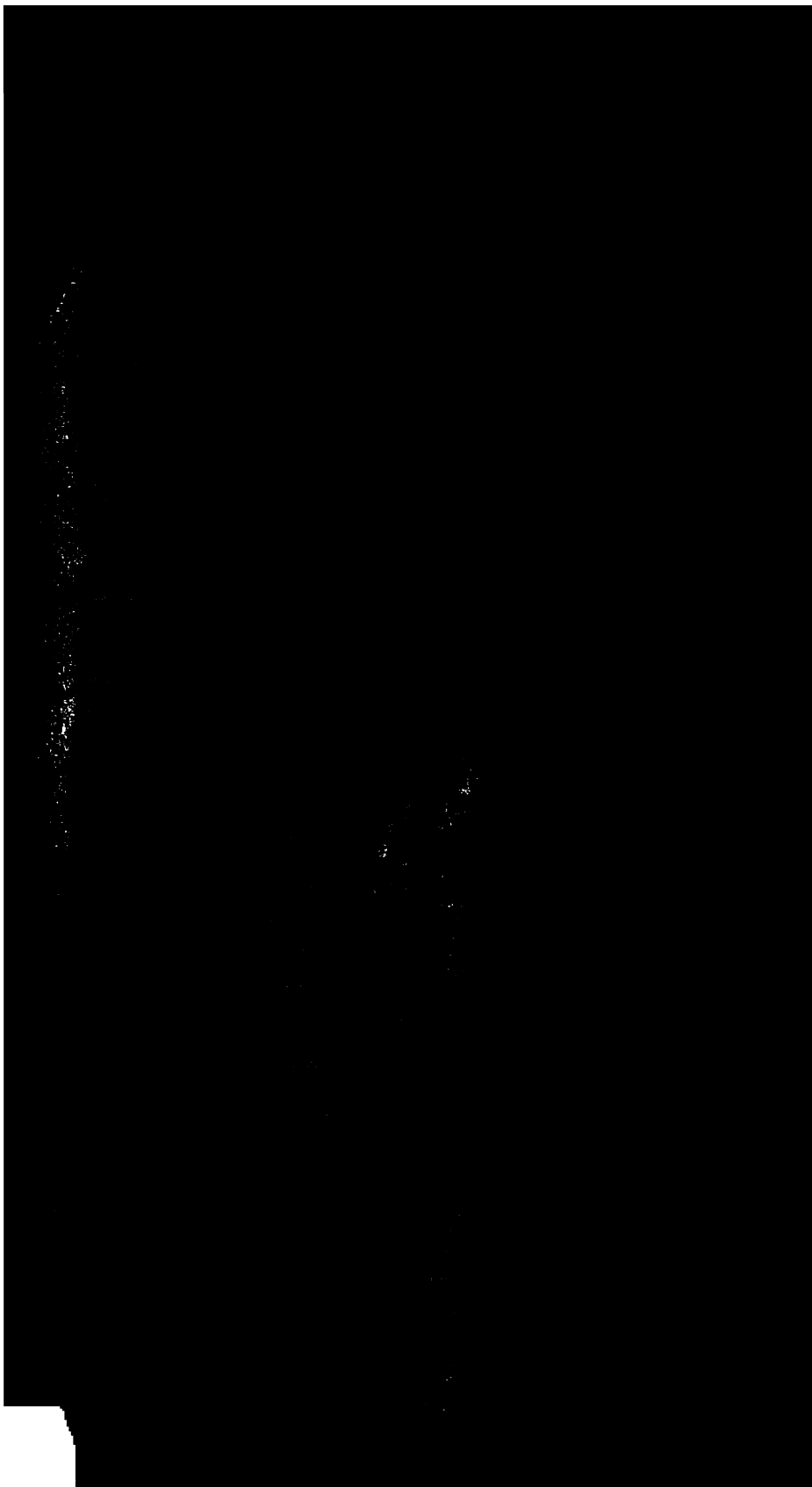
[*Exit, borne out by his attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sickness have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:



And yet we strike not, but securely perish.¹

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoids the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I spy life peering: but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have, from Port le Blanc,
a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reinhold lord Cobham

[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quaint,—

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall² ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making bither with all due expedience,³

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp⁴ out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,⁵
And make high majesty look like itself.

Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A room in the palace.*
Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please my-
self,

I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives,⁶ which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail:
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,

(1) Perish by confidence in our security.

(2) Stout.

(3) Expedition.

(4) Supply with new feathers. (5) Gilding.

More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul,
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit,⁷ my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.⁸

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met,
gentlemen—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope,
he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired
his power,⁹

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:

The banish'd Bolingbroke repels himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd

At Ravenspurg

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is
worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland,

And all the rest of the revolting faction,
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—

Uncle,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

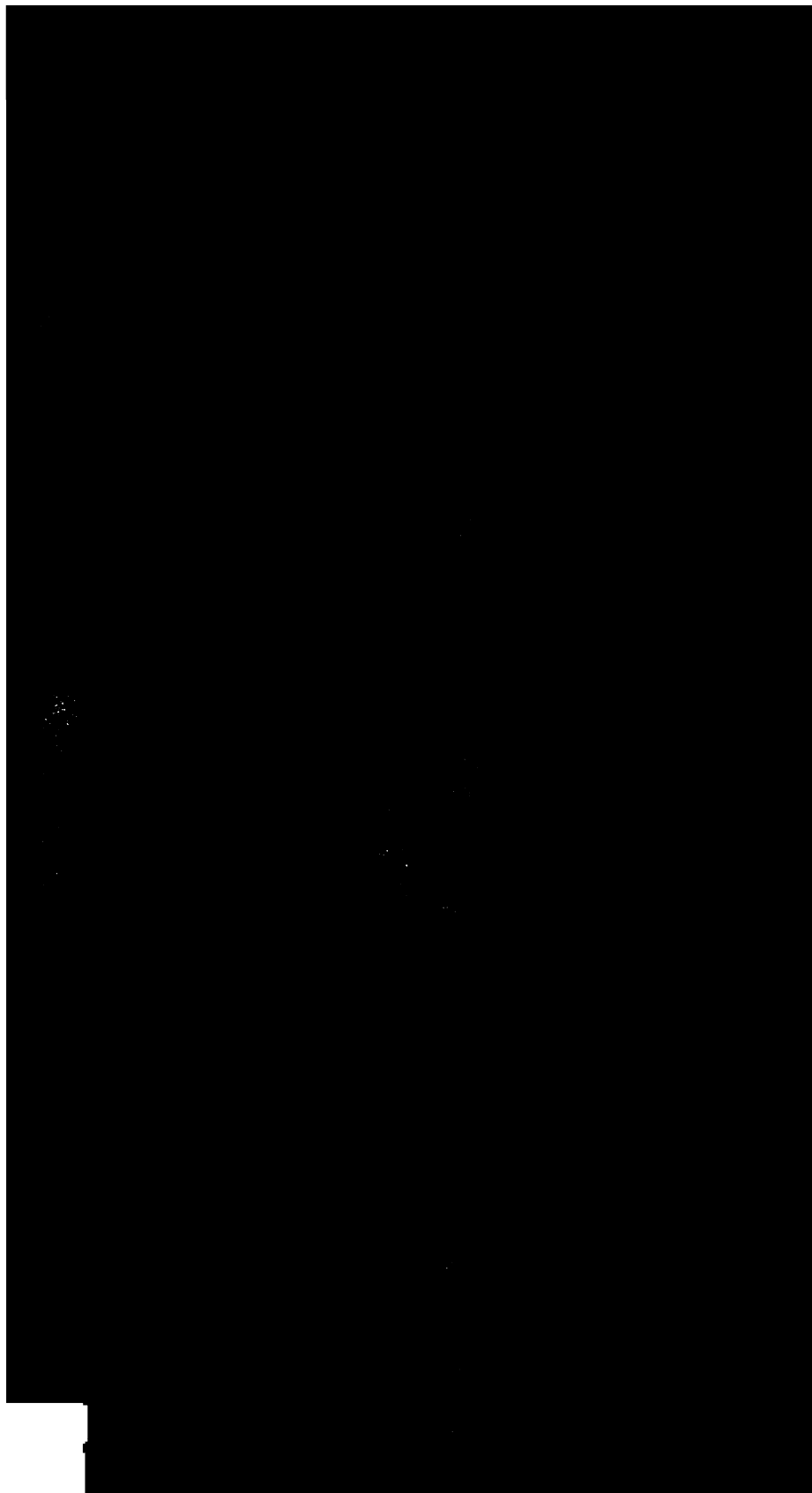
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

(6) Pictures.

(7) Fanciful conception.

(8) Know.

(9) Drawn it back.



My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard: And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot,¹ your love pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury is yet but unfeild thanks, which, more enrich'd, shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years, stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster; And I am come to seek that name in England: And I must find that title in your tongue, Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will,)

From the most glorious regent of this land,

The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time?

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! *[Kneels.]*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane:

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more why;—Why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French;

O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine, Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee, And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent³ eye:

You are my father, for, methinks, in you

I see old Gaunt alive; O then, my father!

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,

It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wrongs,⁴ and chase them to the bay.

I am denied to sue my livery⁵ here,

And yet my letters-patent give me leave:

My father's goods are all distraint'd, and sold;

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,

And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon,⁶ to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right:

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;

And you, that do abet him in this kind,

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is

But for his own: and, for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak, and all ill left:

But, if I could, by him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoop

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;

But, since I cannot, be it known to you,

I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

Unless you please to enter in the castle,

And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.

But we must win your grace, to go with us

To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet

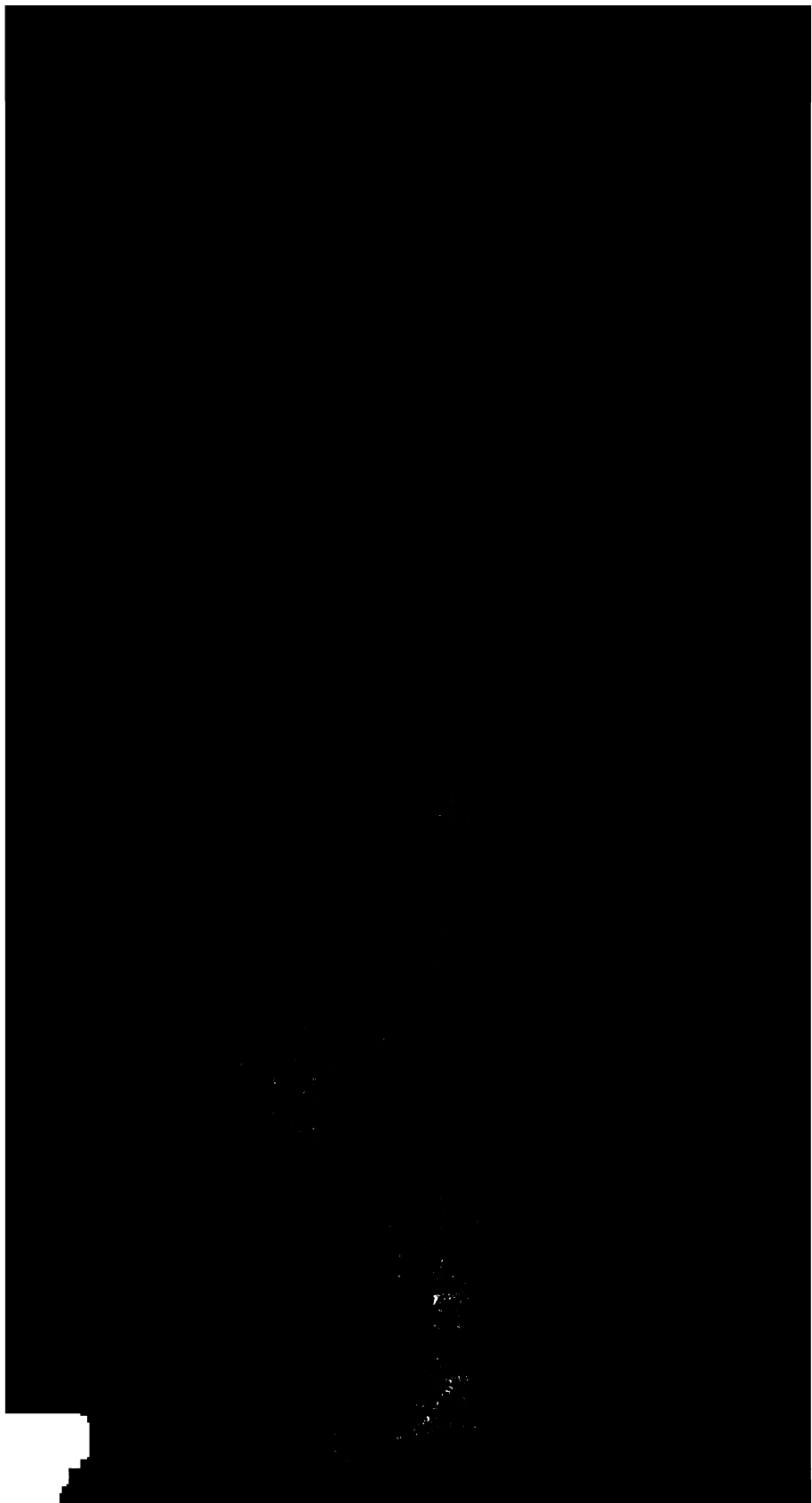
I'll pause;

(1) Know. (2) Time of the king's absence.

(3) Impartial. (4) The persons who wrong him

(5) Possession of my land, &c.

(6) It is your interest.



But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace
so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-
par'd;

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, wo, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

(1) *Forc.*

The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd,
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unreasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-
demption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—

Again uncure their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
shire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his
power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man
speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,

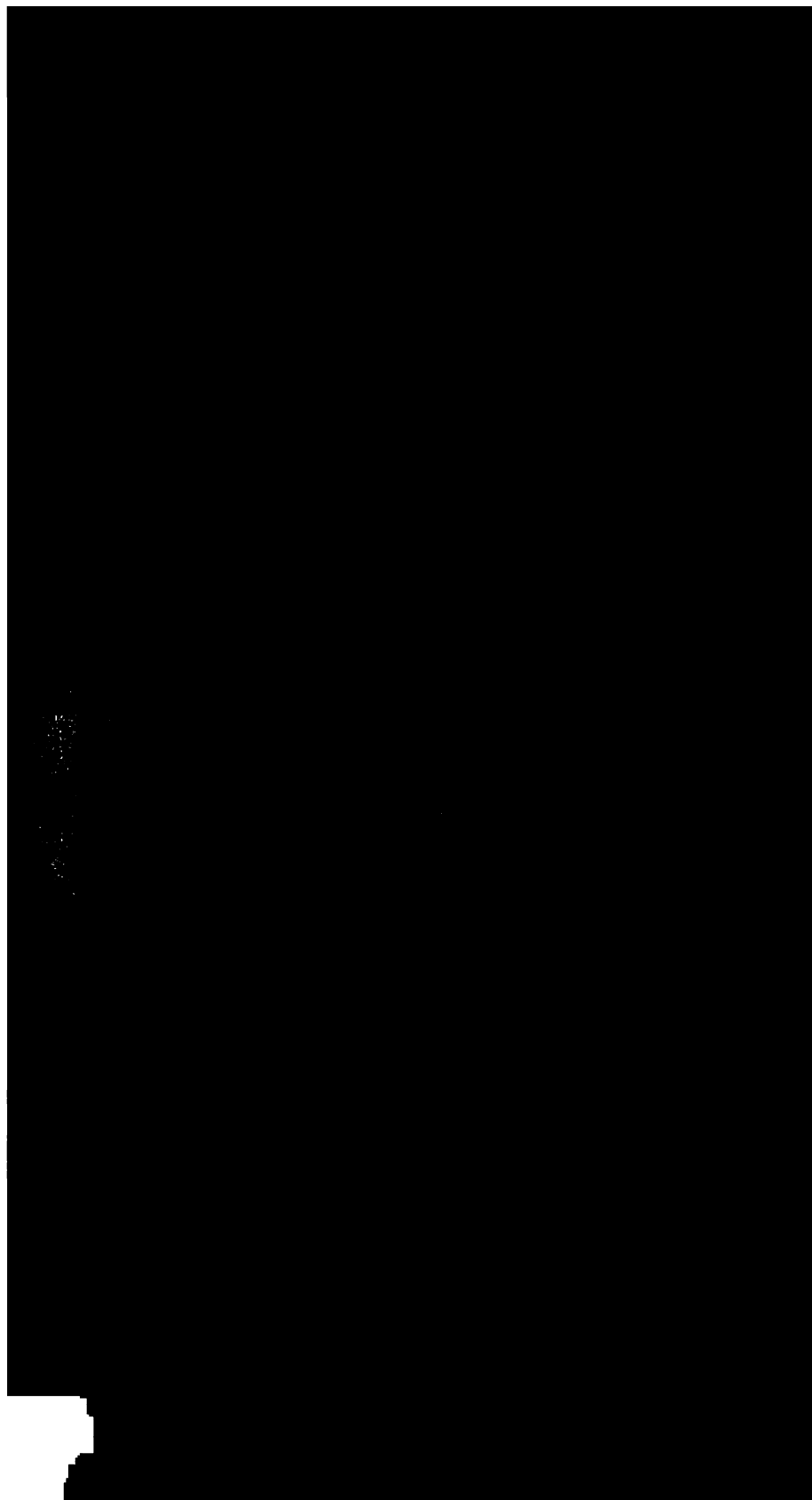
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;



As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for wo,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To Northumberland.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threaten the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond¹, methinks, he is),
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;²
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the
king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious
head;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend³ to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns:—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commendations.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To Aumerle.]

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle

words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

(1) Soil. (2) Commit. (3) Softness.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth? O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'at thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
beat,

Since *flies* have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? O God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cou-
sin!

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears;
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes?*

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,⁴ and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base⁵ court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Boling.*
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, *angst!*
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing. [*Exeunt from above.*]

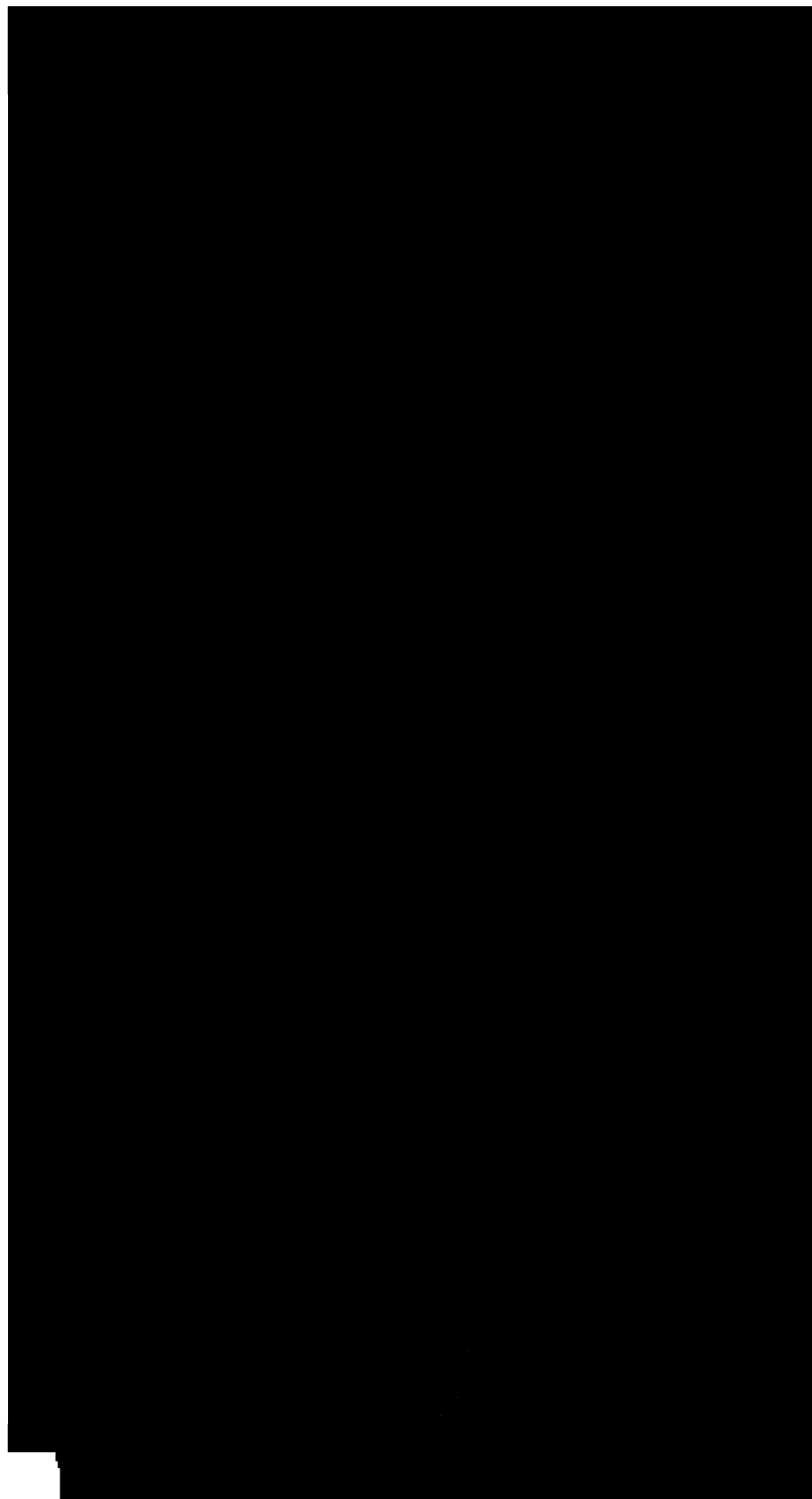
Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,⁶ like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Knocking.*]

(4) A bow. (5) Lower. (6) Foolishly.



To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in wo.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of wo,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth,¹ here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exe.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the lords temporal on the left; the commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.*

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless² end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restless English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that
day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for
this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence
then;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is
true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage.

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ;
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

¹ Pity.

² Untimely.



Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,² insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
(Good king,—great king—(and yet not greatly good.)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough.

When I do see the very book, indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

(1) Pack. (2) Haughty.
(3) Jugglers, also robbers.

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:

For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers³ are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. Rich. some lords, and a guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumcle.*]

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The wo's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury⁴ mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A street leading to the Tower. Enter Queen, and Ladies.

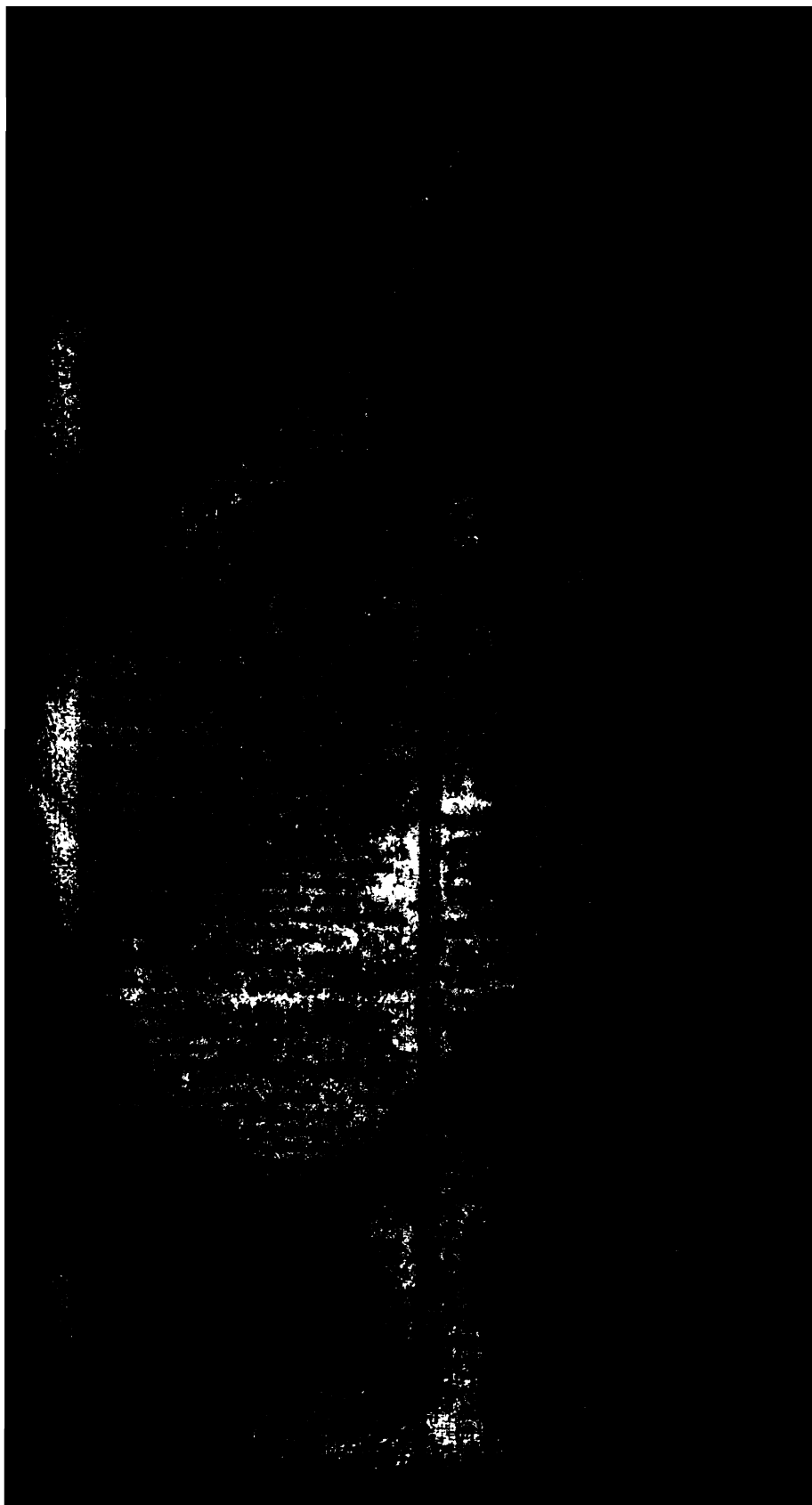
Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,⁵
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

(4) Conceal. (5) Tower of London.
3 C



Are idly bent¹ on him that enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye² allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets
now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford ? hold those justs³ and
triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not
show it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord ?

York. Ho ! who is within there ? [*Enter a servant.*]
Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my
horse :—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit servant.*]

Duch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

(1) Carelessly turned. (2) Ever.

(3) Tilts and tournaments.

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer !

Re-enter servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou
art amaz'd !

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—
[*To the servant.*]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming's date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? Is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none ;
We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away,
Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,

I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his
horse ;

Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,

And beg his pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :

And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away ;

Begone. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A room in the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke as king ; Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?

'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found :

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions ;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support

So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the

prince ;

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the

stews ;

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour ; and with that

(4) Perplexed, confounded. (5) Breeding.



Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and
the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers!

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make
thee new. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake
it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd
on me;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. *[Exe.]*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The dungeon of the
castle. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may com-
pare

This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but my self,

I cannot do it:—Yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father: and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world:¹

In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd

With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word.²

As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the posture³ of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—

(1) Forces.

(2) His own body.

(3) Holy scripture. (4) Little gate. (5) Tick.

(6) Strike for him, like the figure of a man on
a bell.

That many have, and others must sit there:

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: Then crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd,

With being nothing.—Music do I hear? *[Music.]*

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To check time broke in a disorder'd string;

But, for the concord of my state and time,

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar⁴

Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.⁵

This music mads me, let it sound no more;

For, though it have help madmen to their wits,

In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.

Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard

Is a strange brooch⁶ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards

York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes⁷ master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gen-
tle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the

ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his

back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down

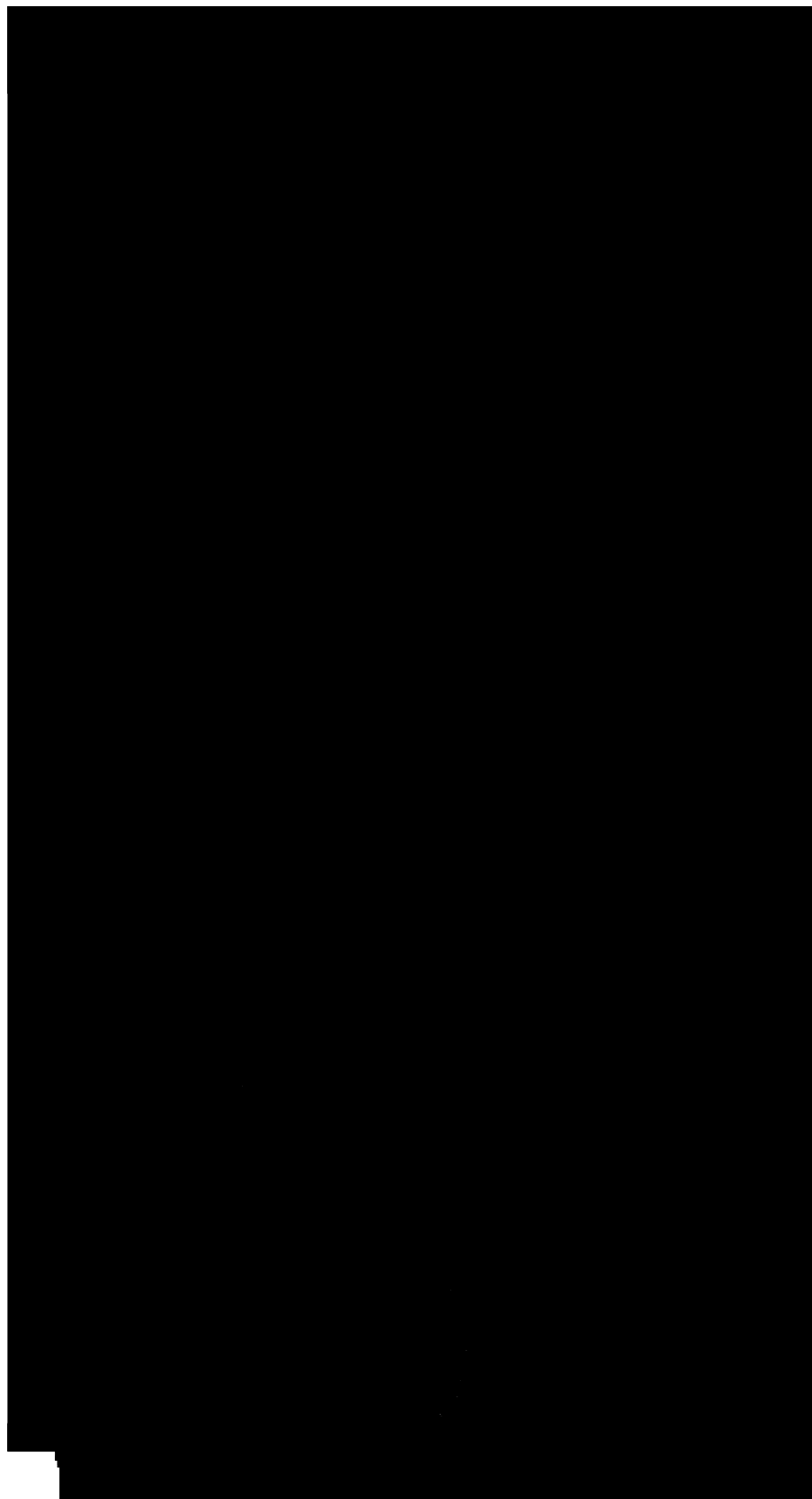
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

(7) An ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in

general.

(8) Former.



FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, *prince of Wales*, } *sons to the king.*
Prince John of Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland, } *friends to the king.*
Sir Walter Blunt,
Thomas Percy, *earl of Worcester.*
Henry Percy, *earl of Northumberland.*
Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *earl of March.*
Scroop, *archbishop of York.*
Archibald, *earl of Douglas.*
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto. Bardolph.
Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
Mrs. Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,
Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A room in the palace.
Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds¹ afar remote.
No more the thirsty Eriinnys² of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,)—
Forthwith a power³ of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless⁴ 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.⁵

(1) Strands, banks of the sea.

(2) The Fury of discord.

(3) Force, army. (4) Needless. (5) Expedition.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits⁶ of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athrow, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gra-
cious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day,⁷ the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd⁸ with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd⁹ in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

(6) Estimates. (7) September 14.

(8) Covered with dirt of different colours.

(9) Piled up in a heap.



P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast dauntable iteration! and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—How shall we know if Gadshill have set a match? O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain: for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.⁶

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pray thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer!⁷ [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,⁸ to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with: what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof⁹ of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold the unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;¹⁰
And, like bright metal on a sullen¹¹ ground,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill:
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Ex.*]

(1) Citation of holy texts.

(2) Treat me with ignominy.

(3) Made an appointment.

(4) Honest.

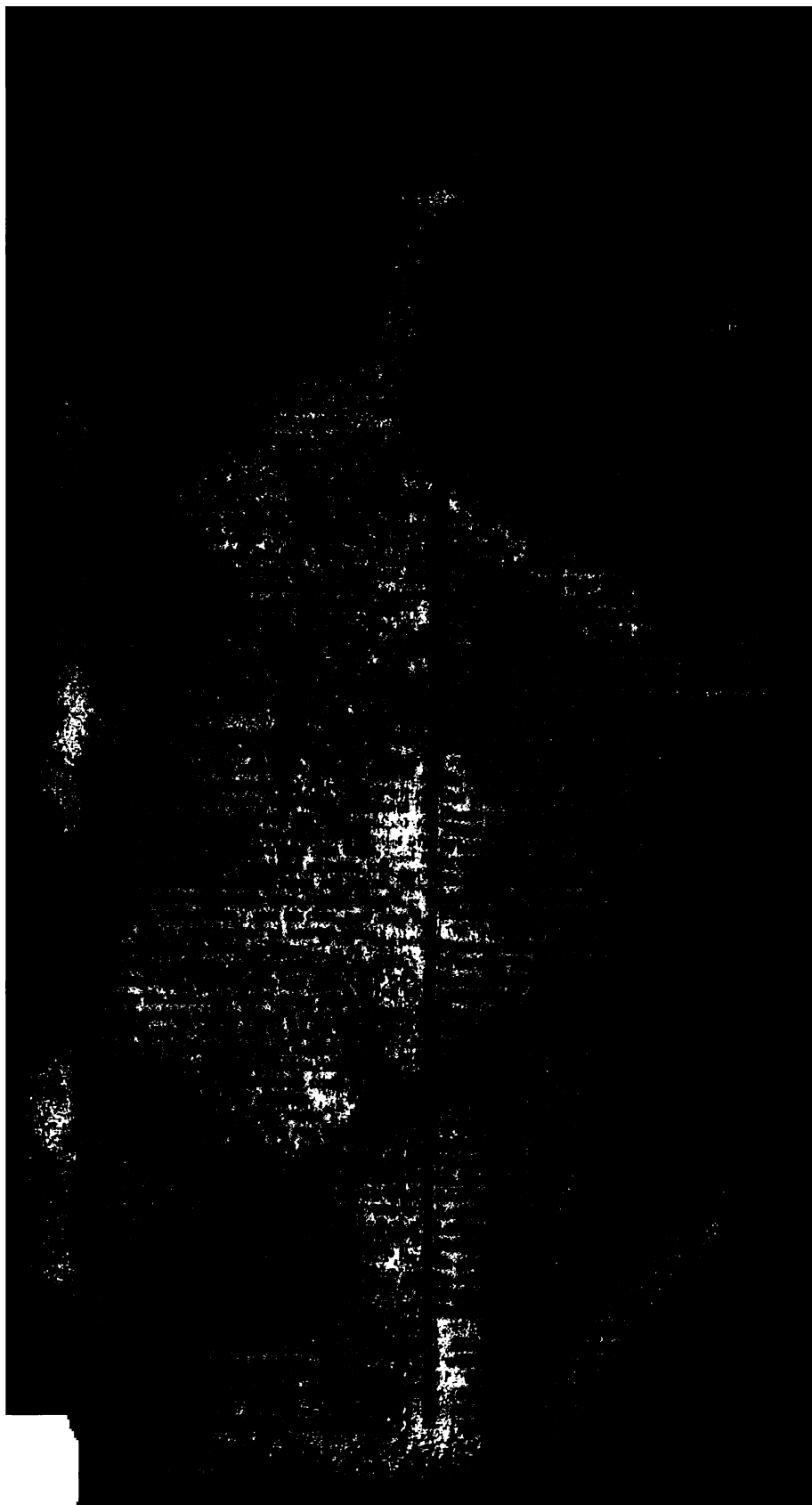
(5) Masks.

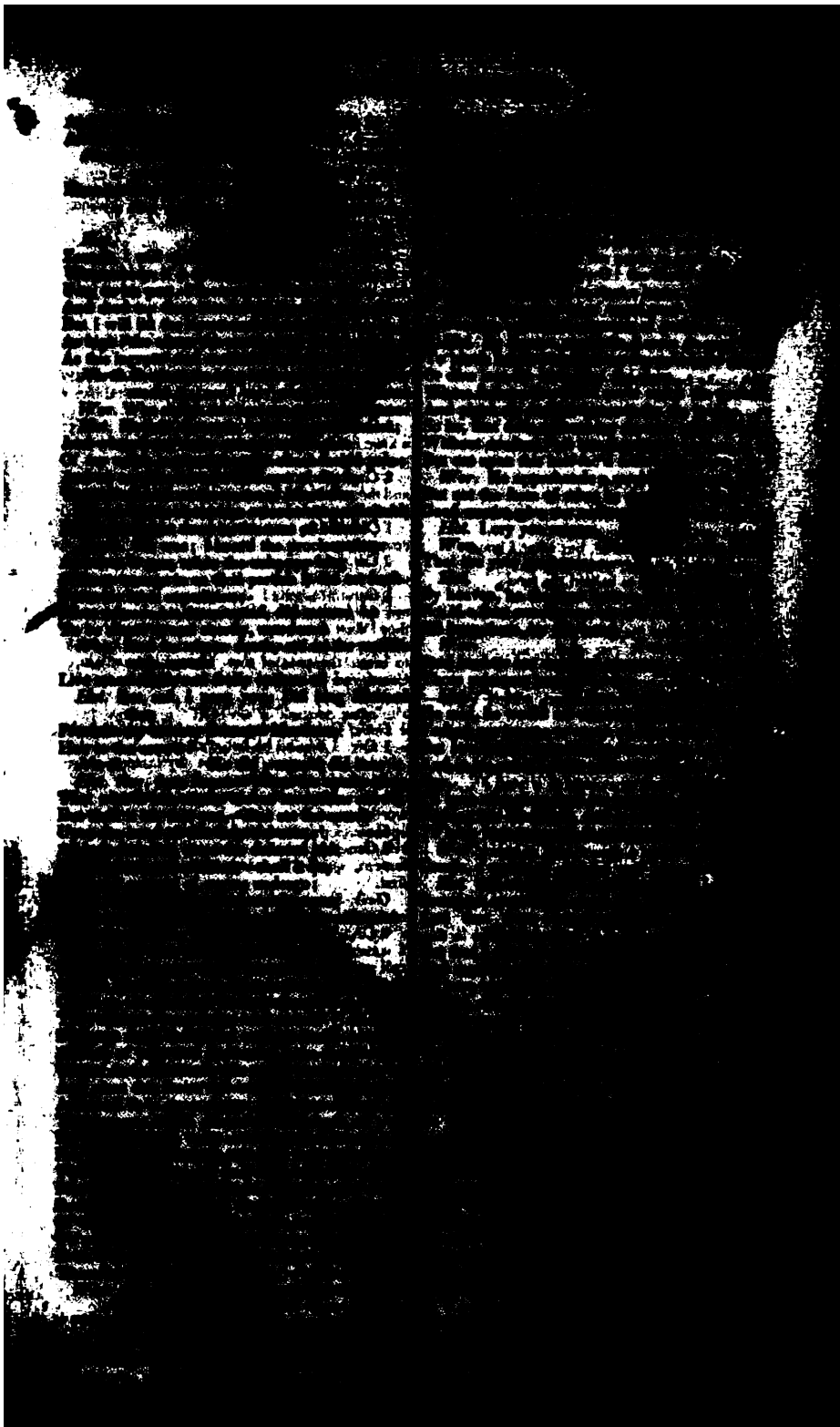
(6) The value of a coin called *real* or *royal*.

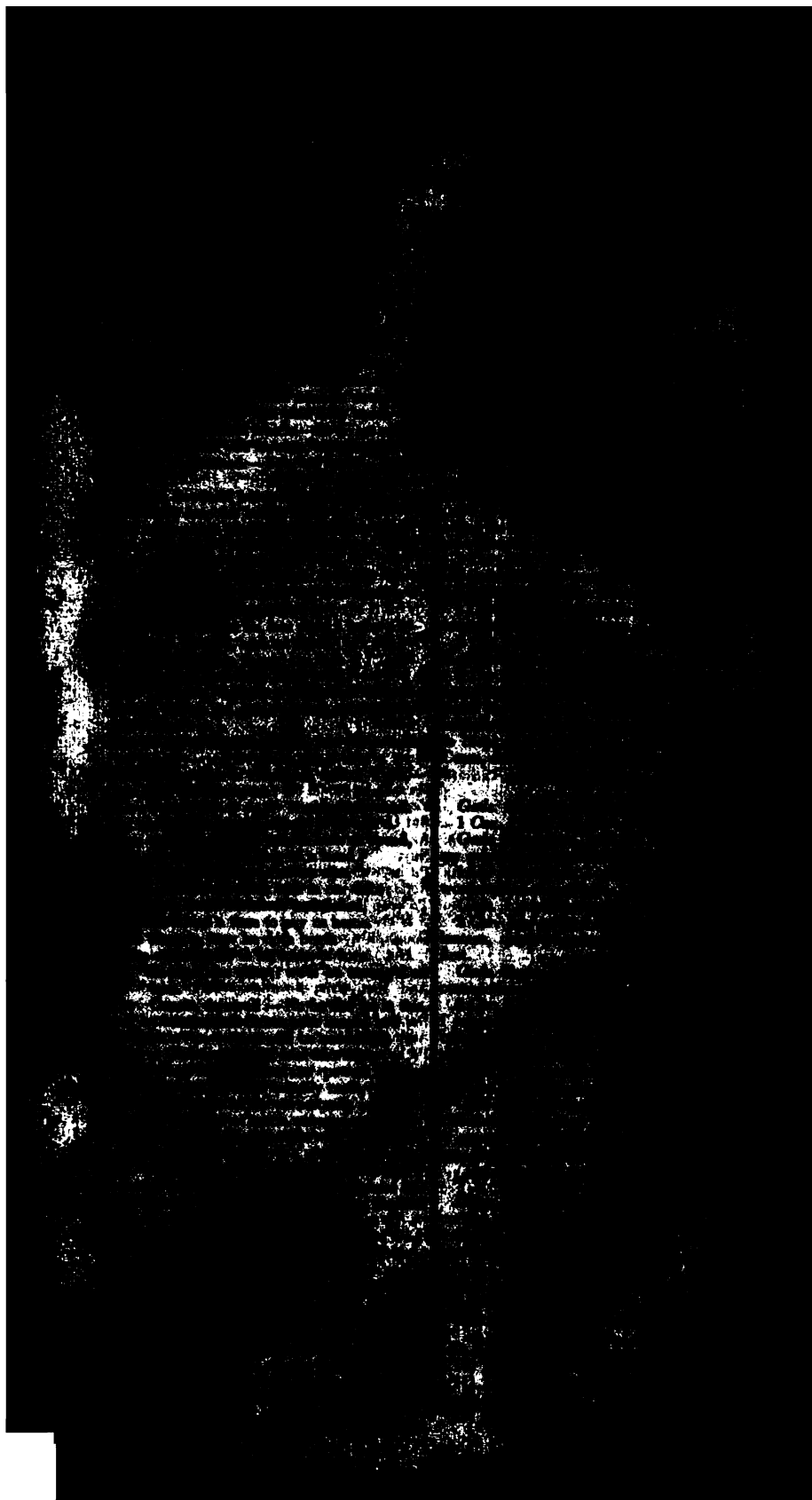
(7) Fine weather at All-hallowen-tide (i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1st) is called an All-hallowen summer.

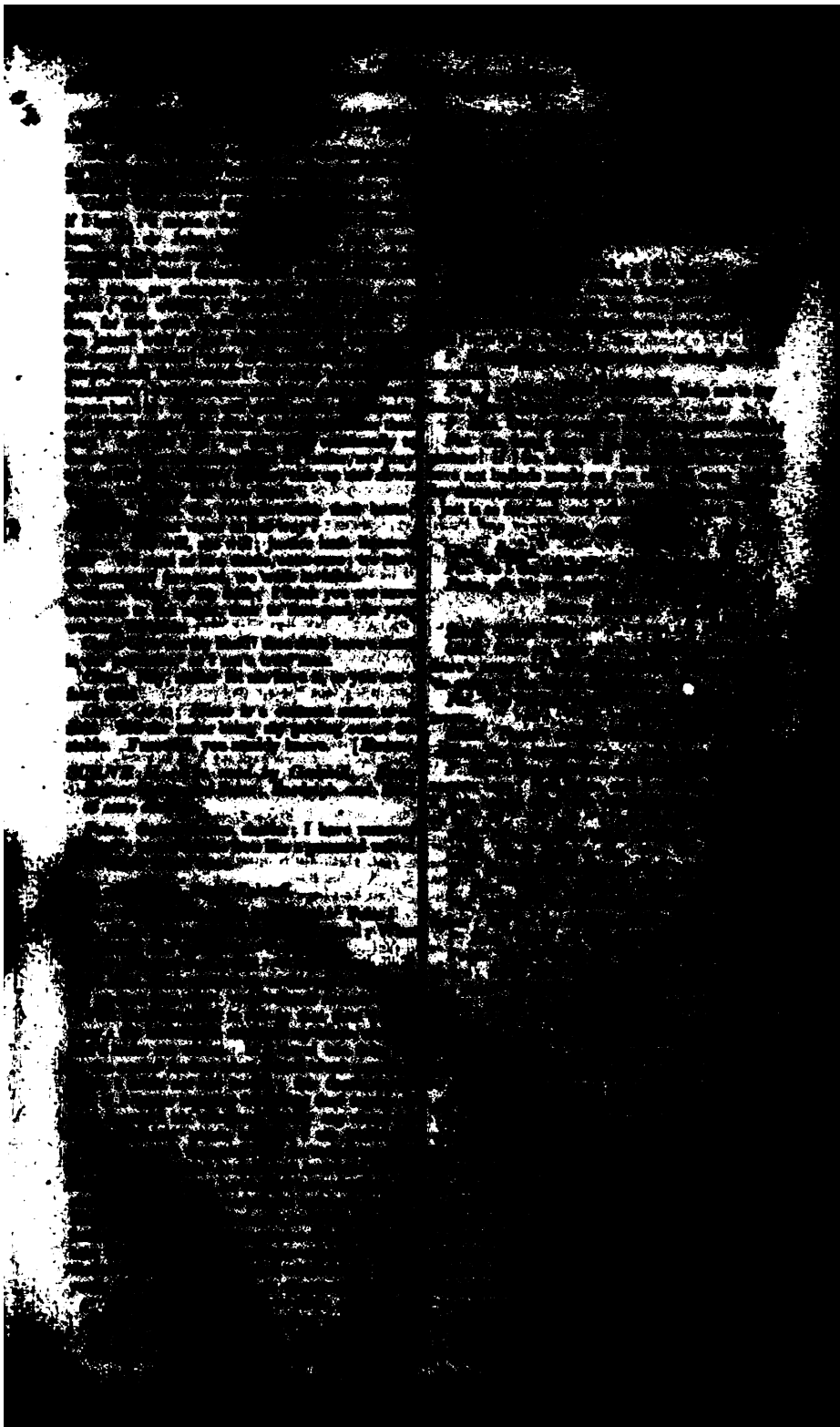
(8) Occasion.

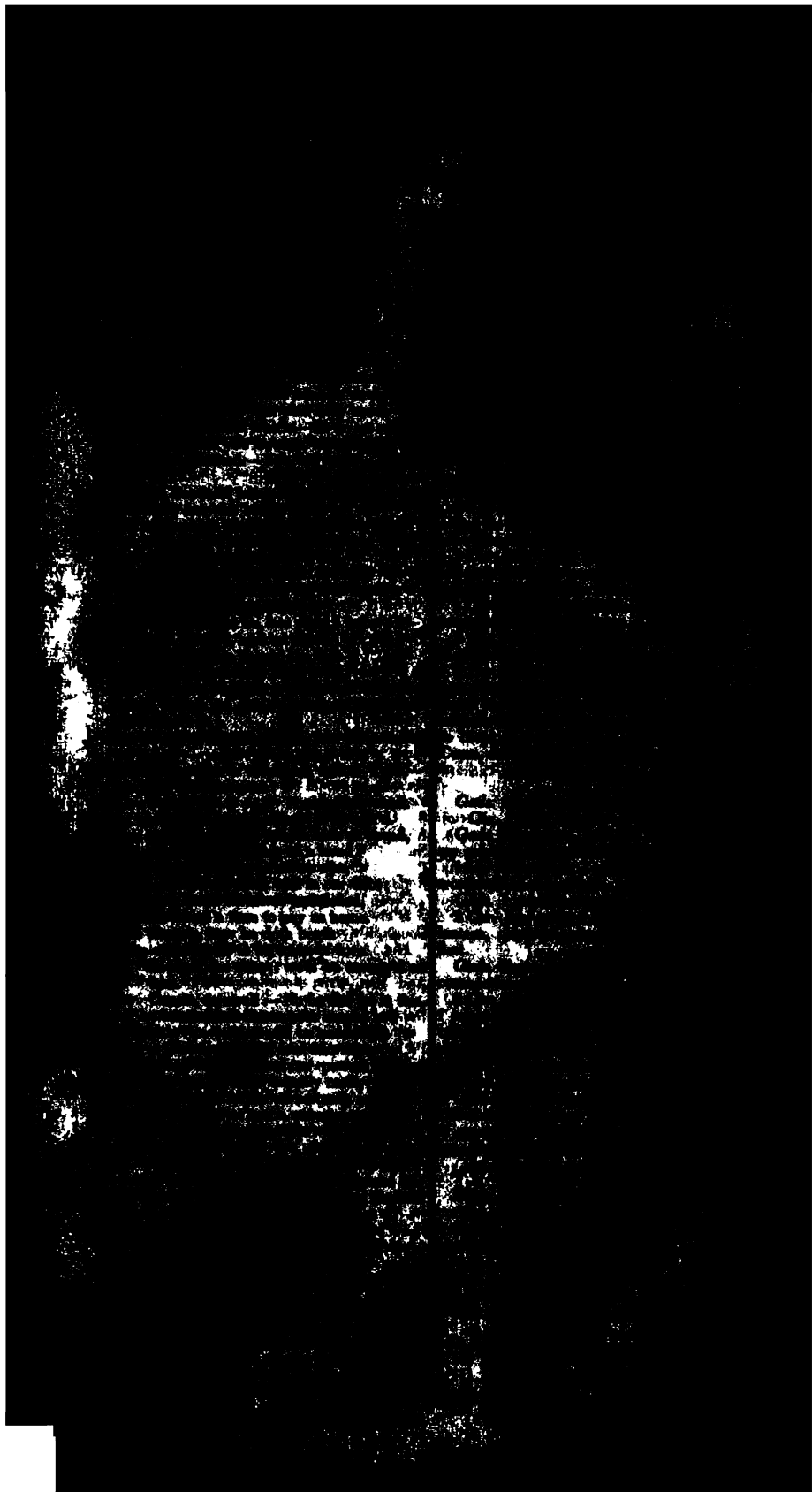
(9) Confutation. (10) Expectations. (11) Dull.

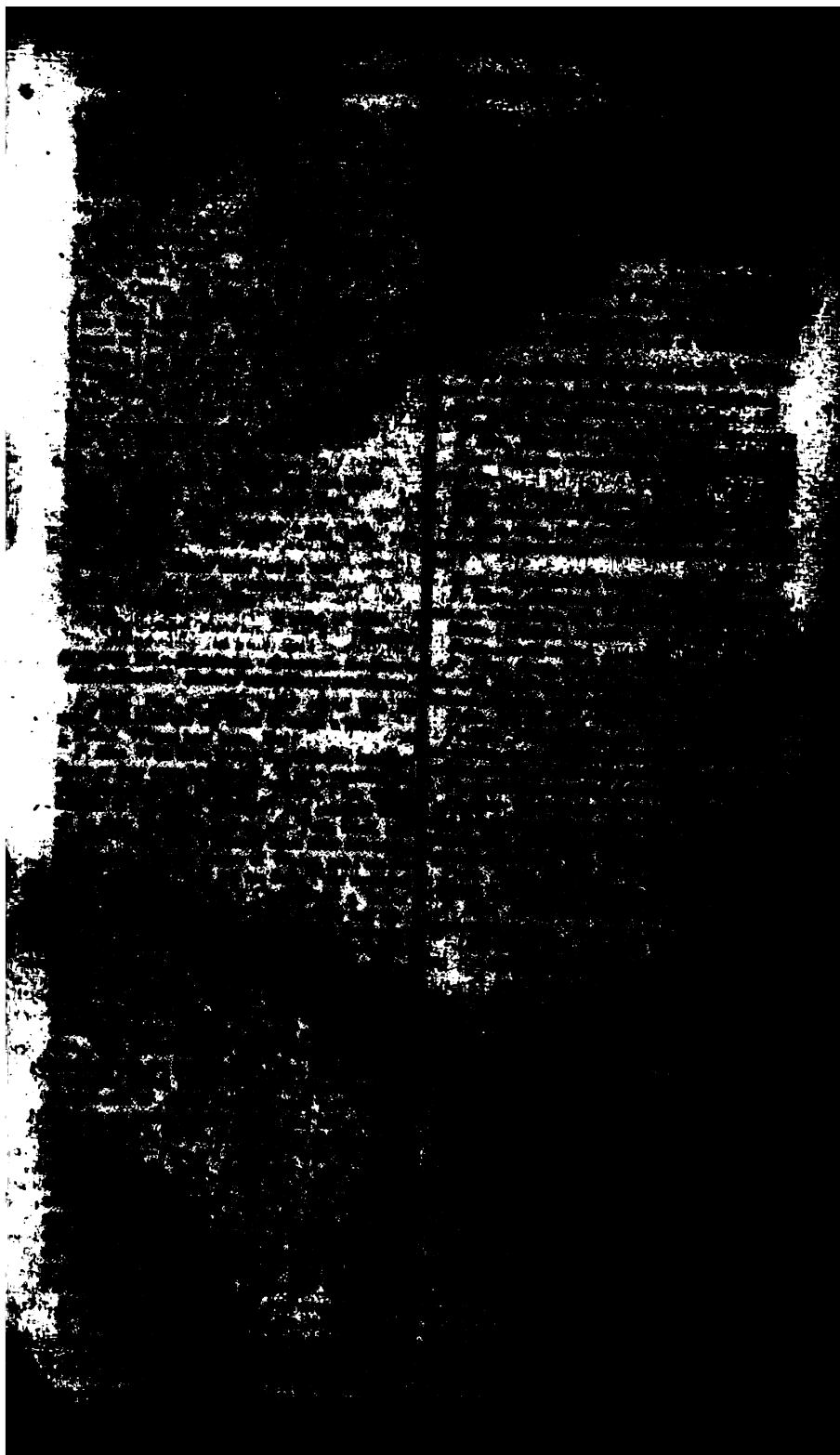


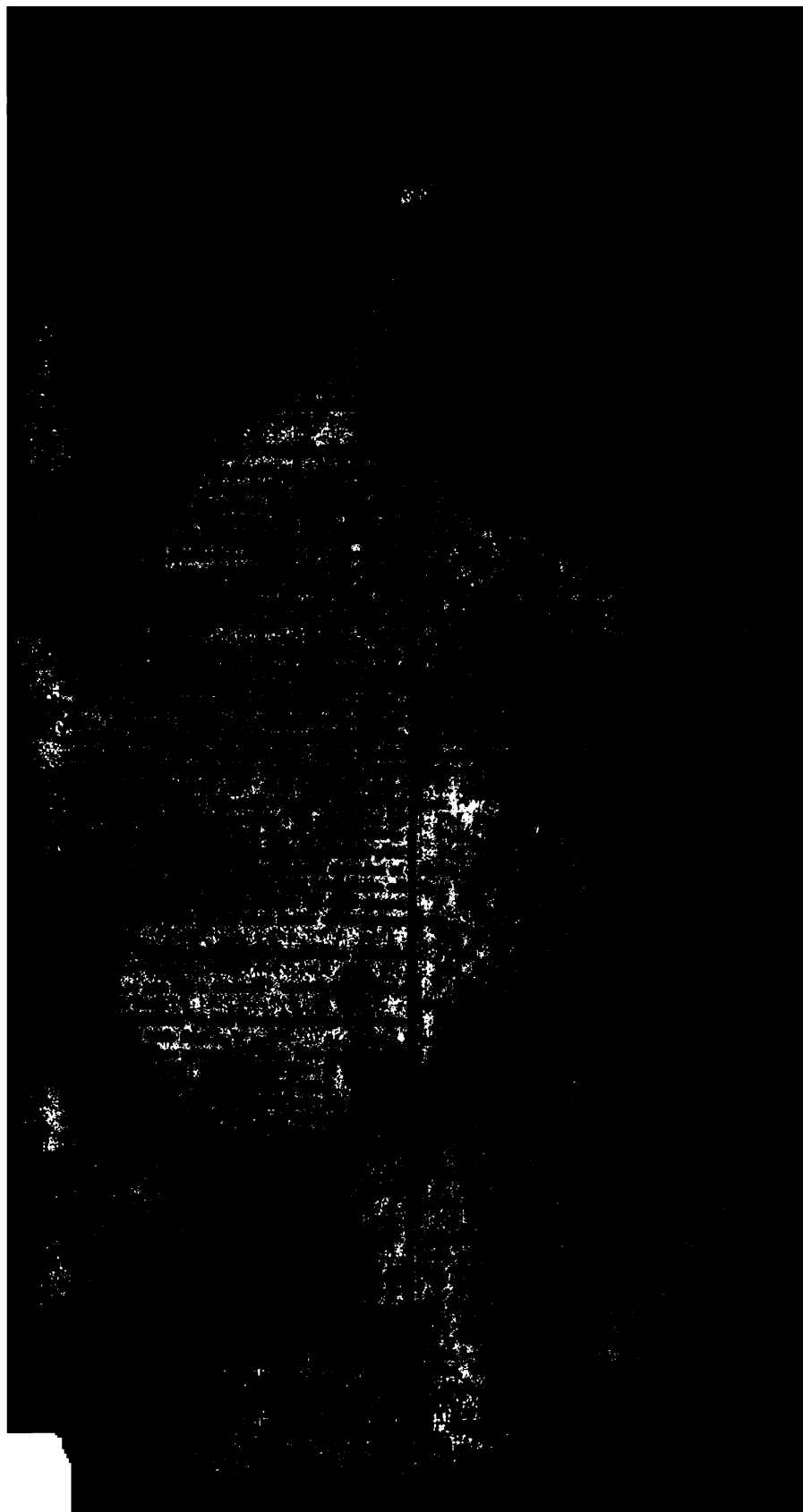


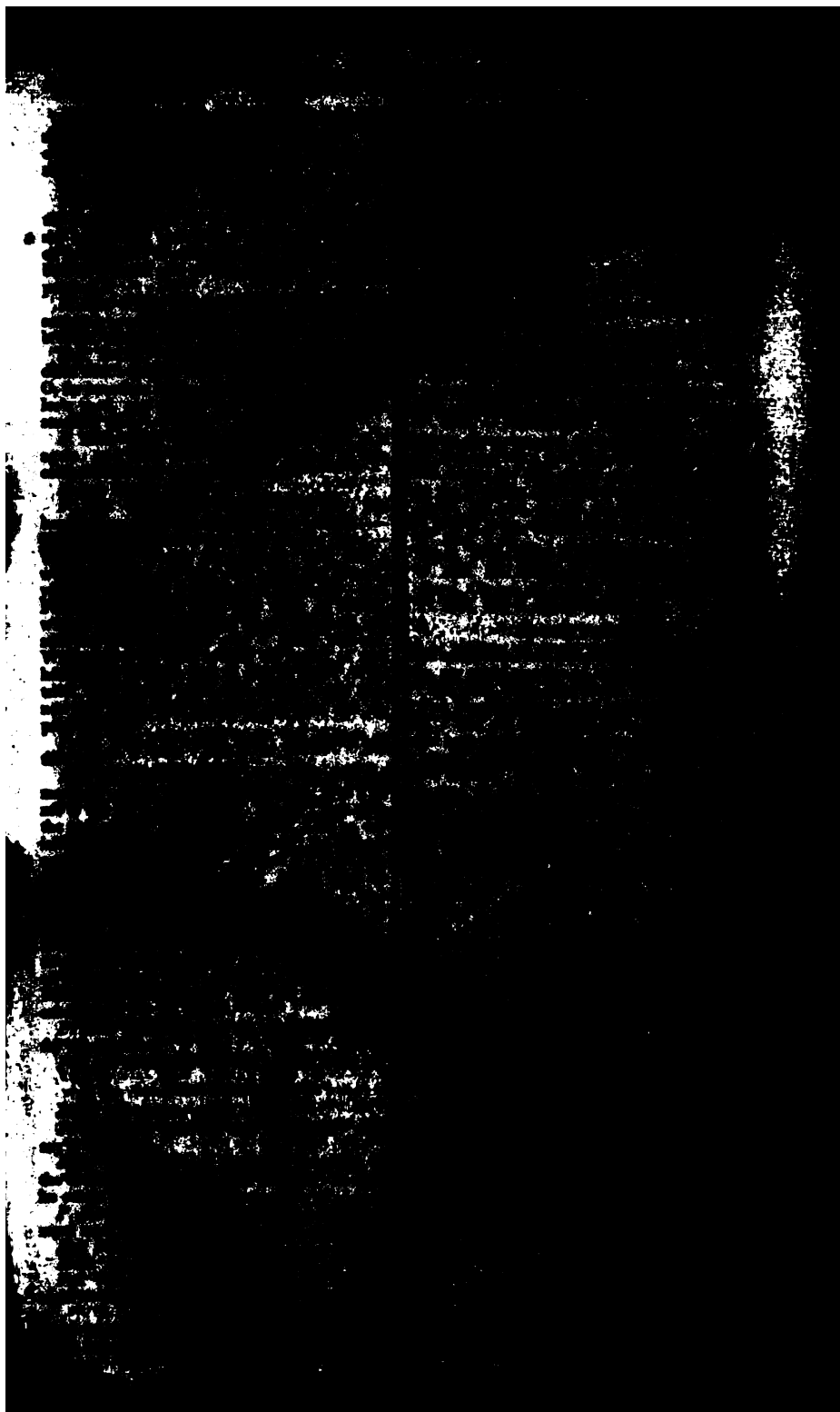


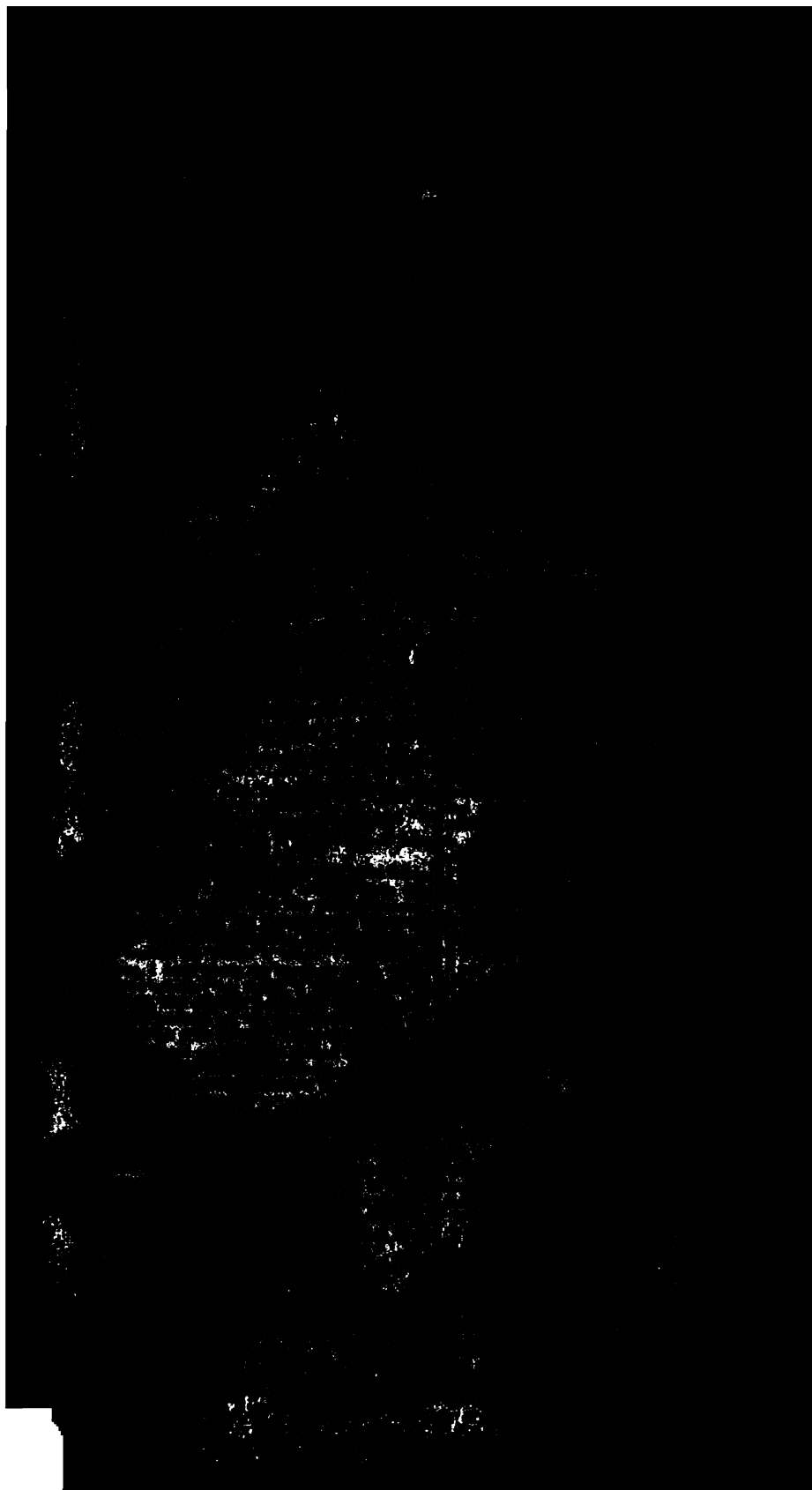


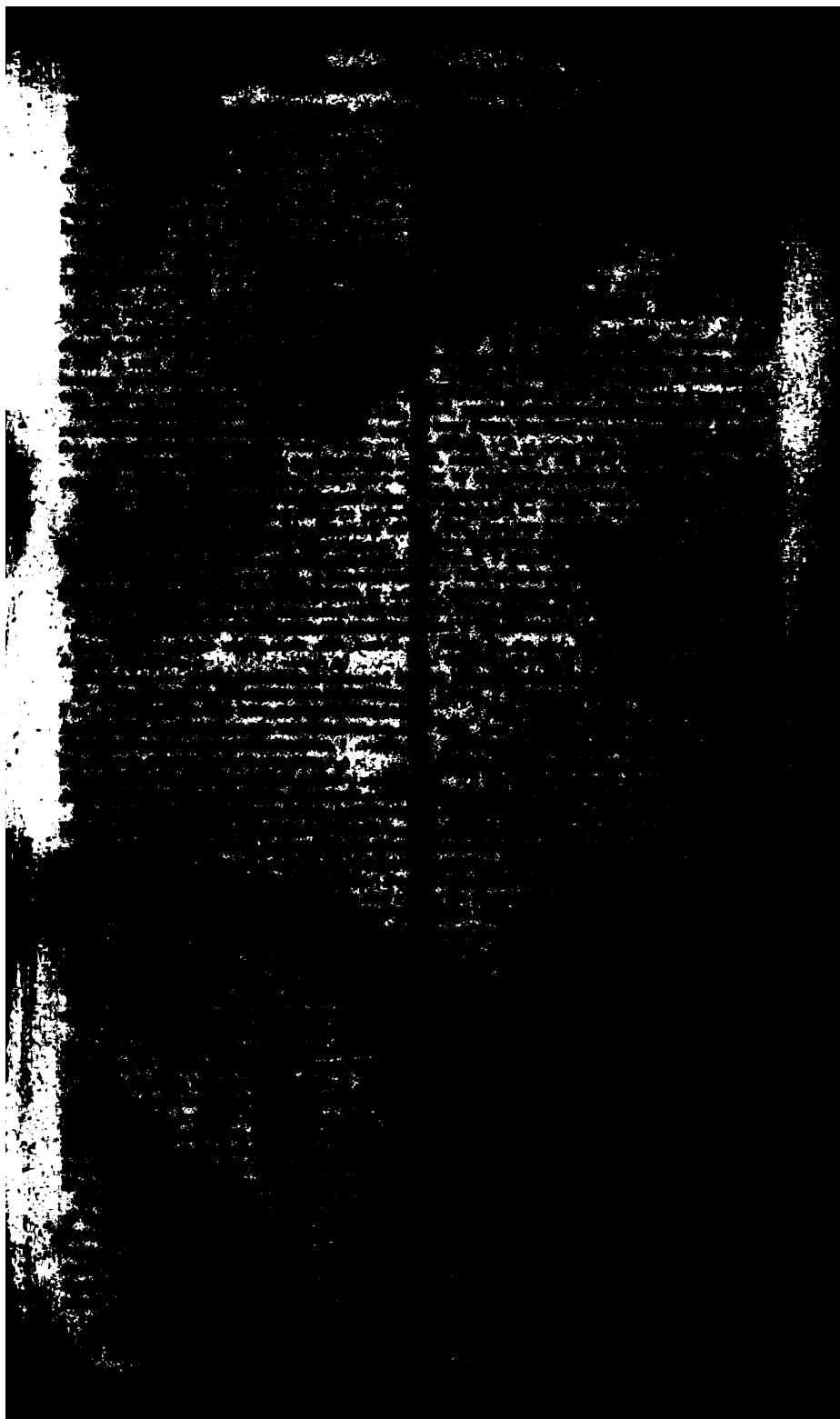


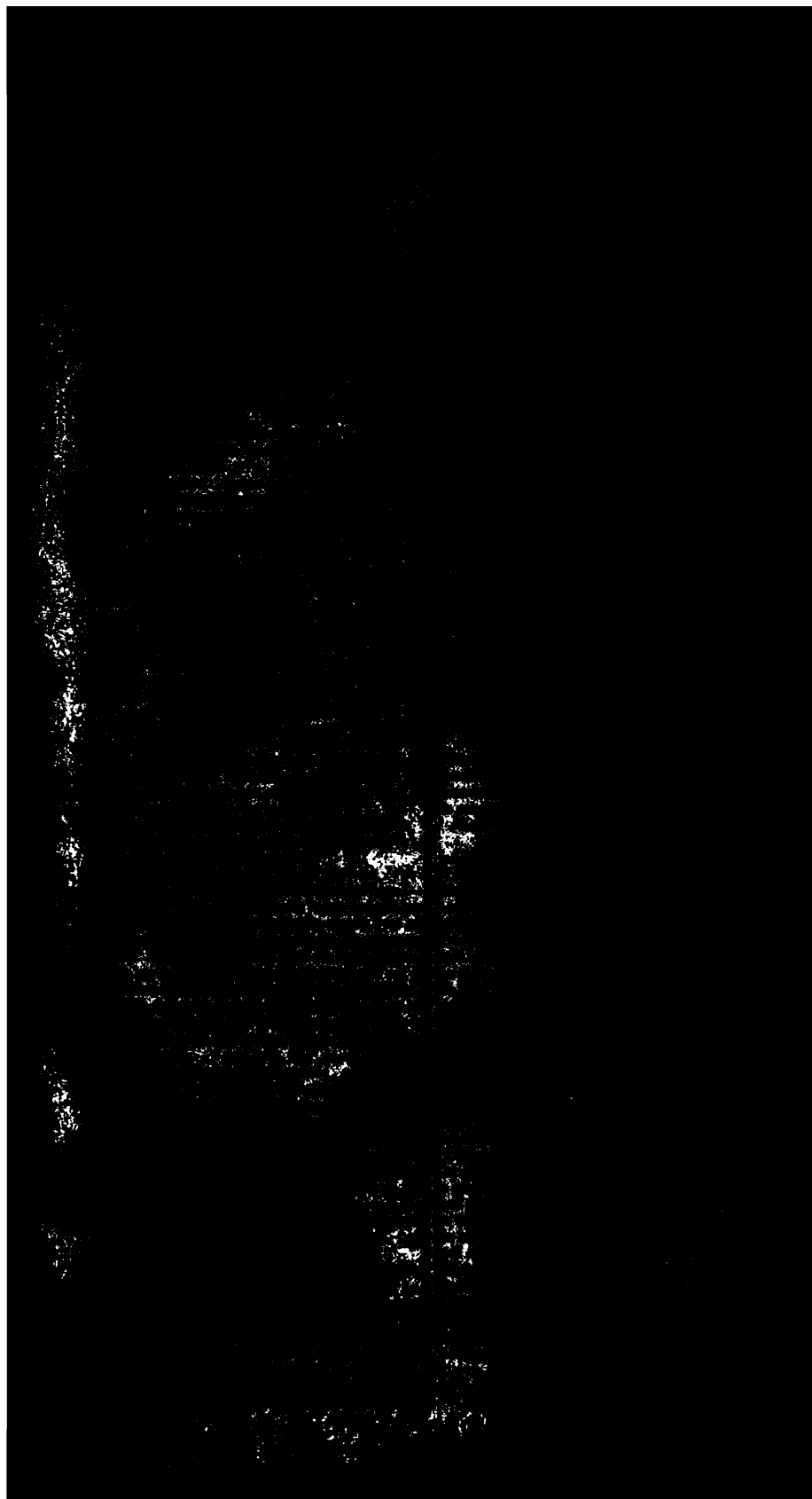


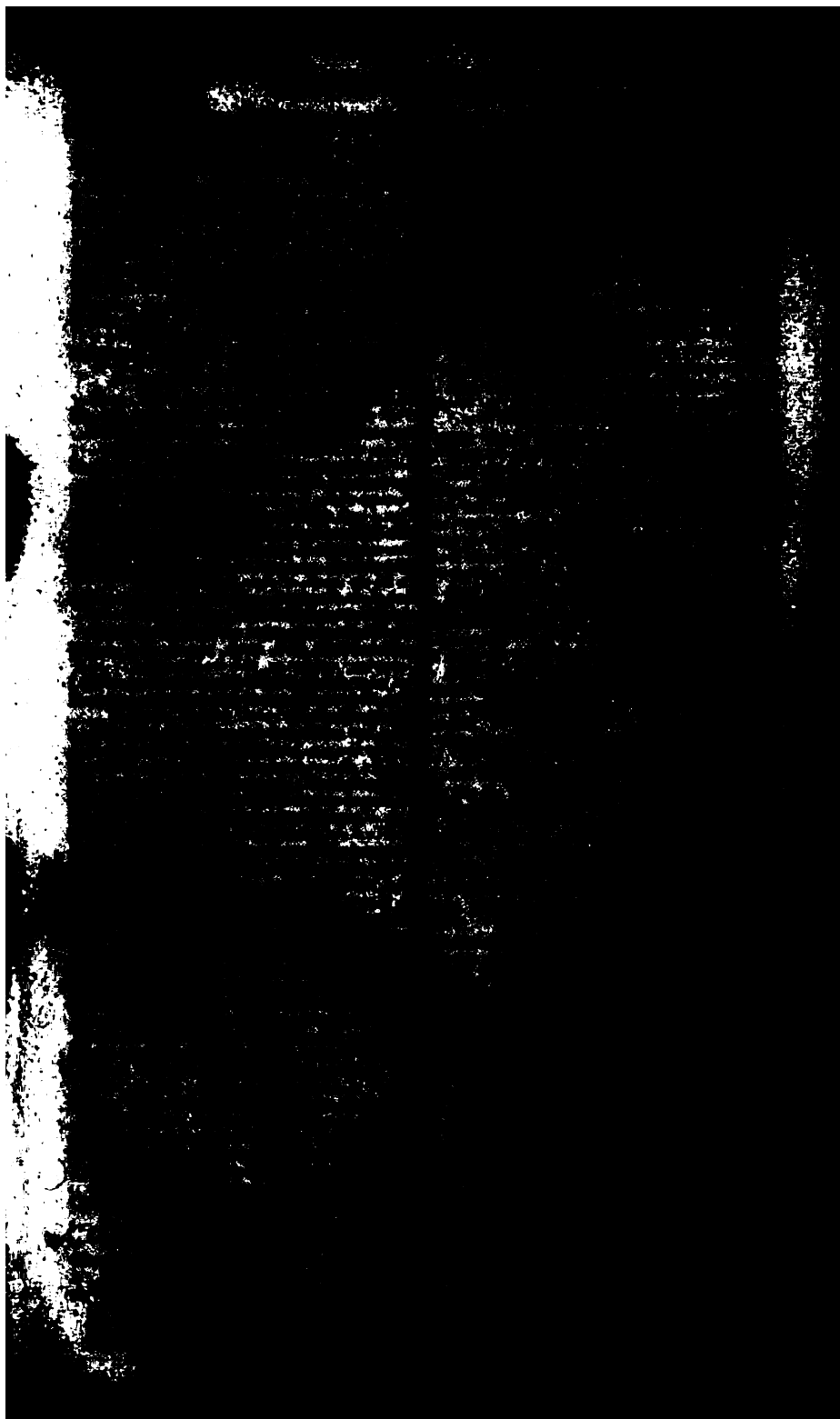










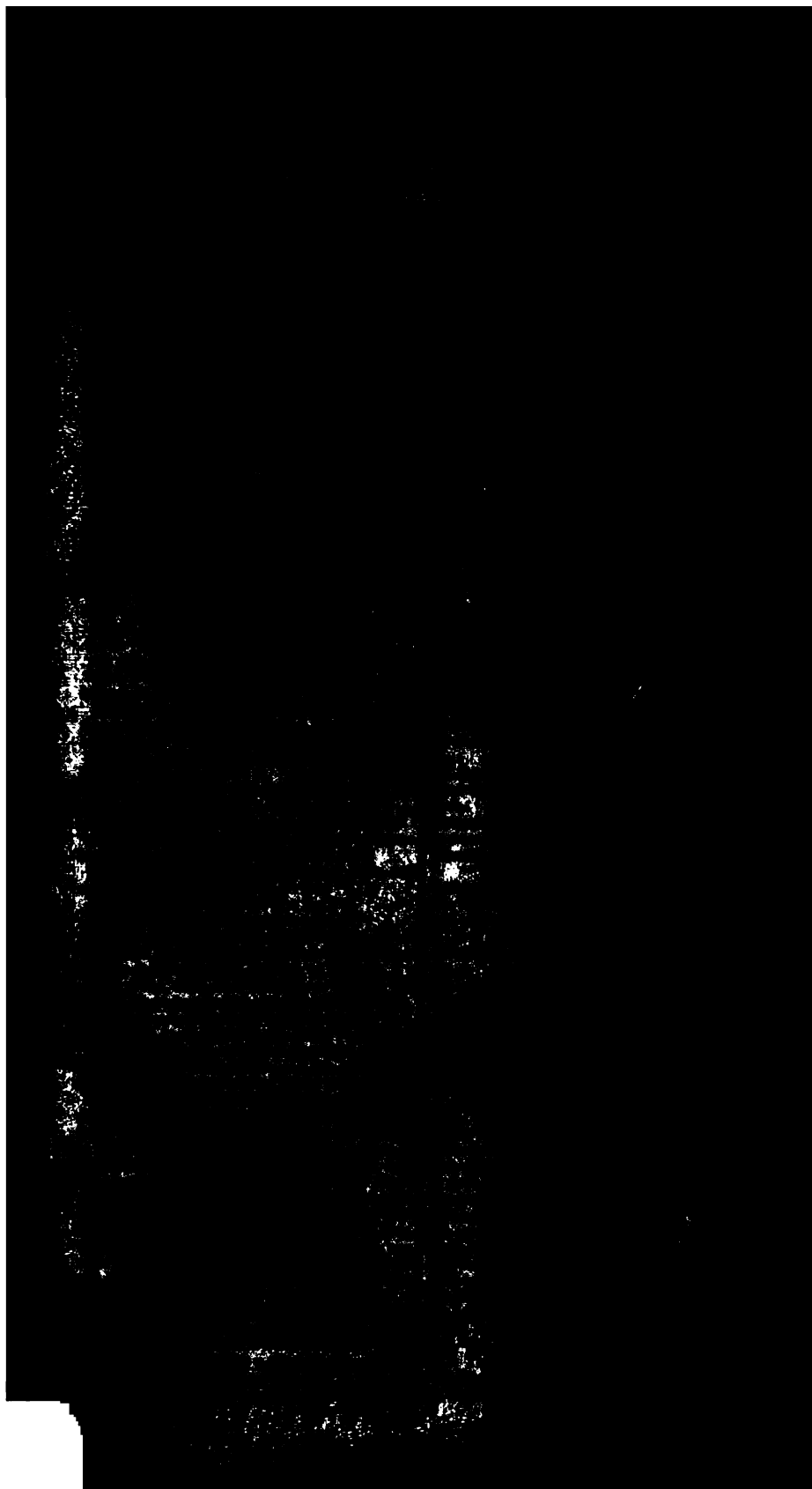


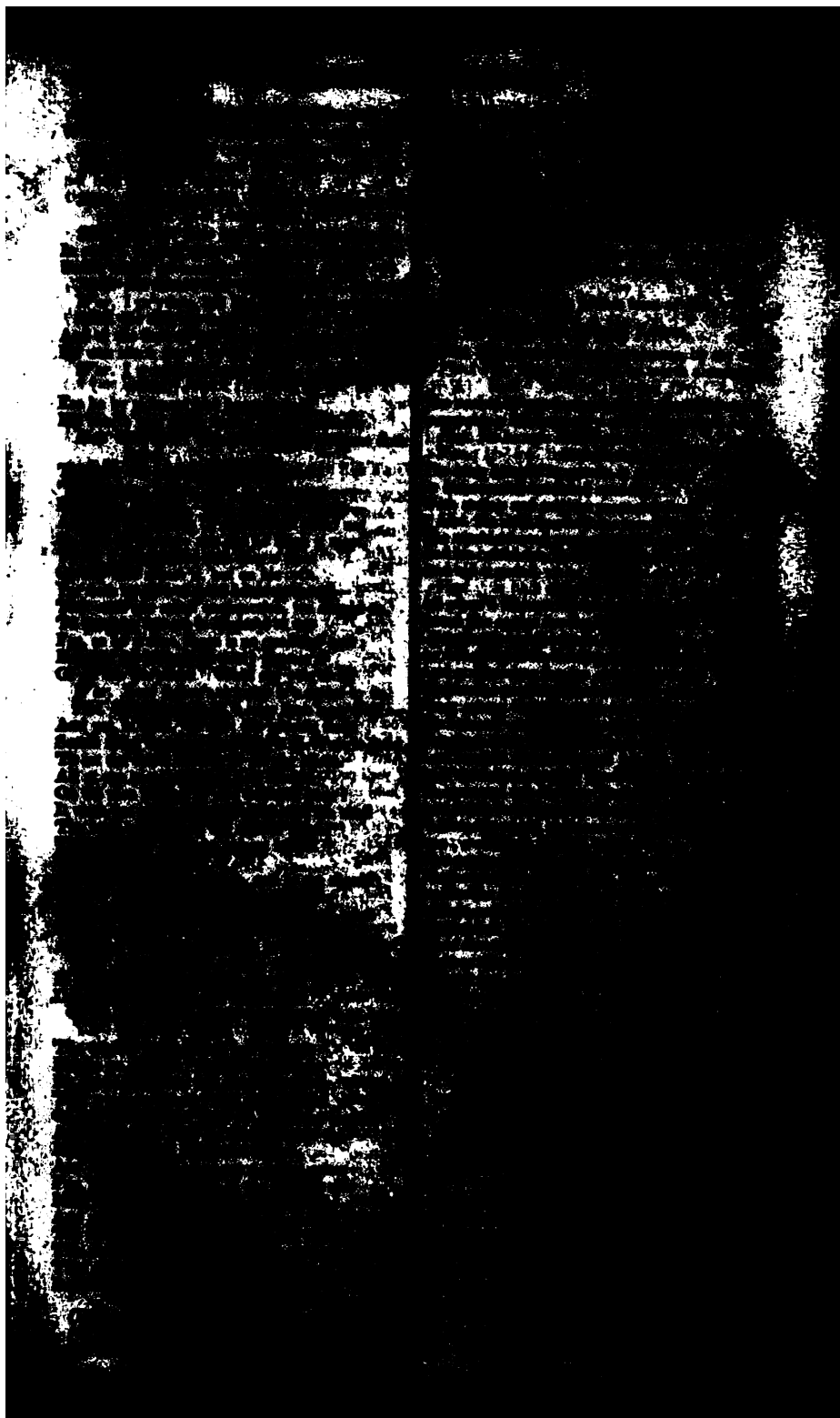
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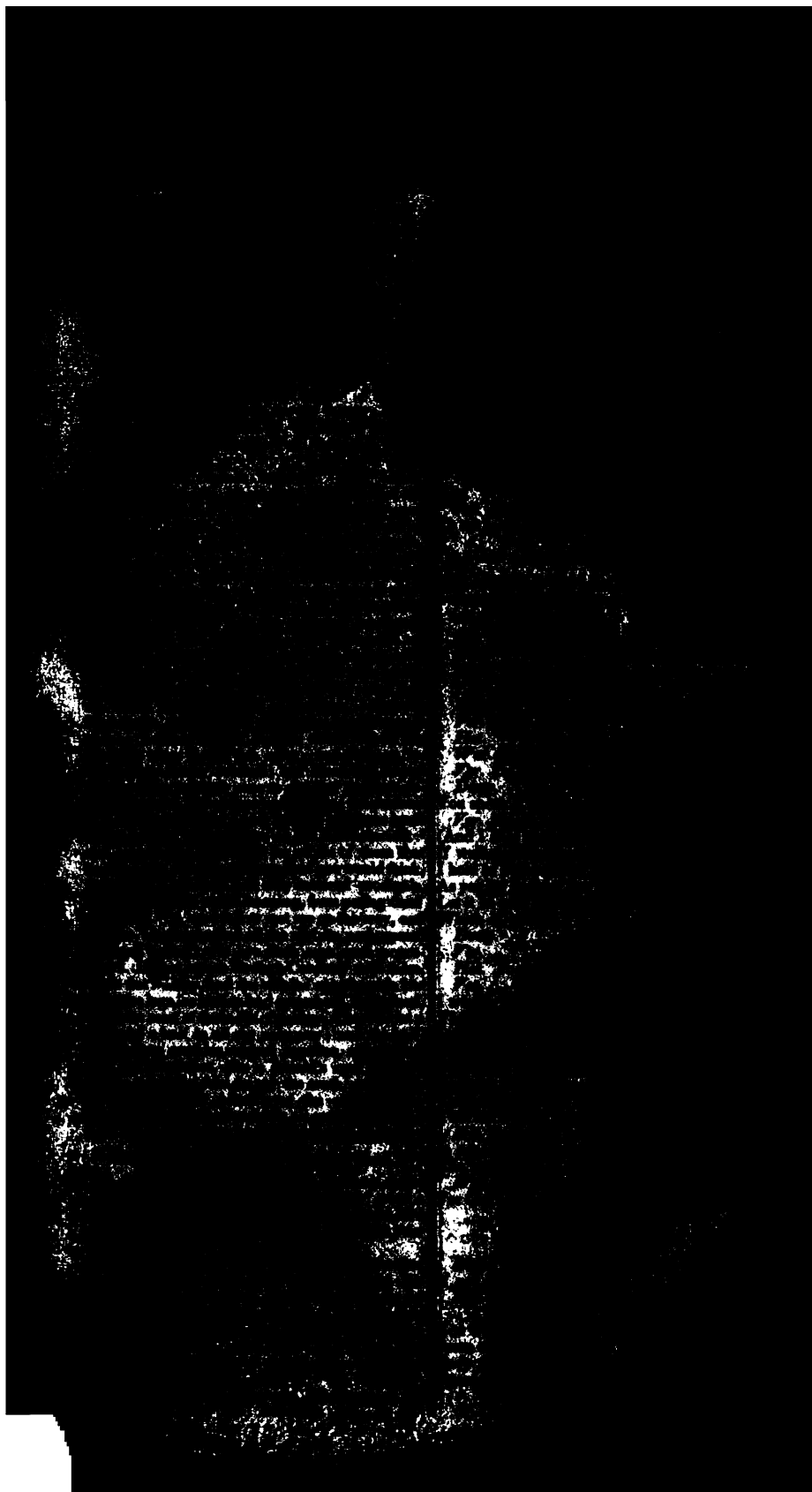
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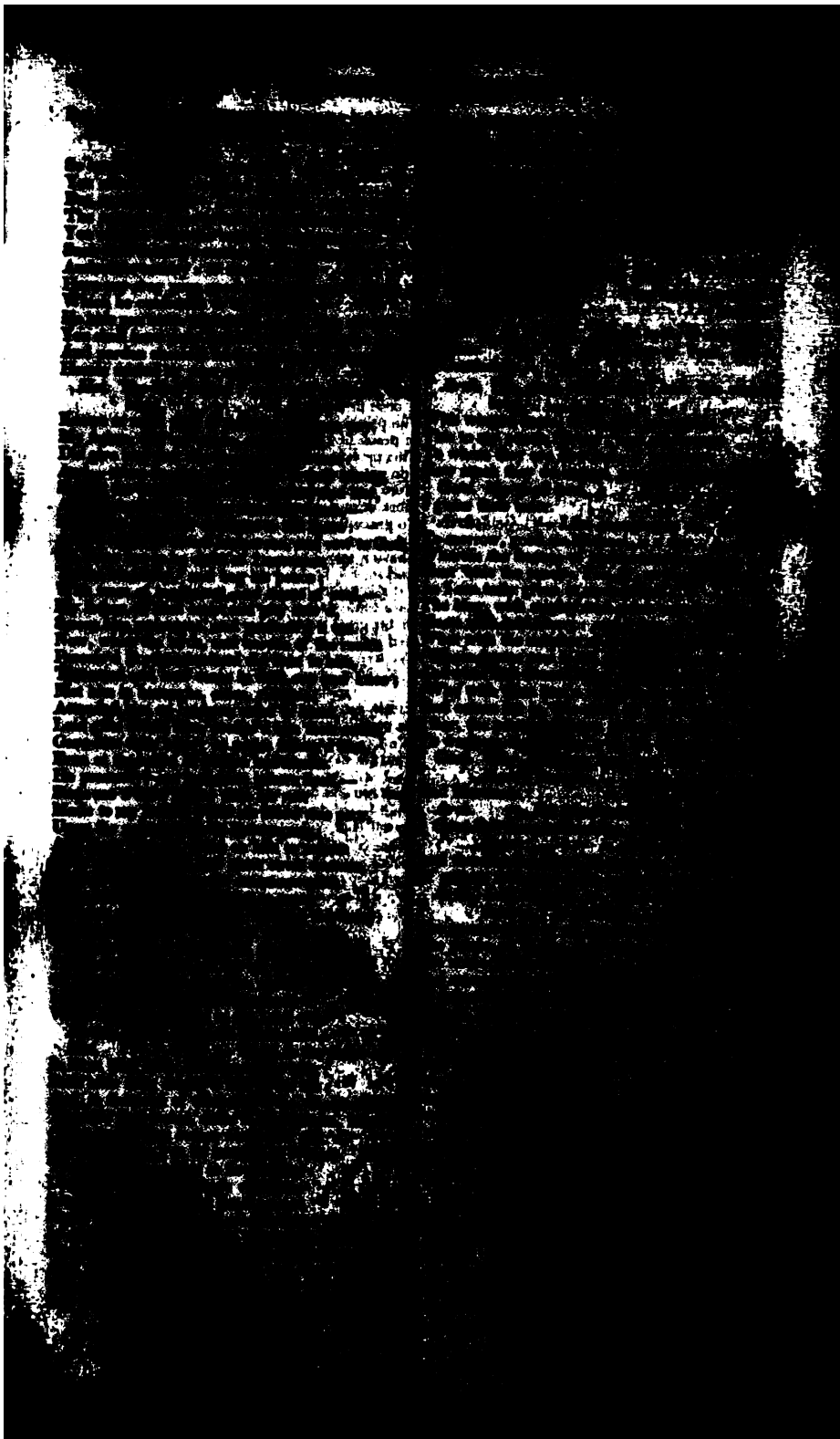
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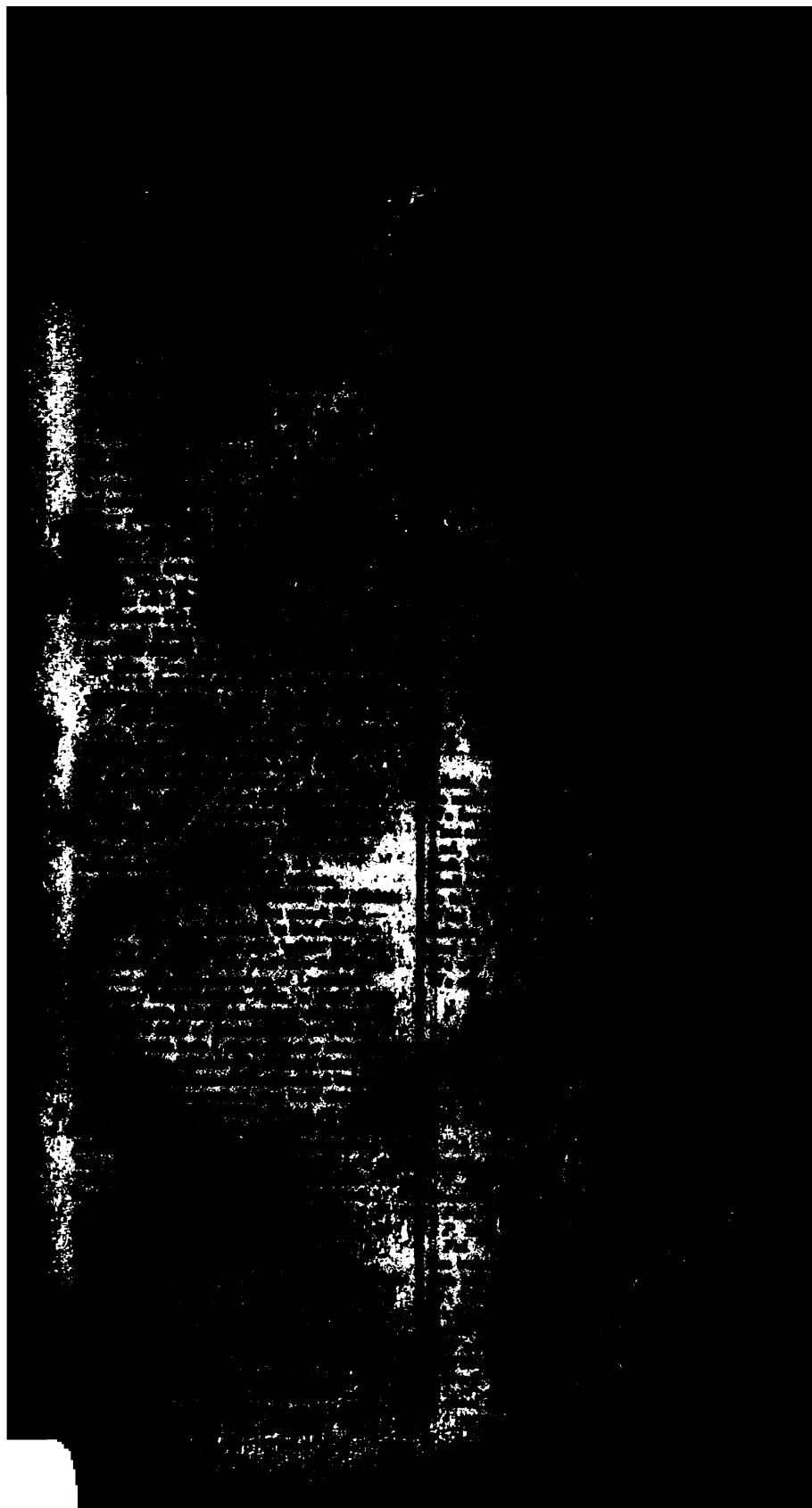


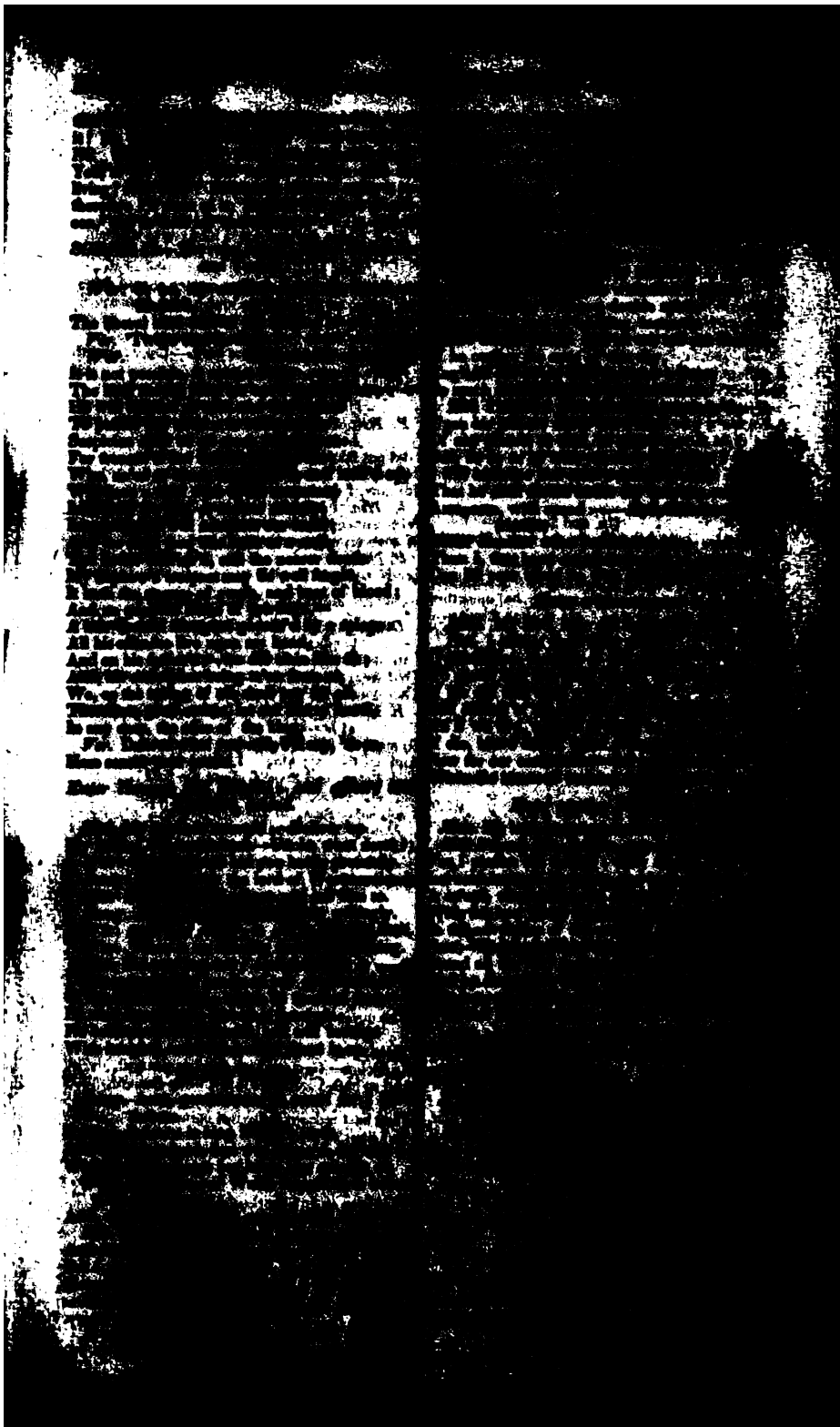


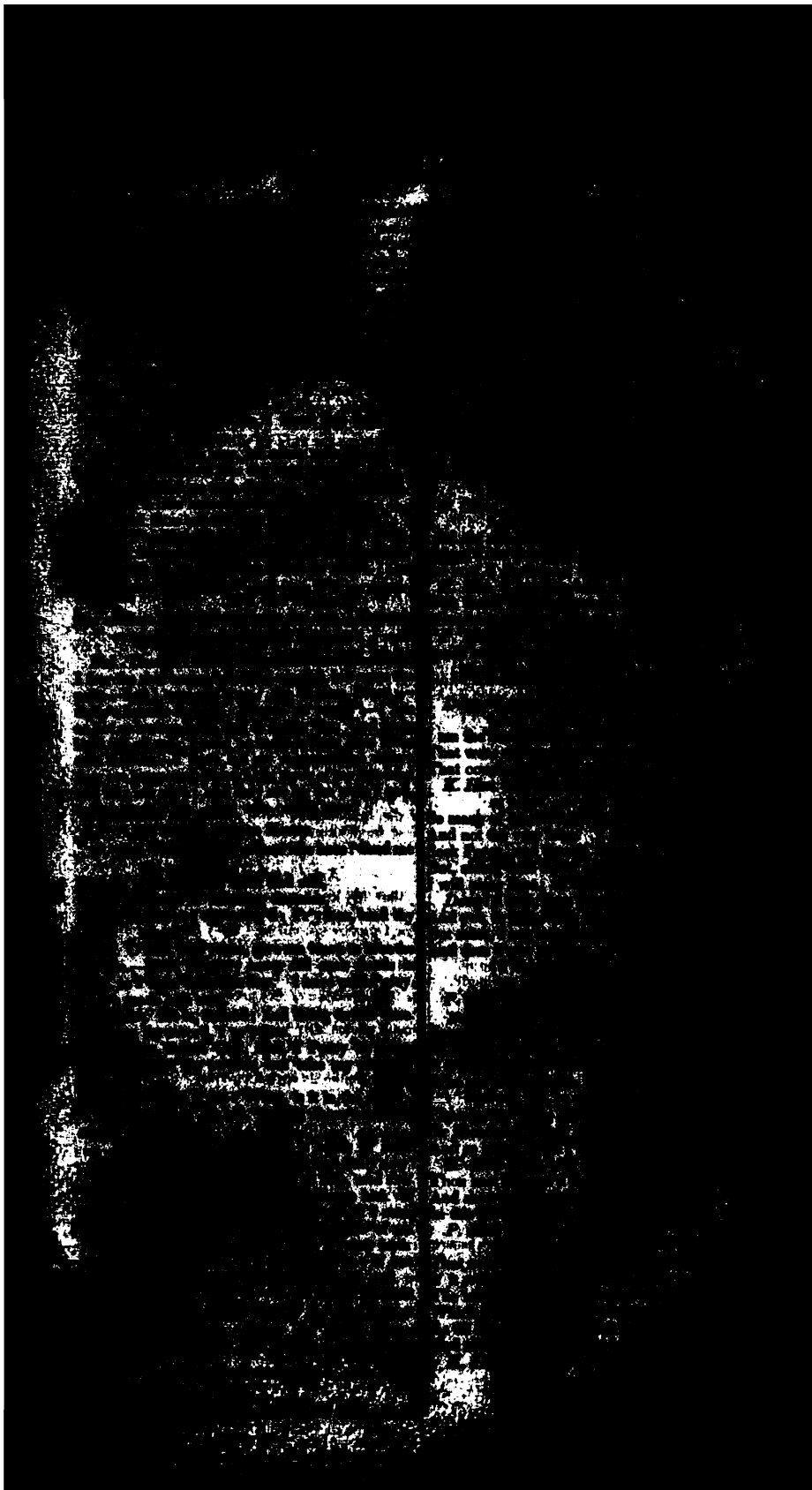


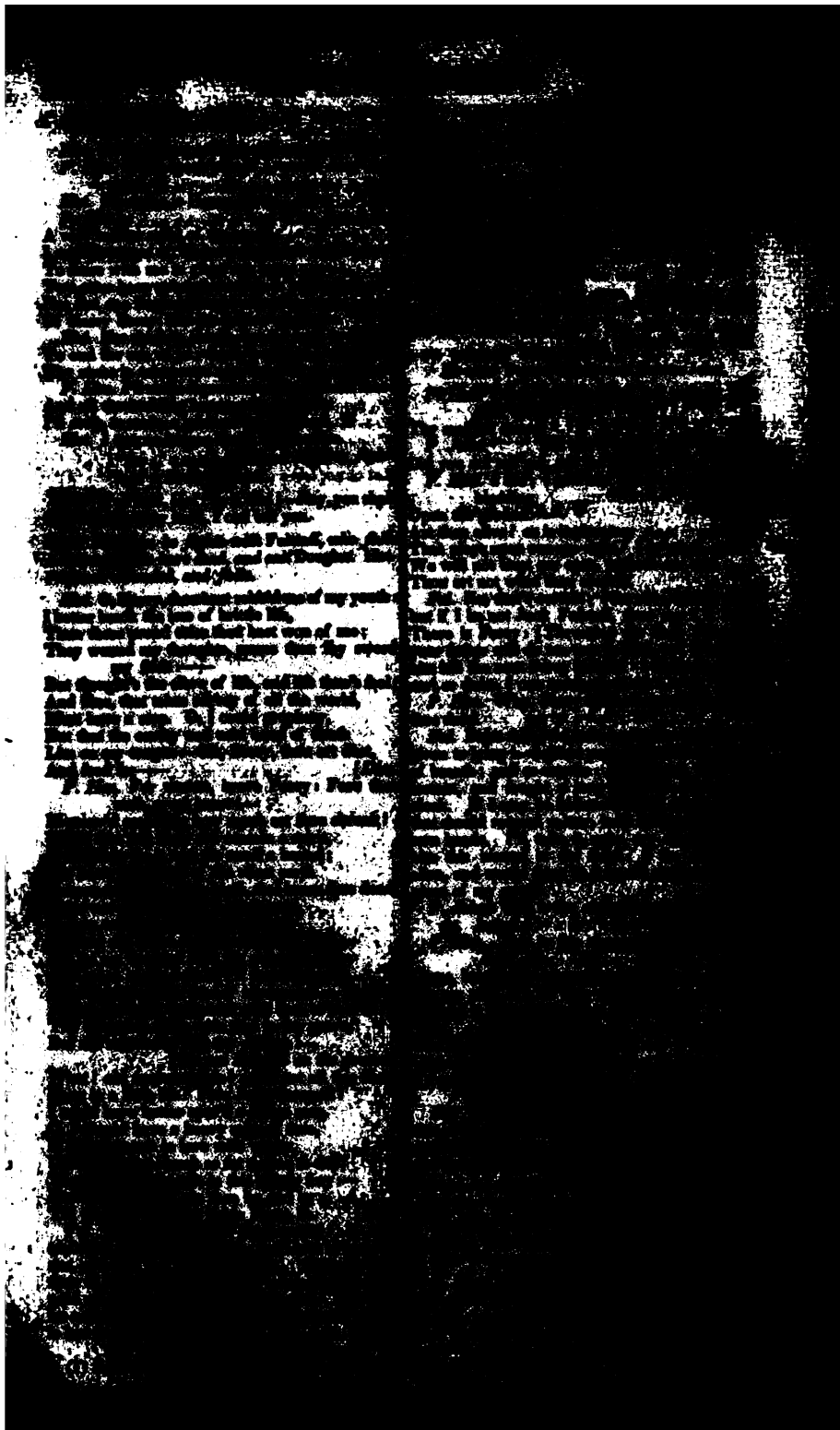


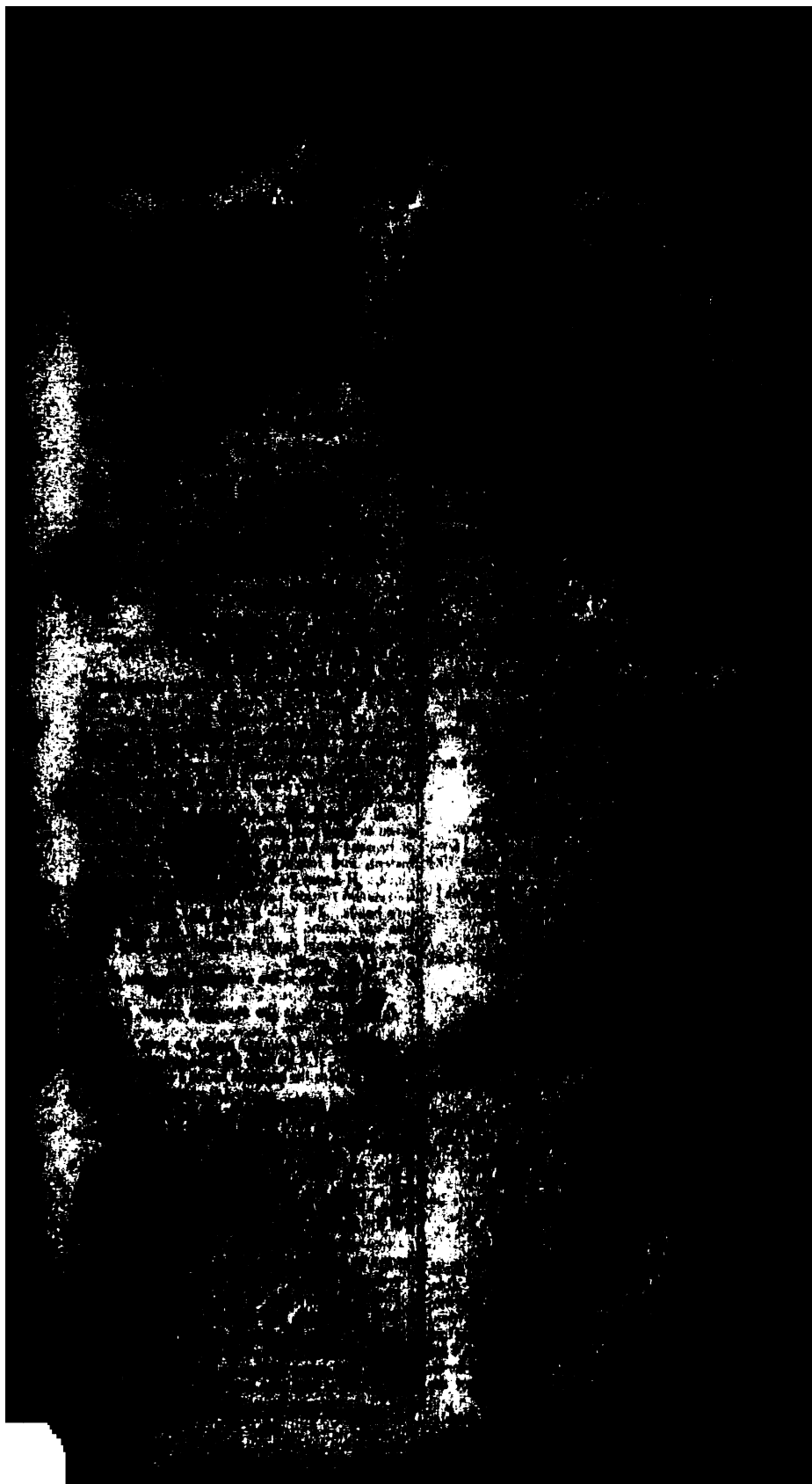




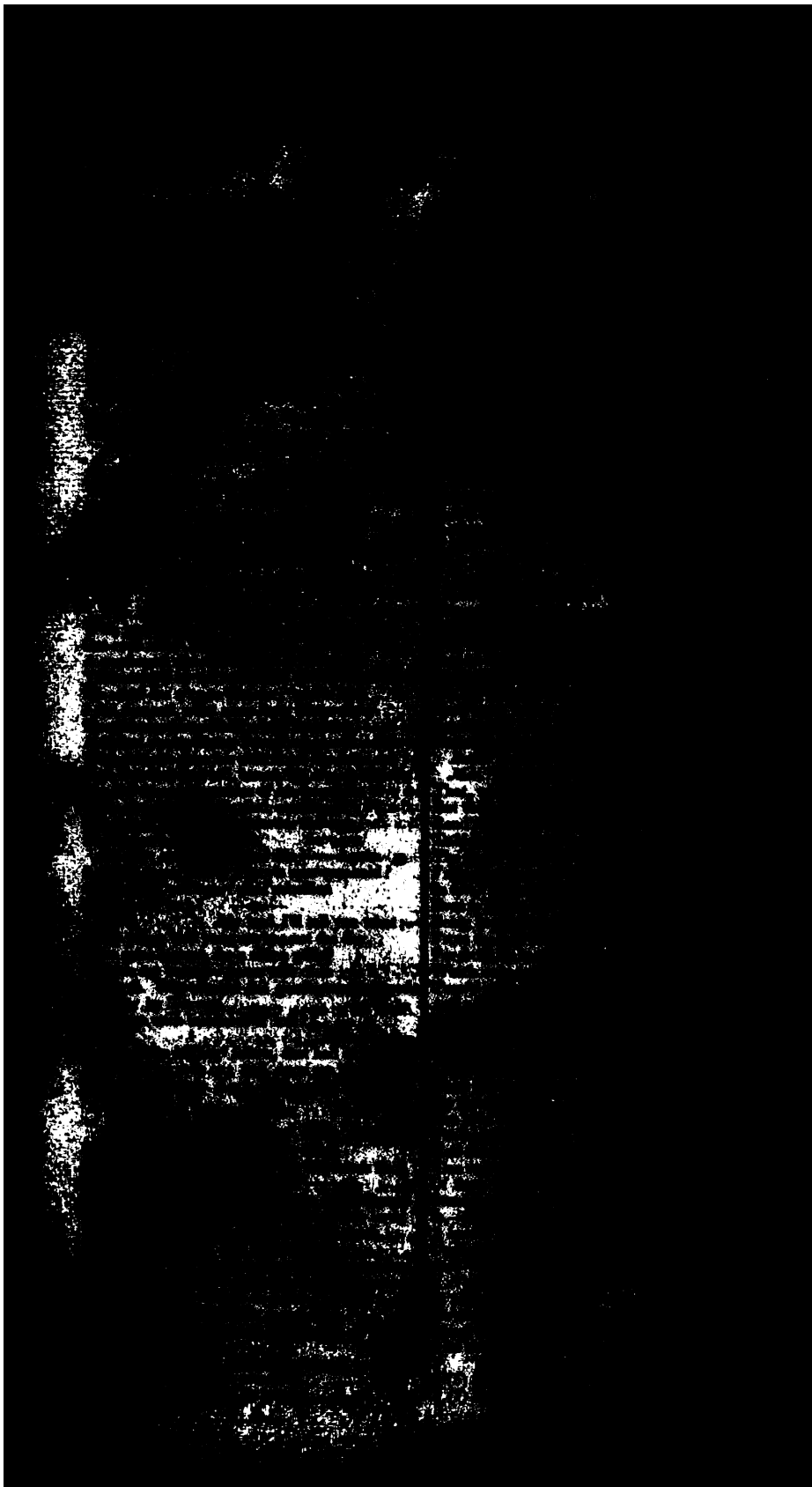




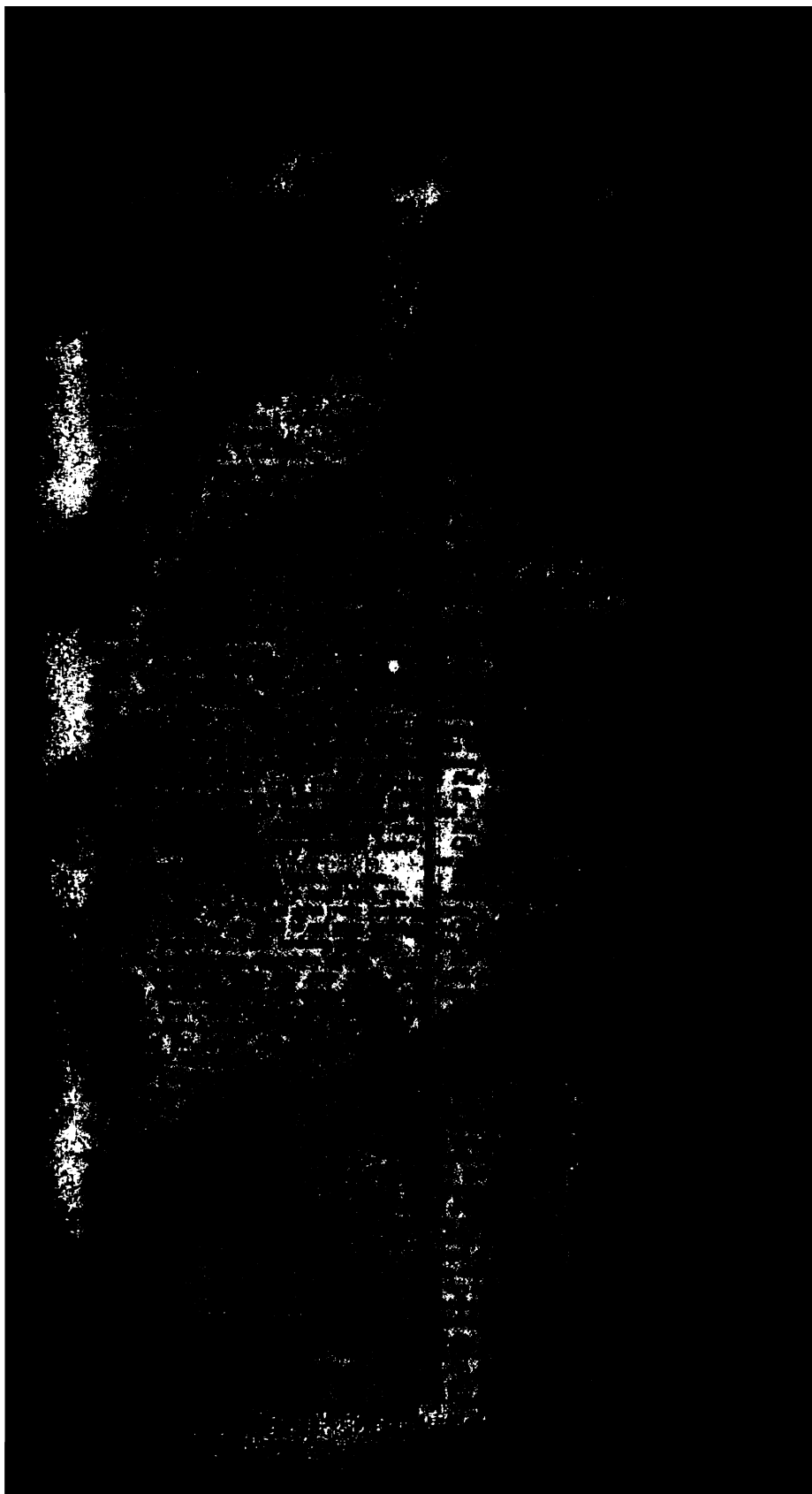




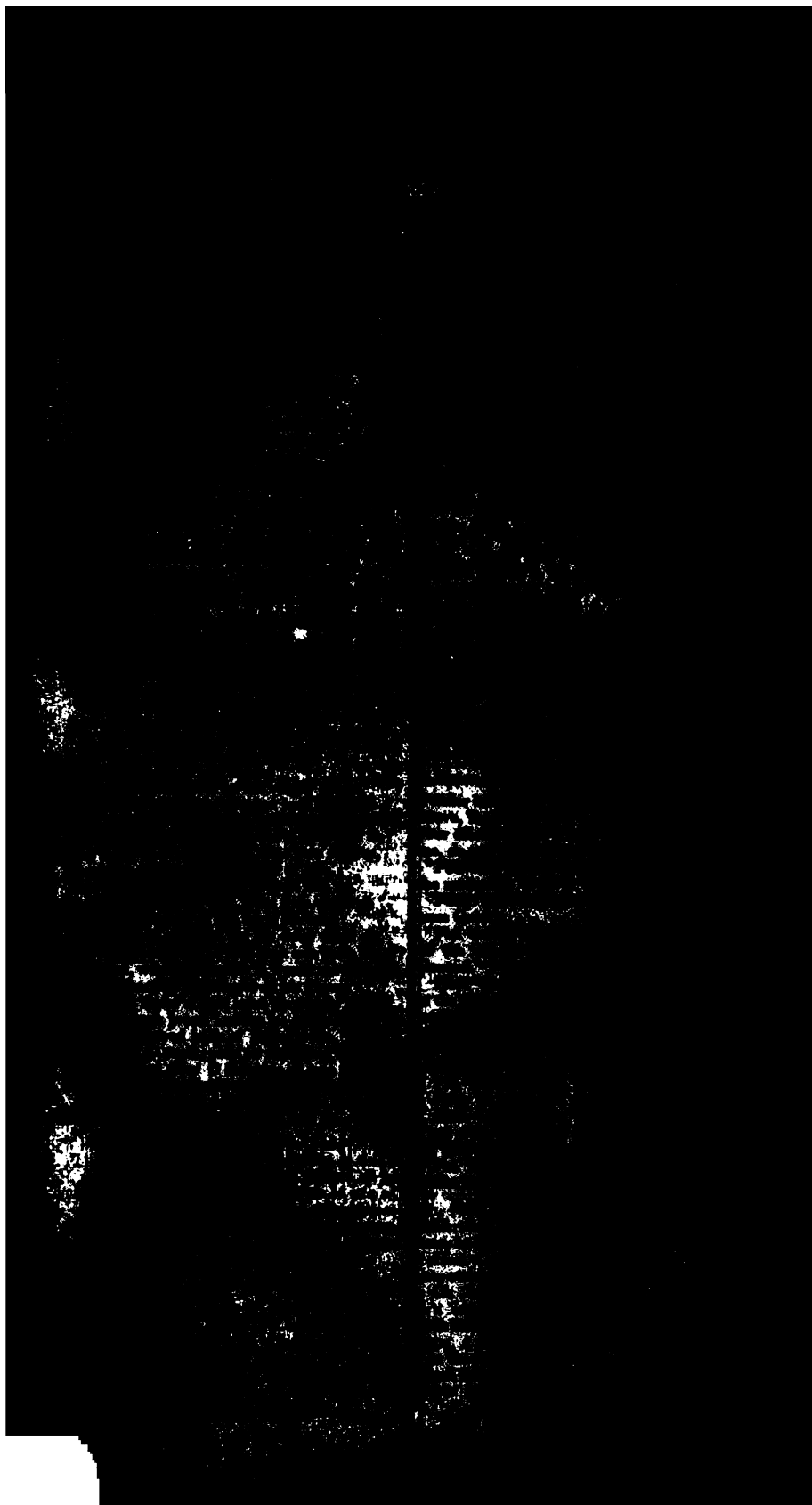


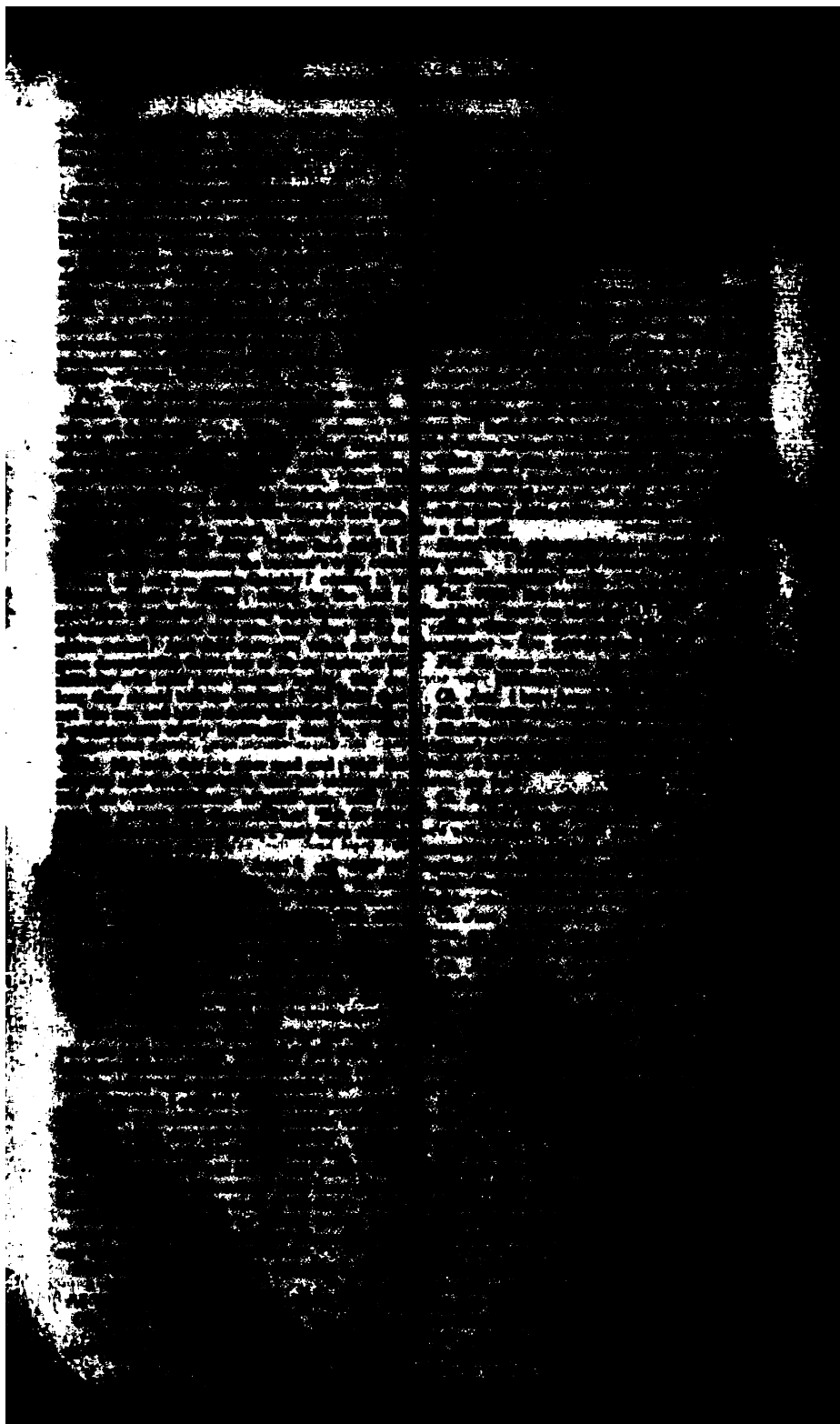


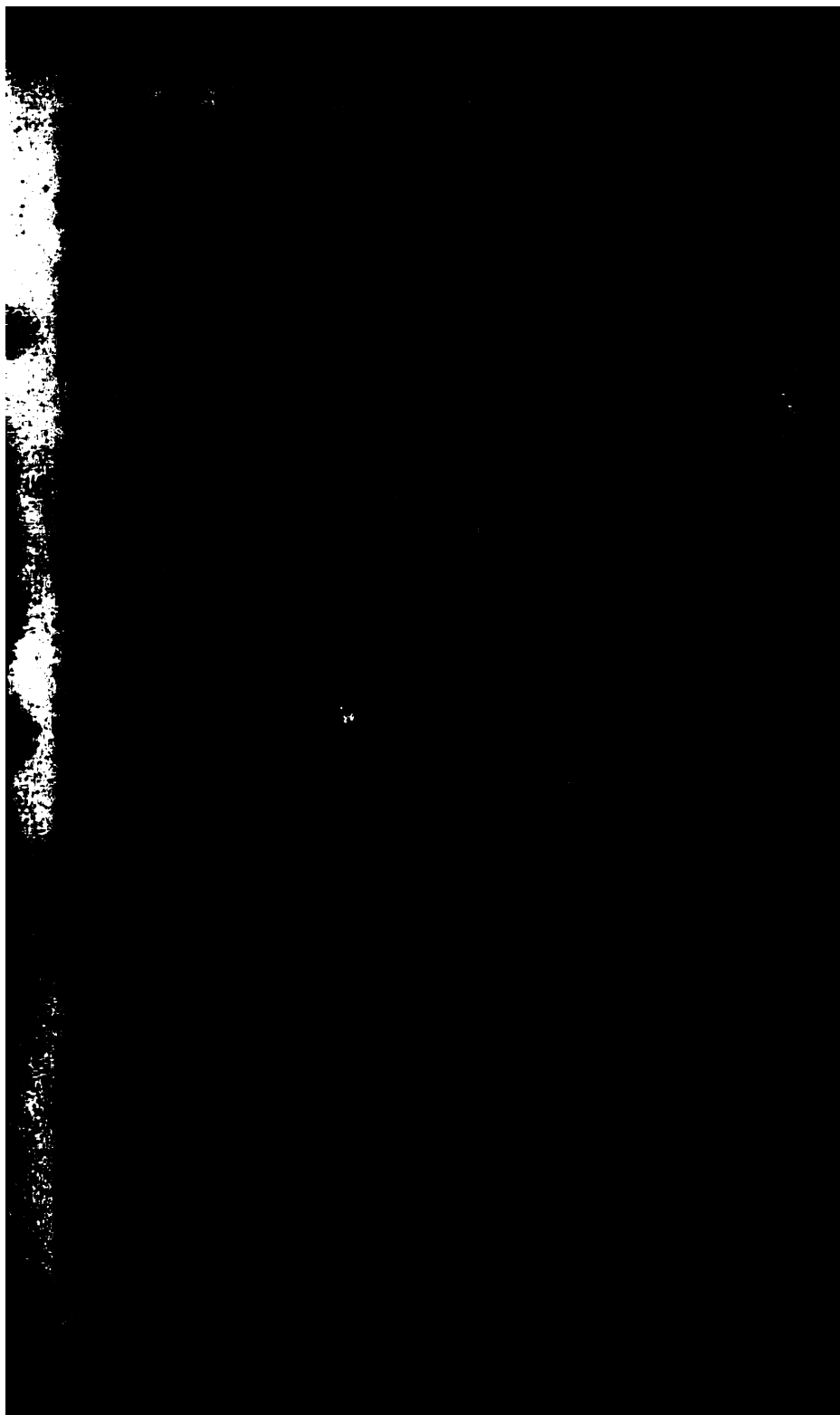


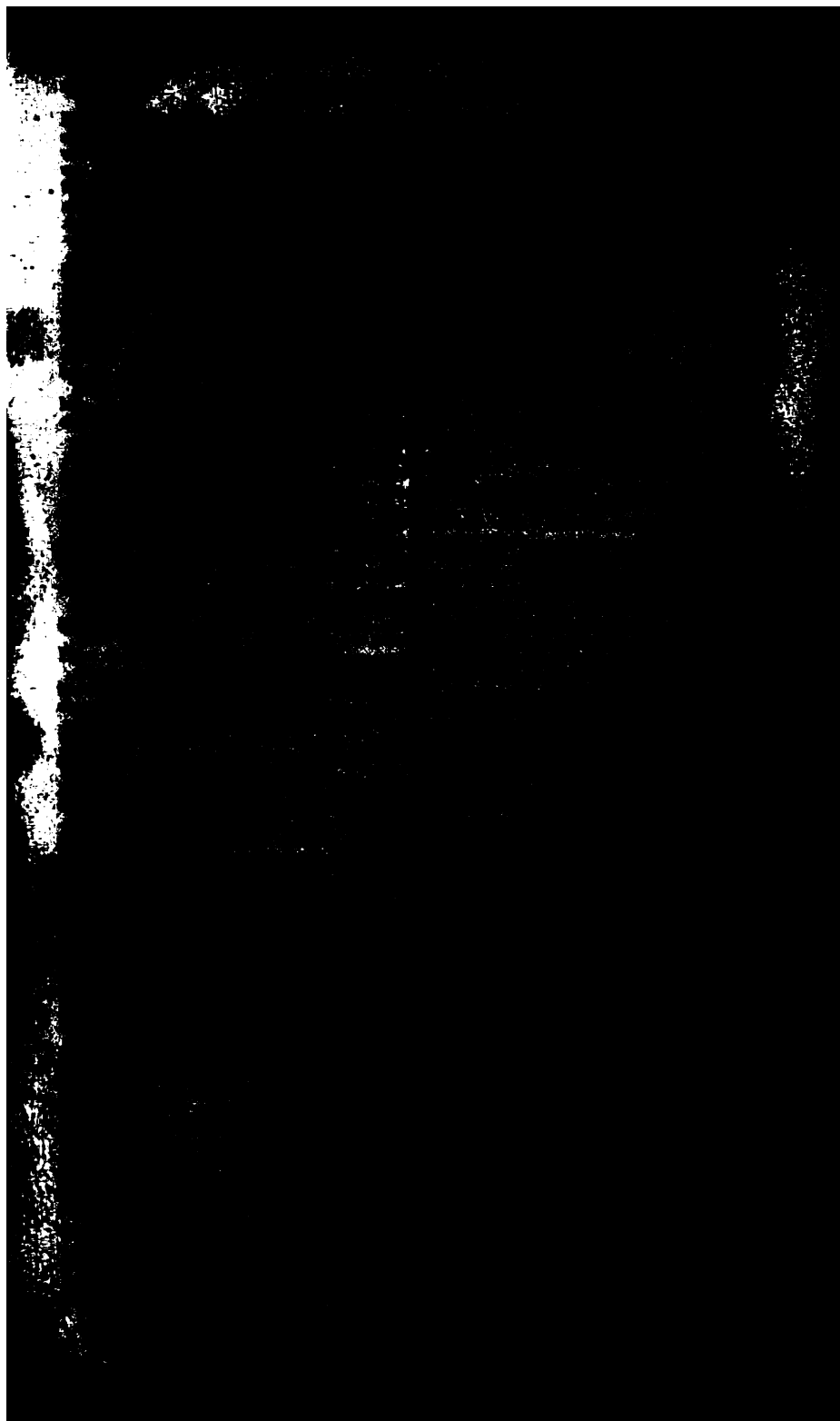












the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased in the United Kingdom (Meltzer 1996). The prevalence of schizophrenia in the United Kingdom is estimated to be 1.2% (Meltzer 1996).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with schizophrenia. The United Kingdom has a number of national strategies for mental health care, including the 1998 *Mental Health Act* (MHA) and the 1999 *Mental Health Strategy* (MHS). The MHA and MHS are both aimed at improving the lives of people with mental health problems, and the MHS is specifically aimed at improving the lives of people with schizophrenia.

The MHS is a national strategy for mental health care, and it sets out the government's policy for the care of people with mental health problems. The MHS is a key document in the development of mental health care in the United Kingdom, and it is a key document for the development of mental health care in the United Kingdom. The MHS is a key document in the development of mental health care in the United Kingdom, and it is a key document for the development of mental health care in the United Kingdom.

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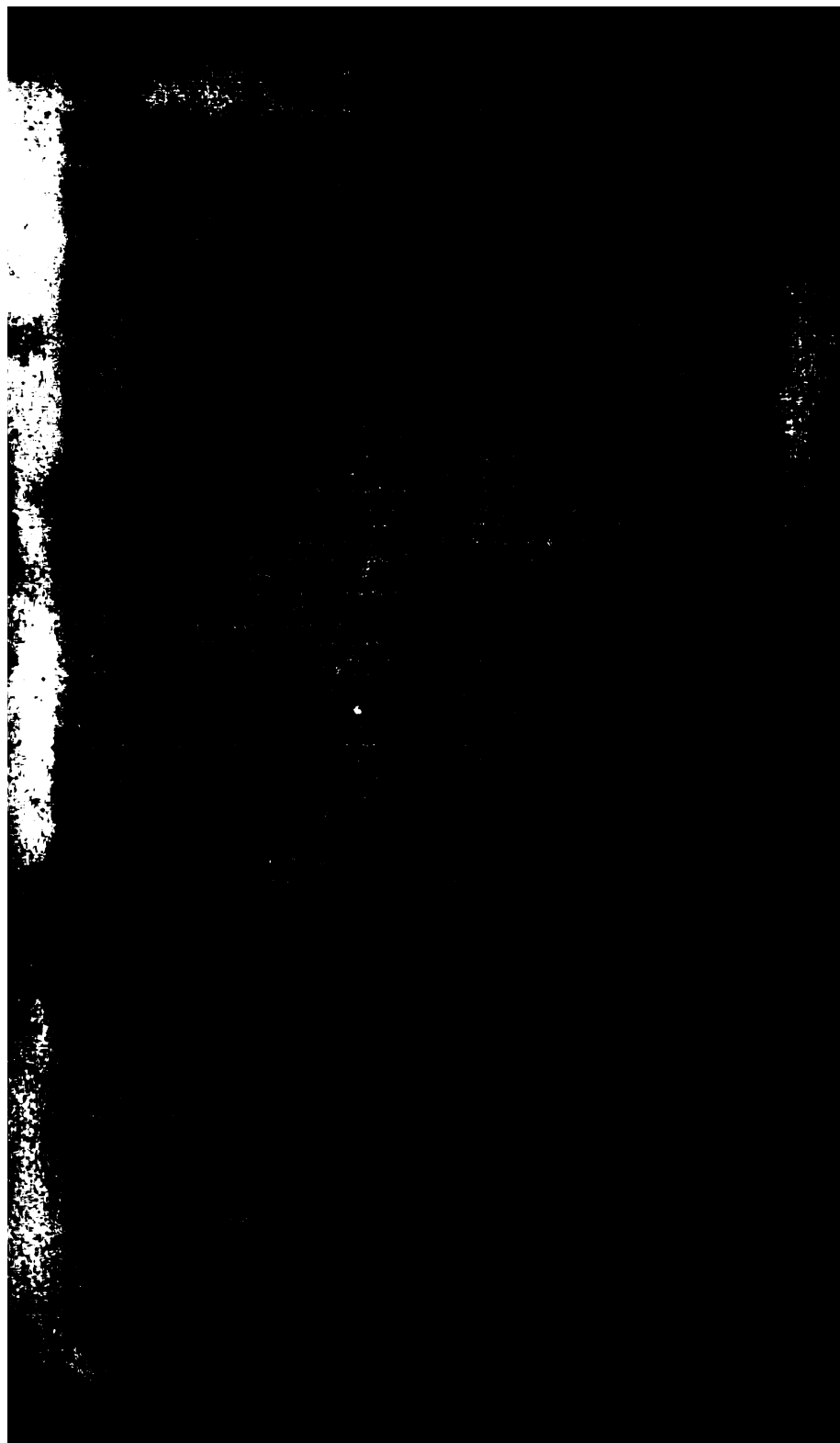
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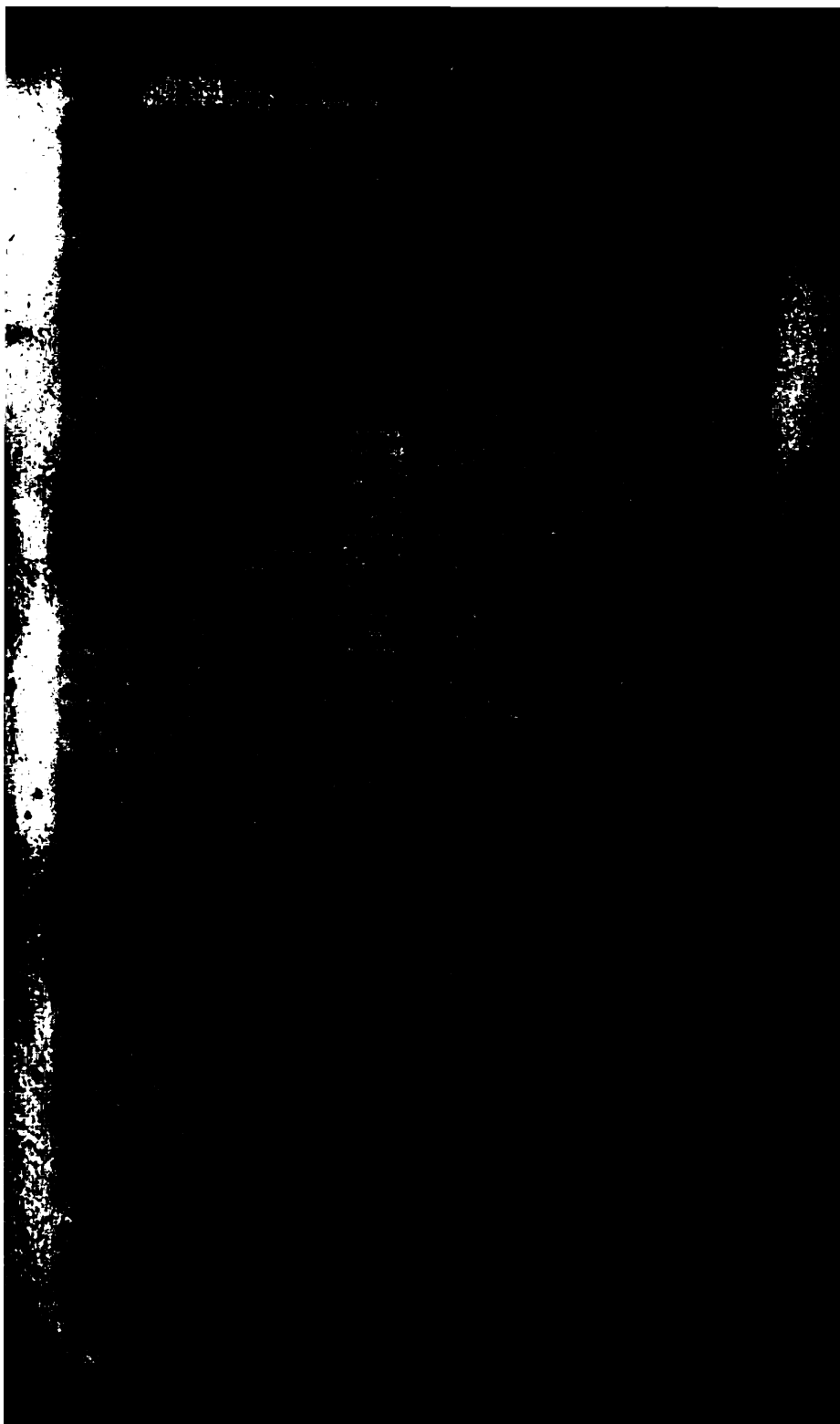
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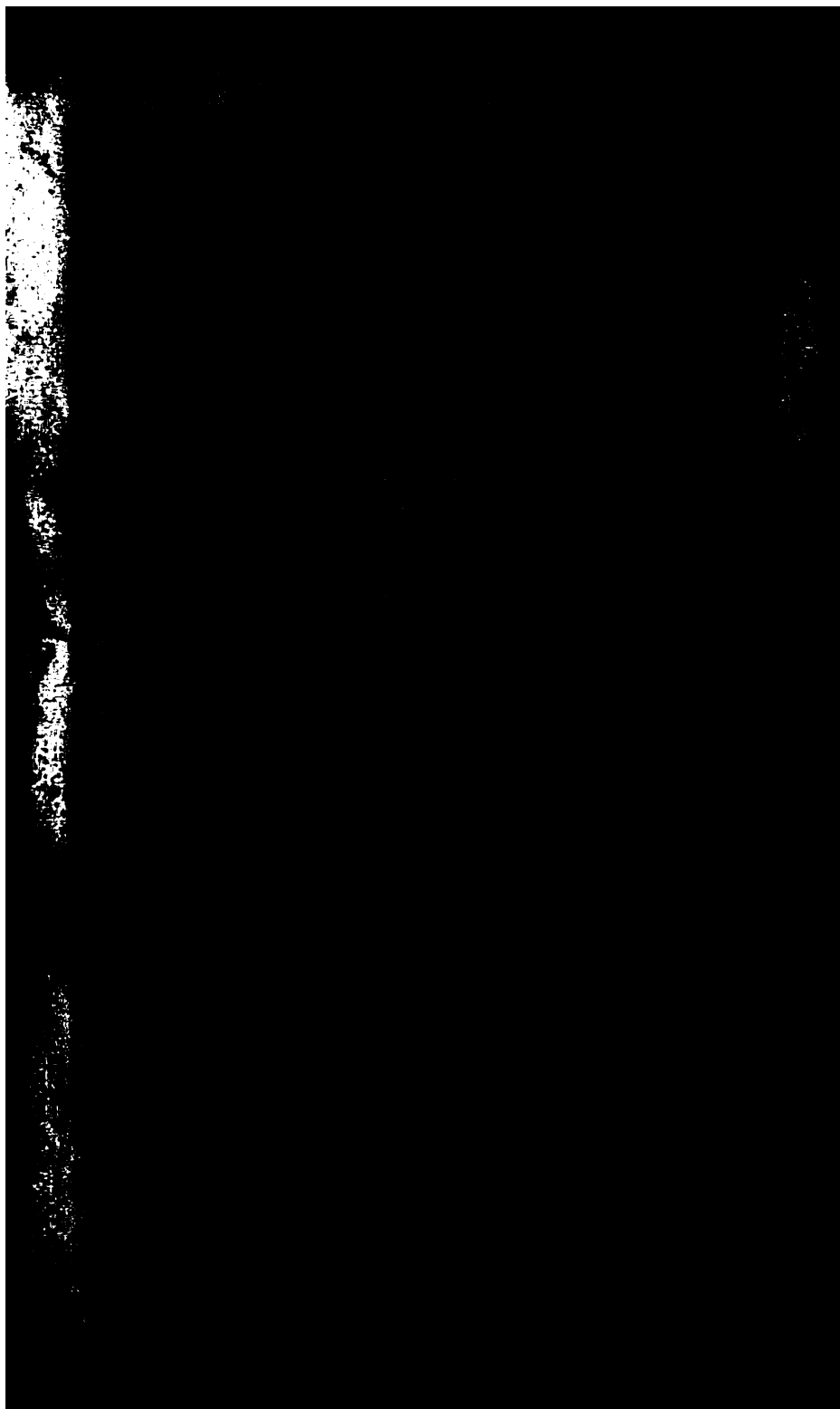
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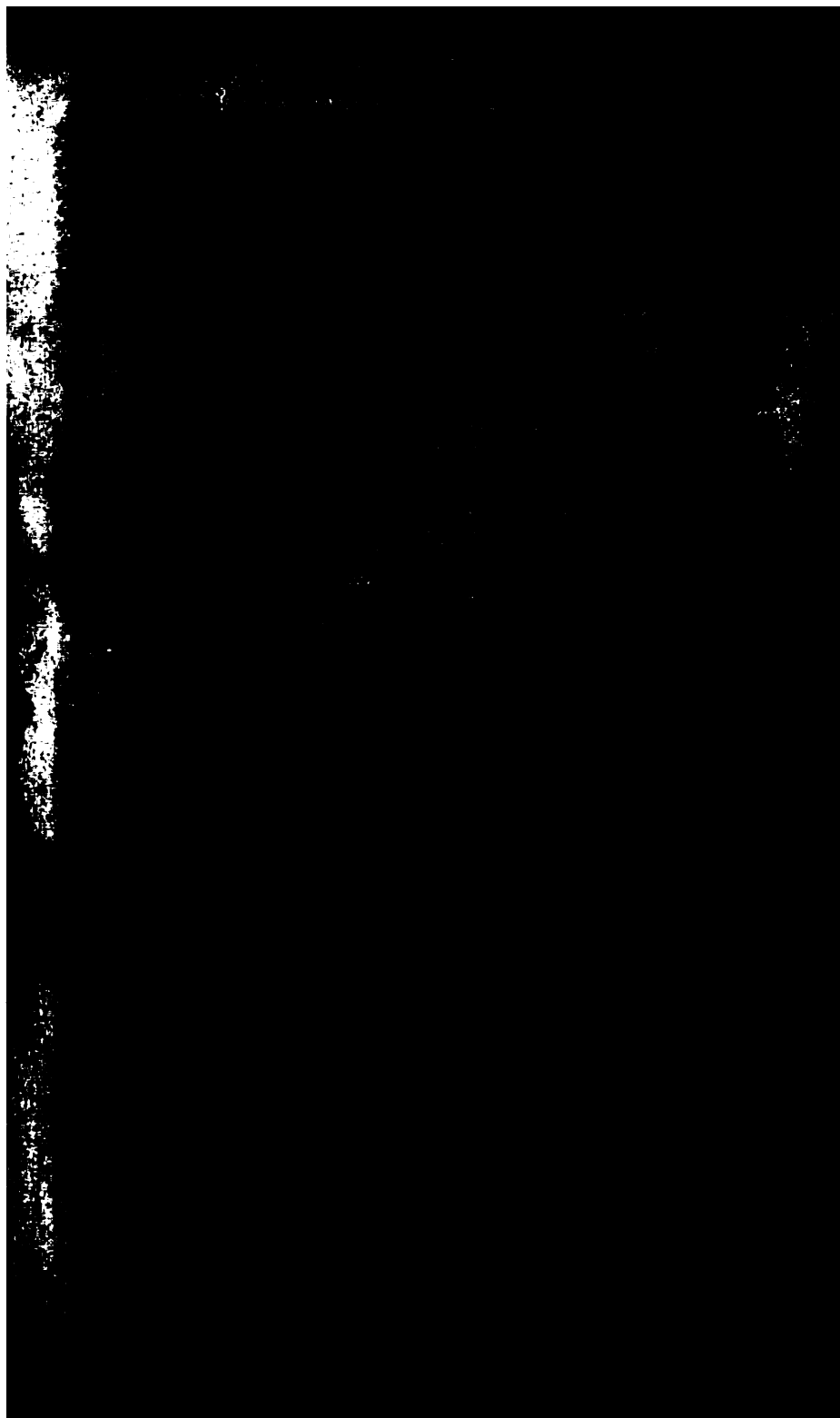


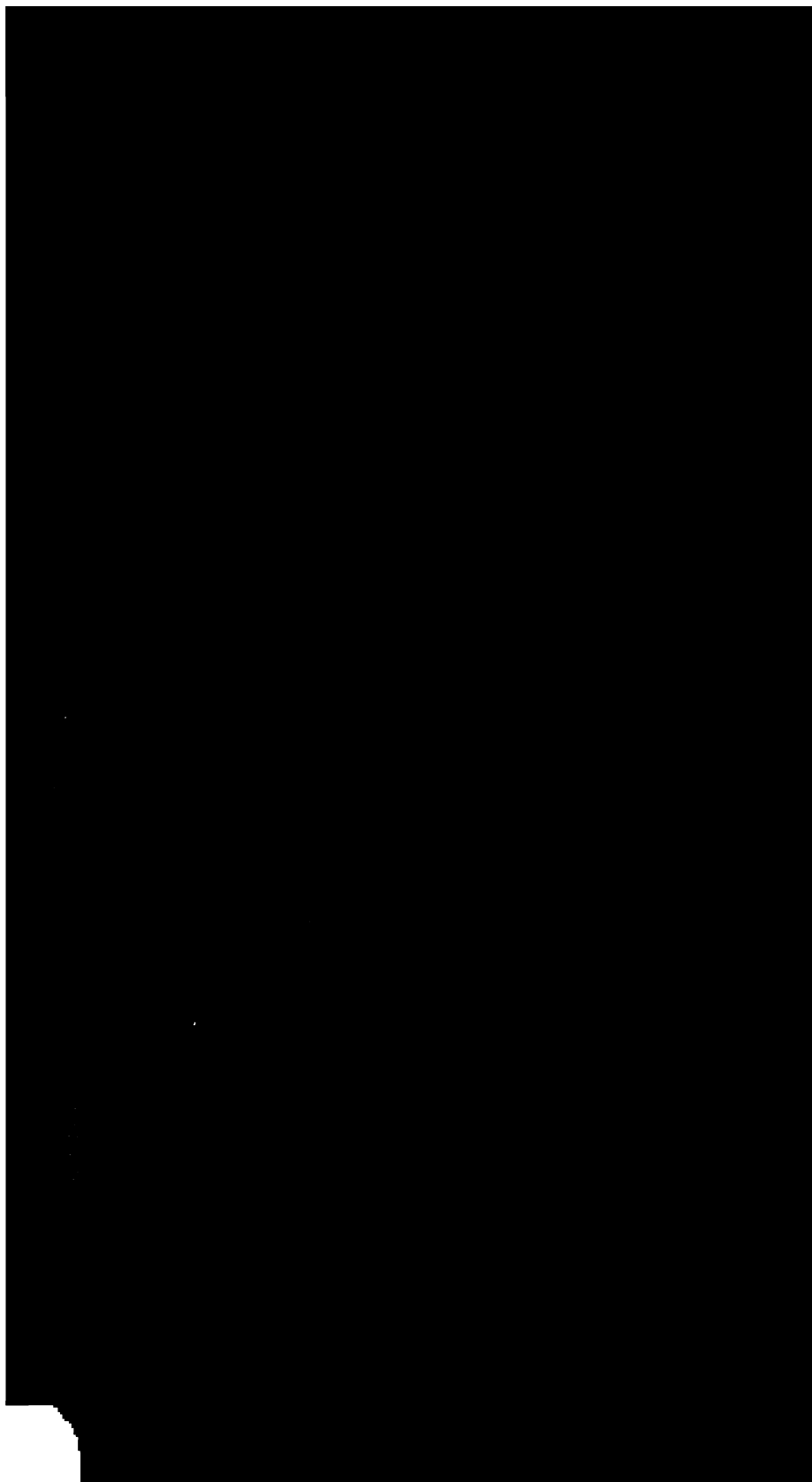


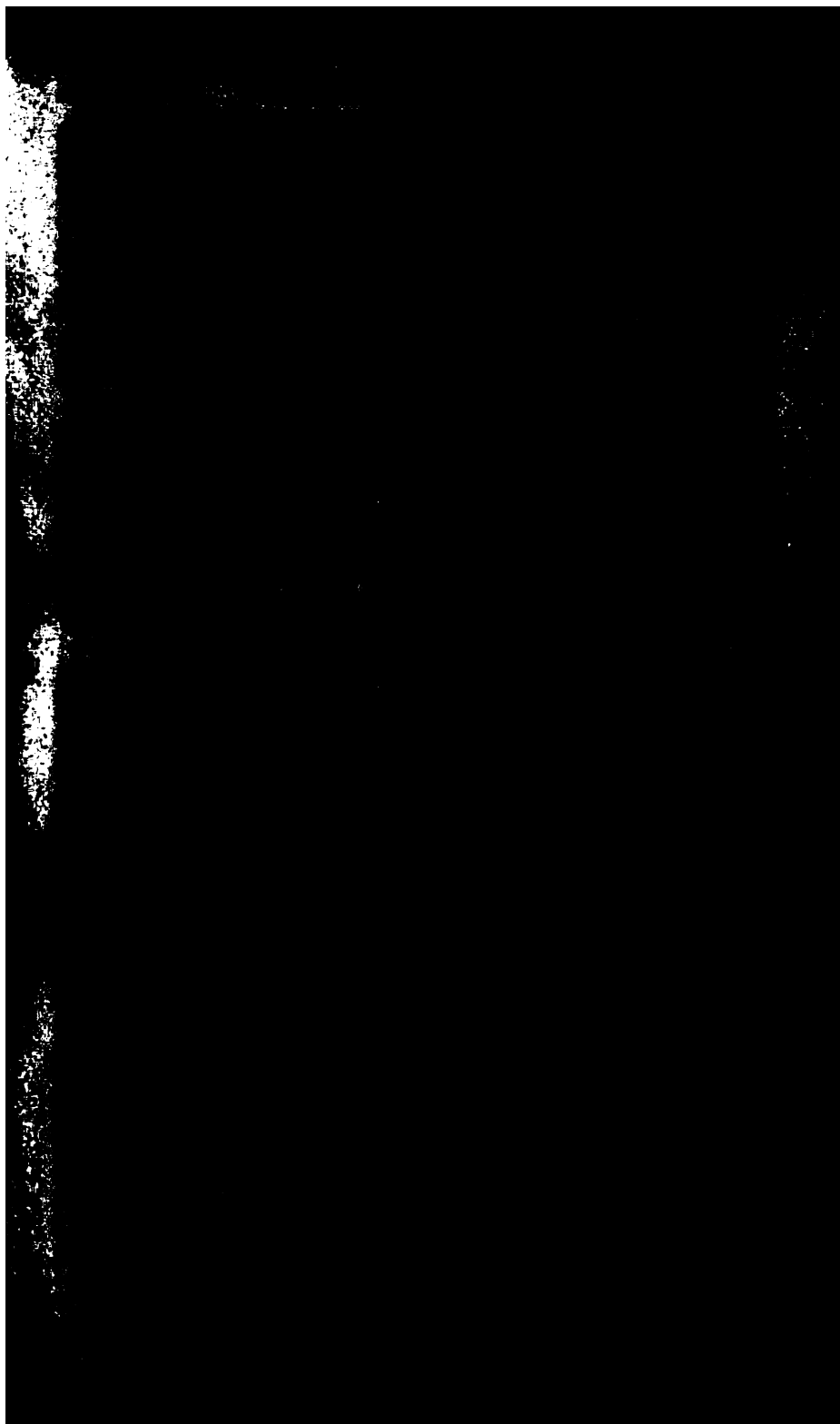


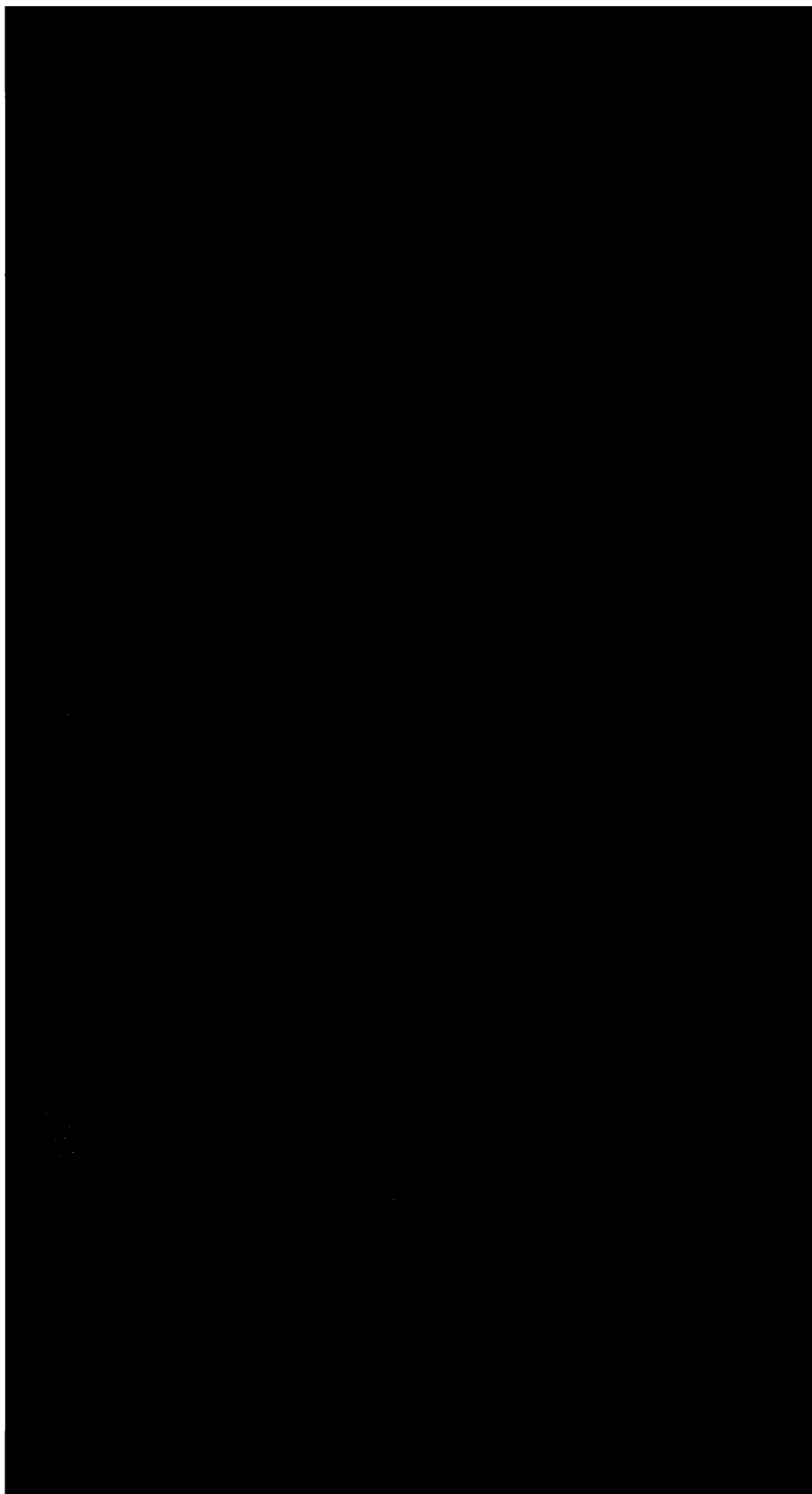


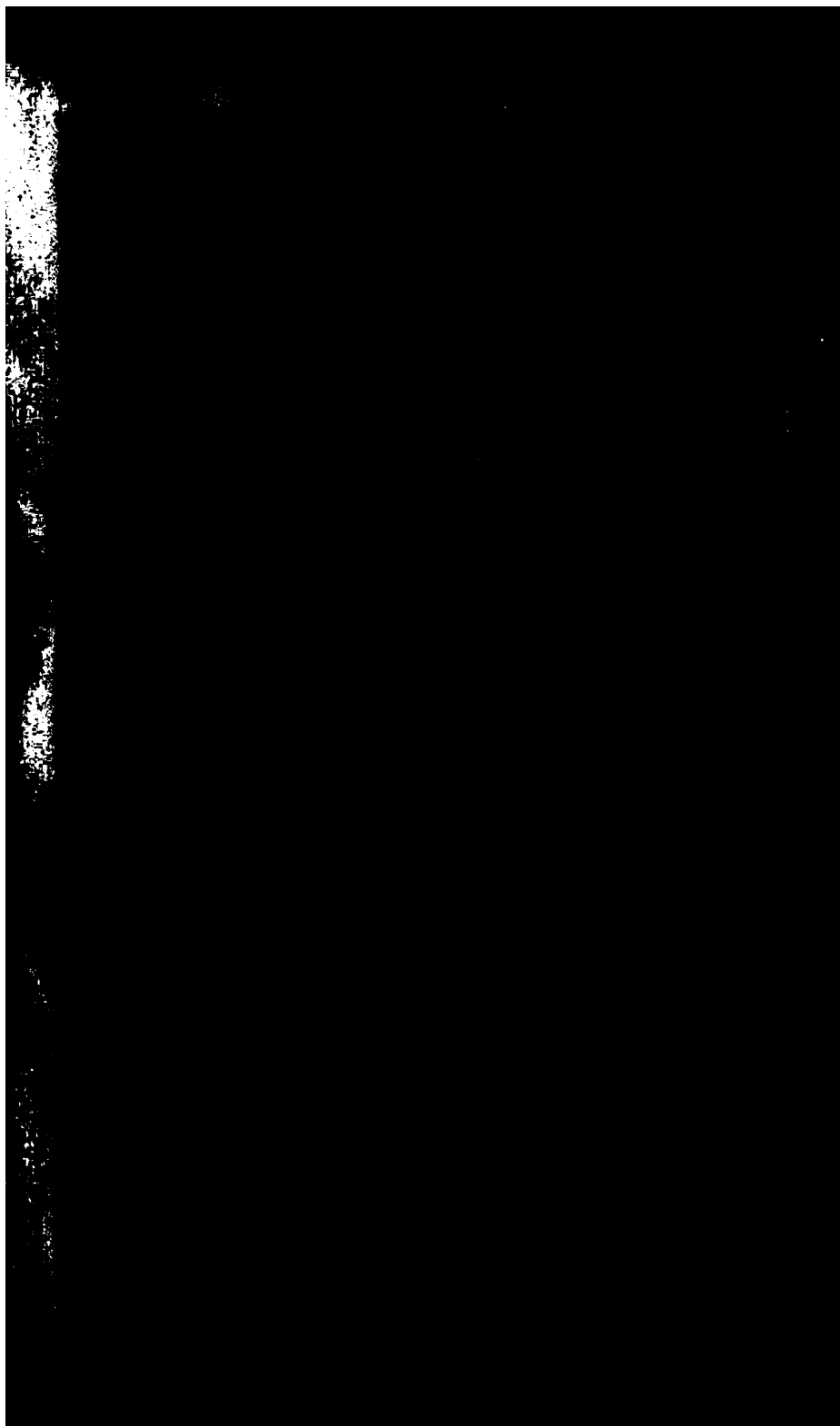


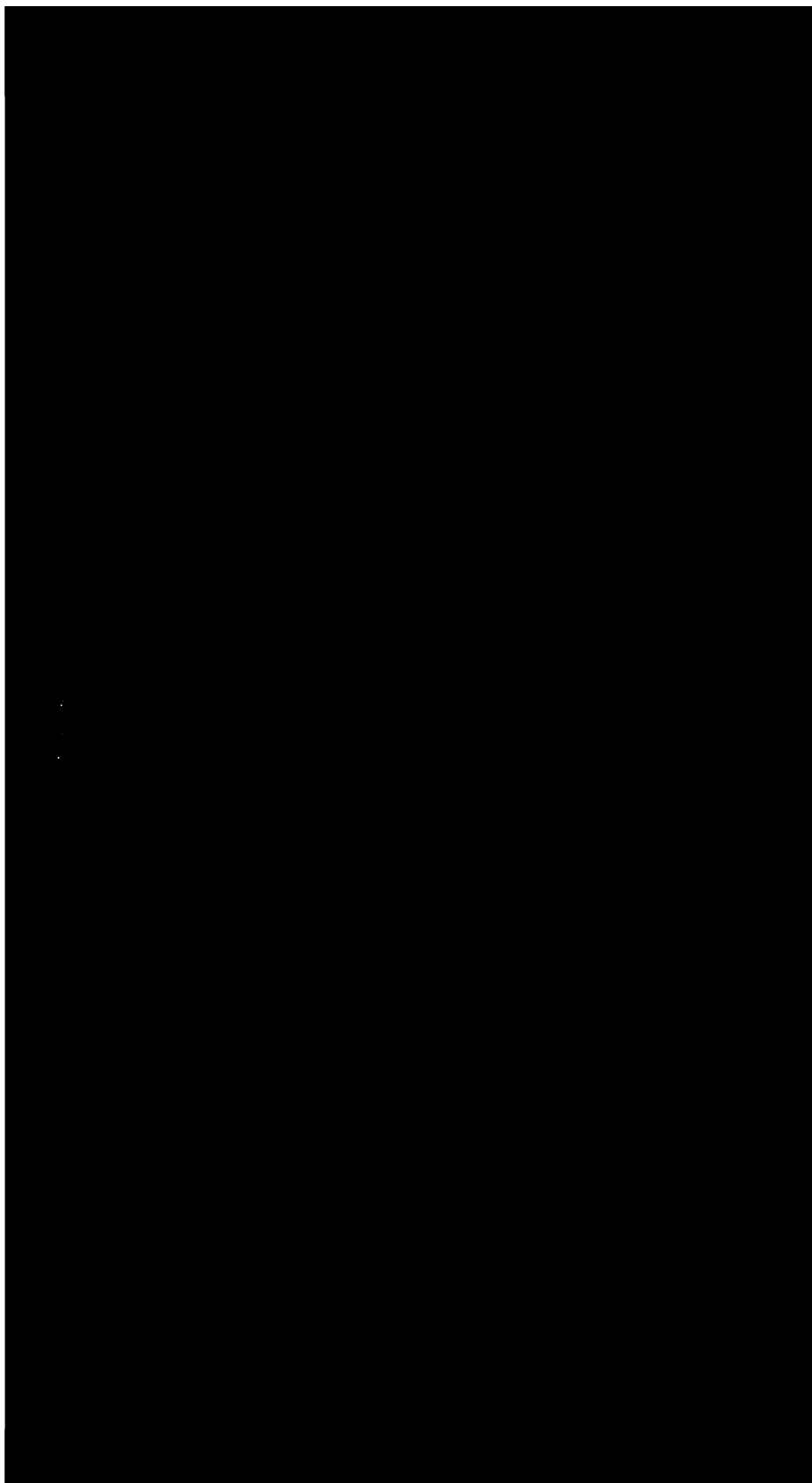


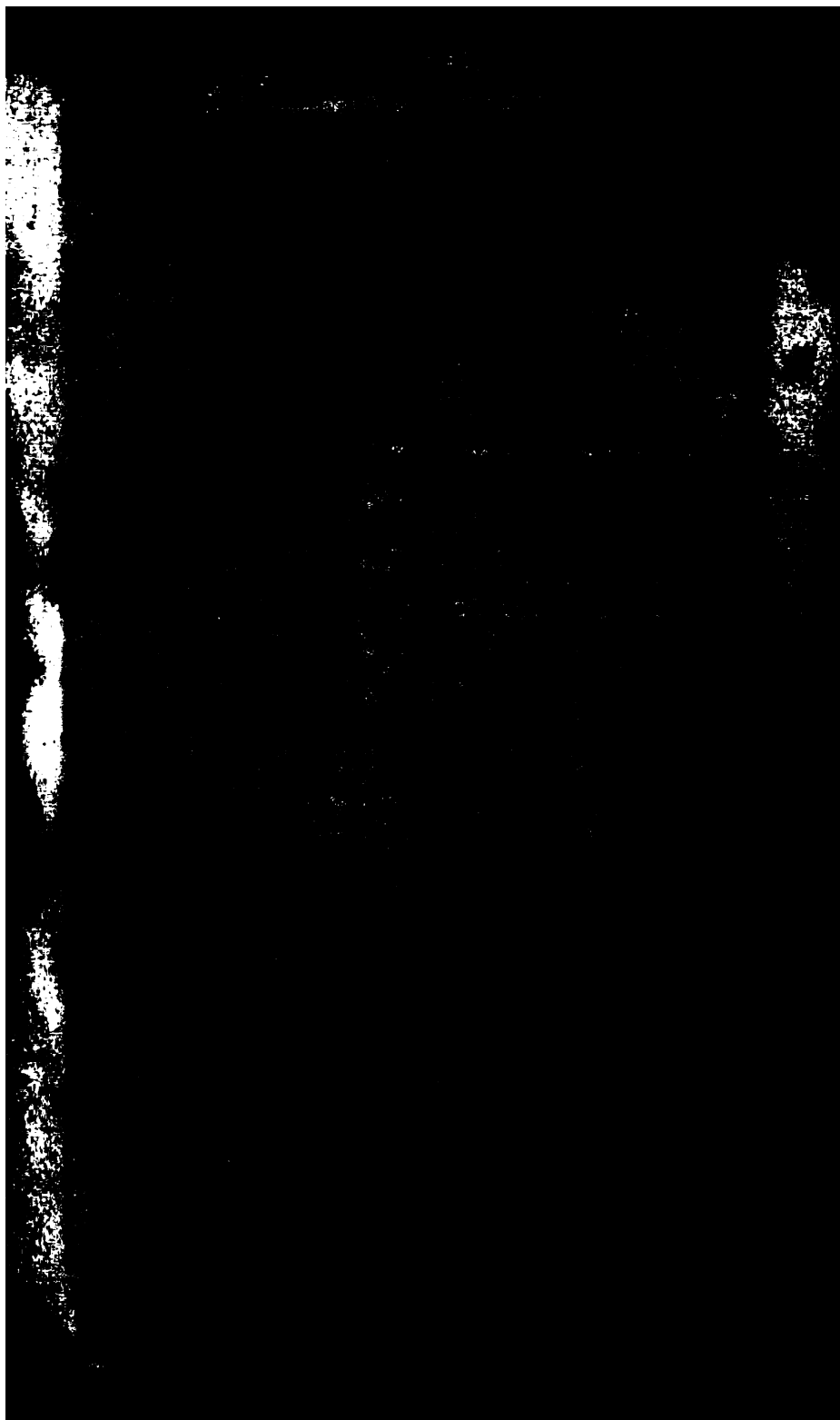














THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN 1630 TO THE PRESENT TIME.
BY
JOSEPH HENNING, ESQ.
OF THE BARR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON: Printed by J. B. LITTLE, in Pall-mall, 1790.

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1848

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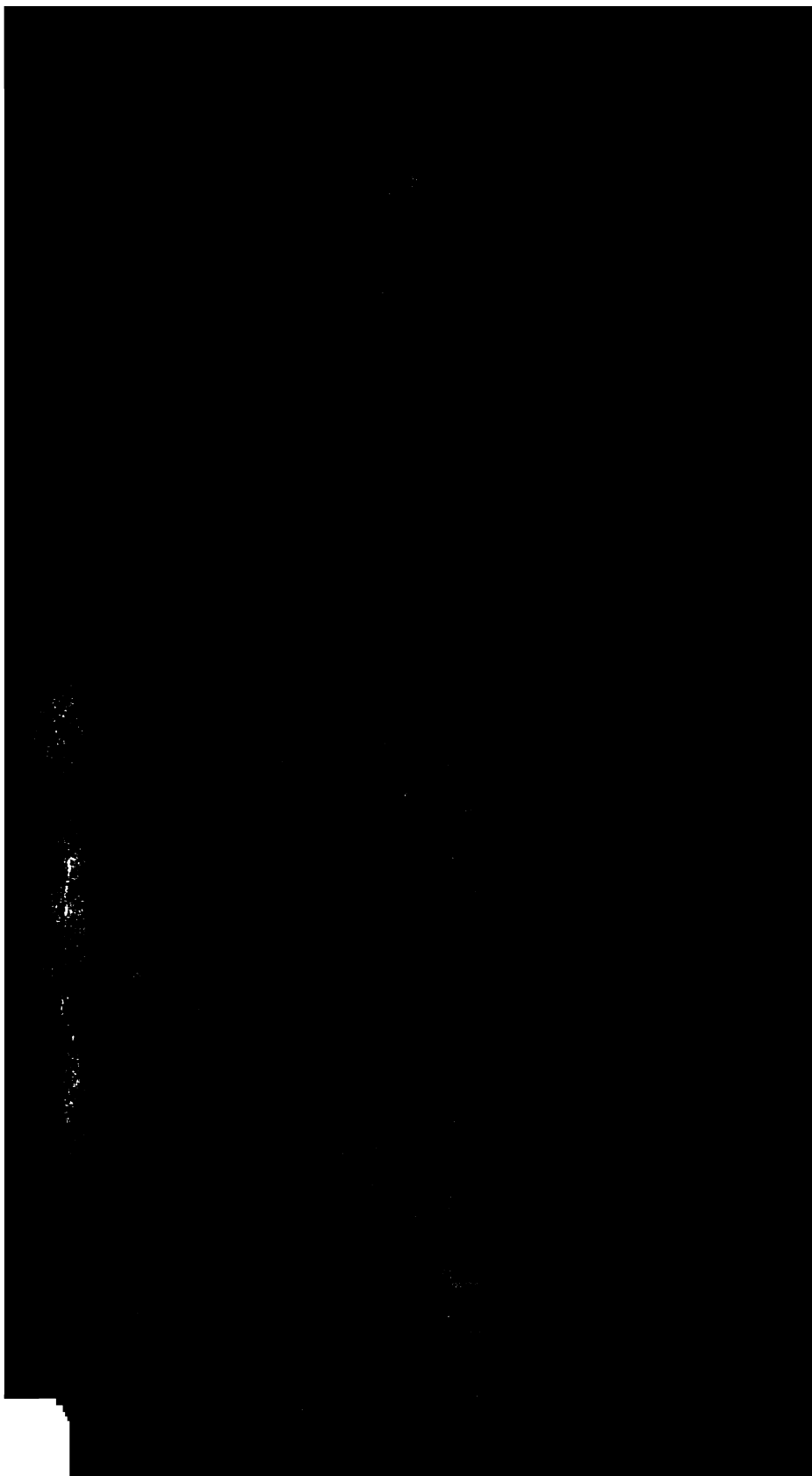
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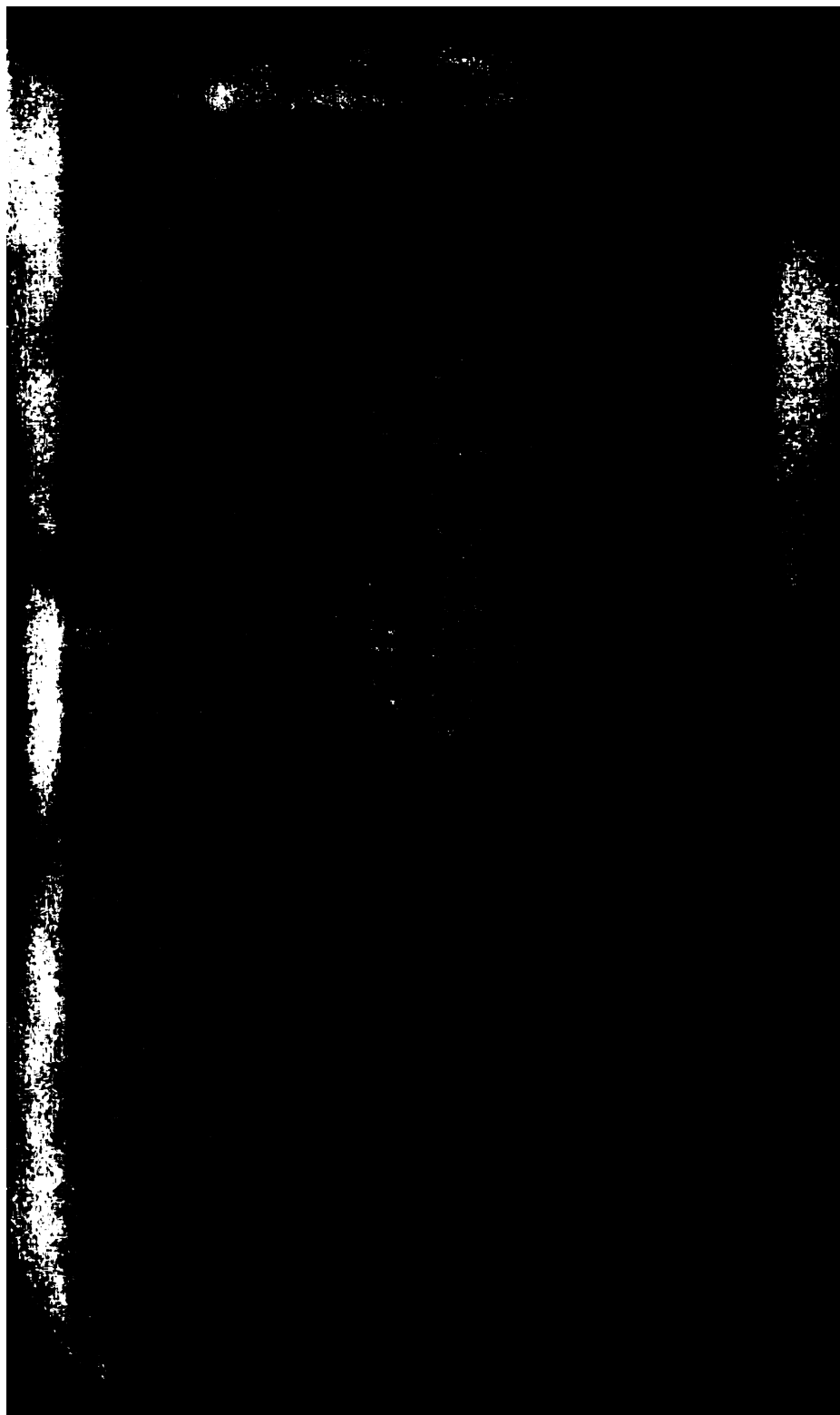
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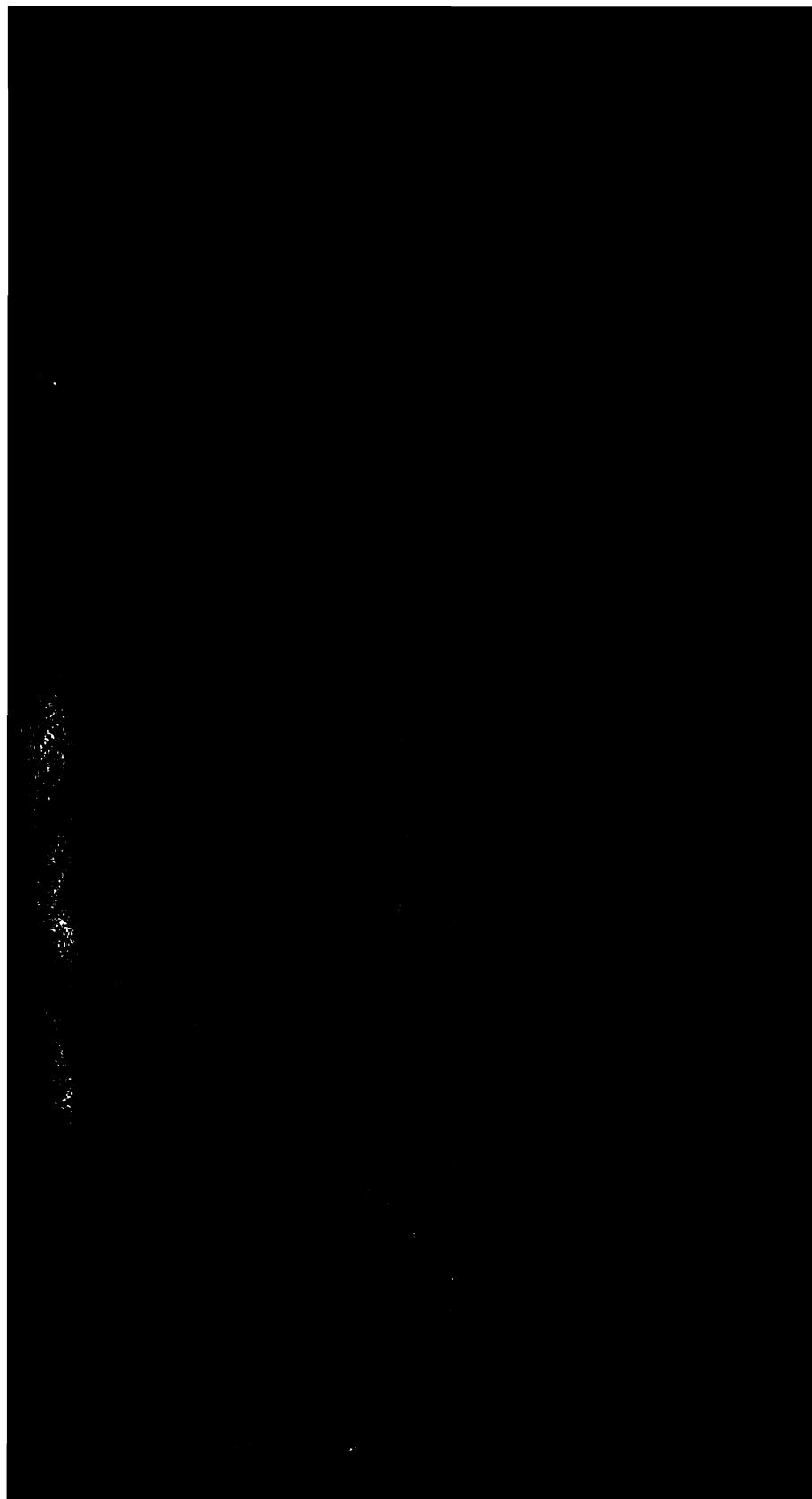
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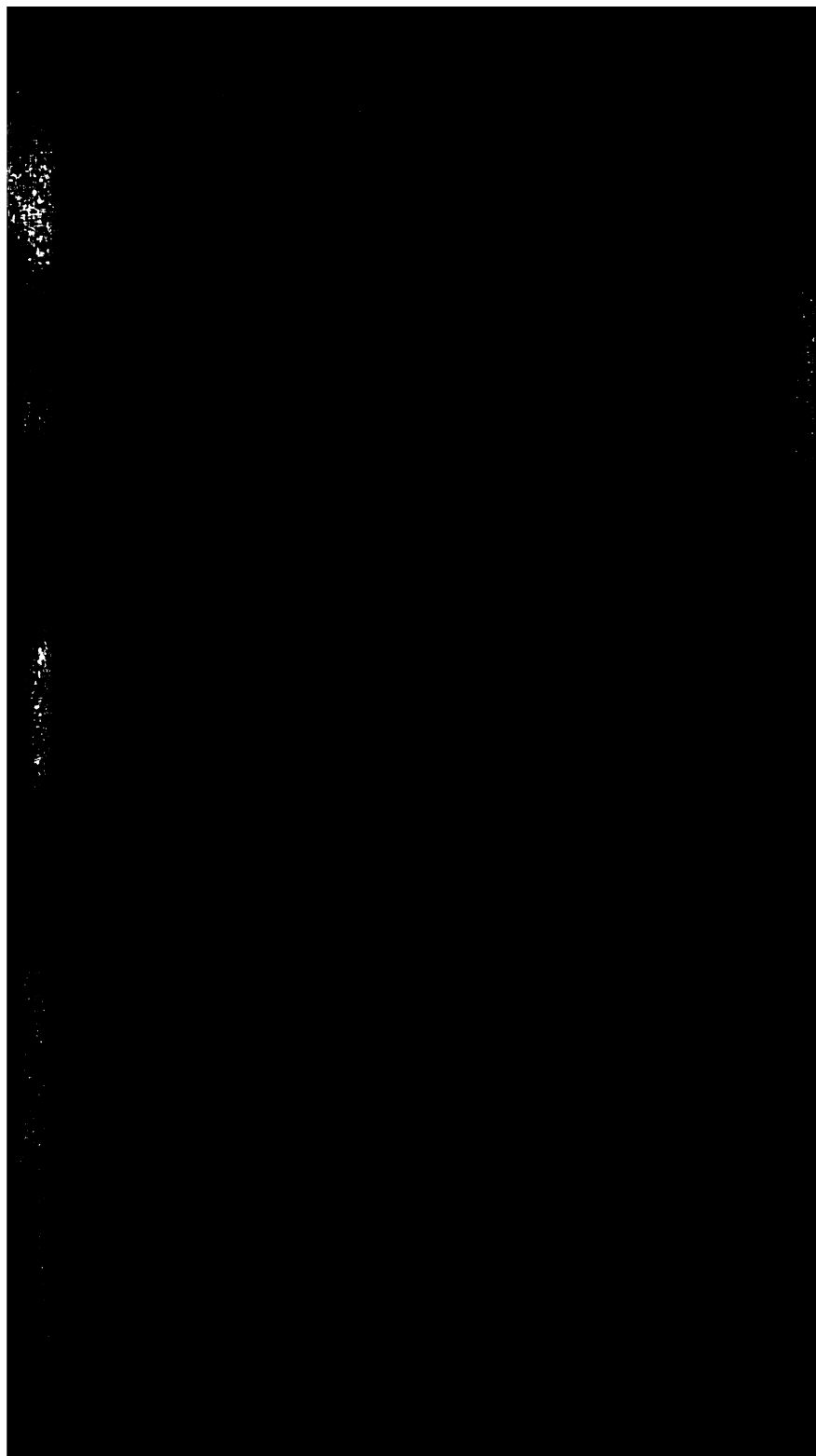
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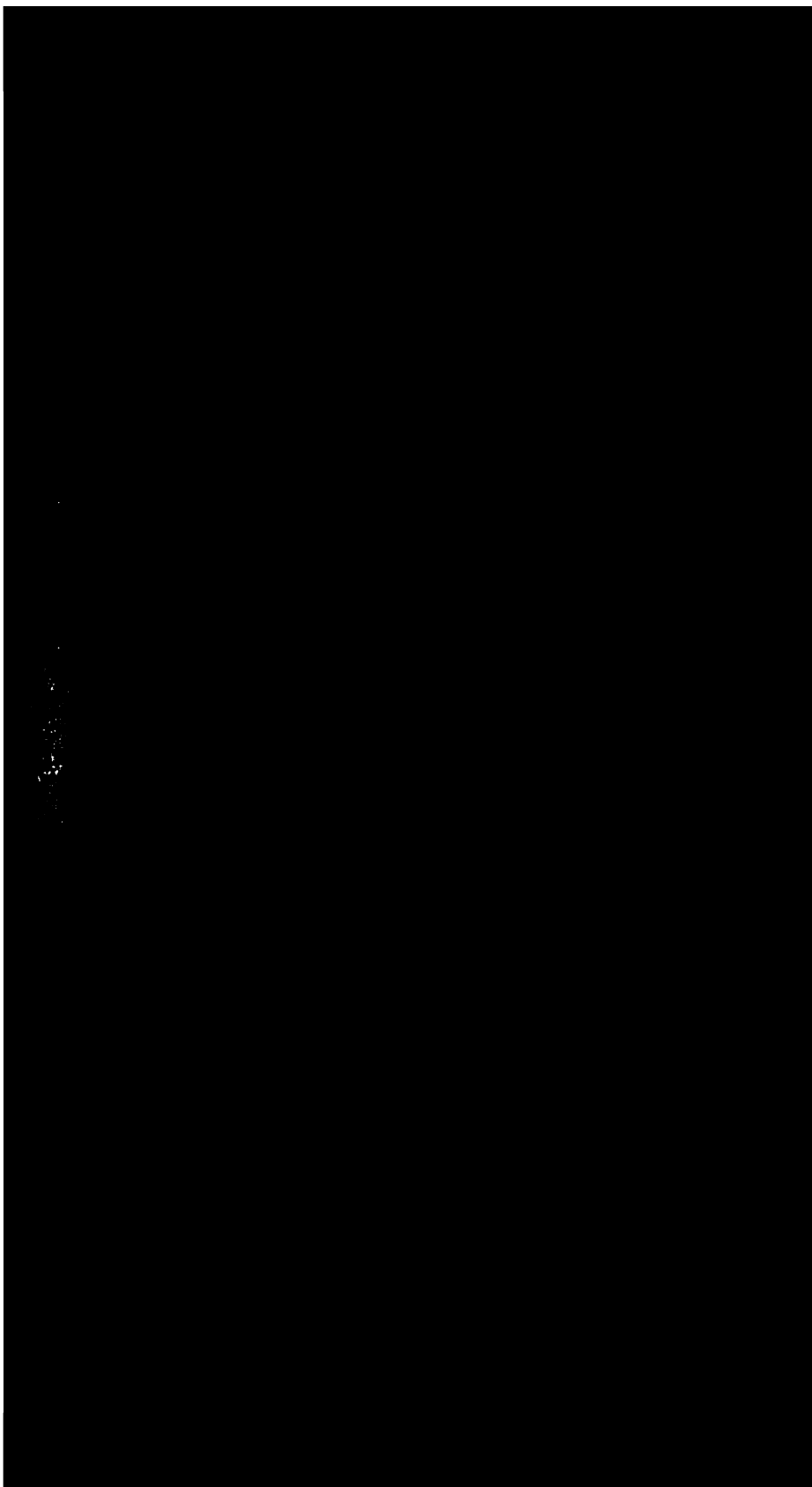


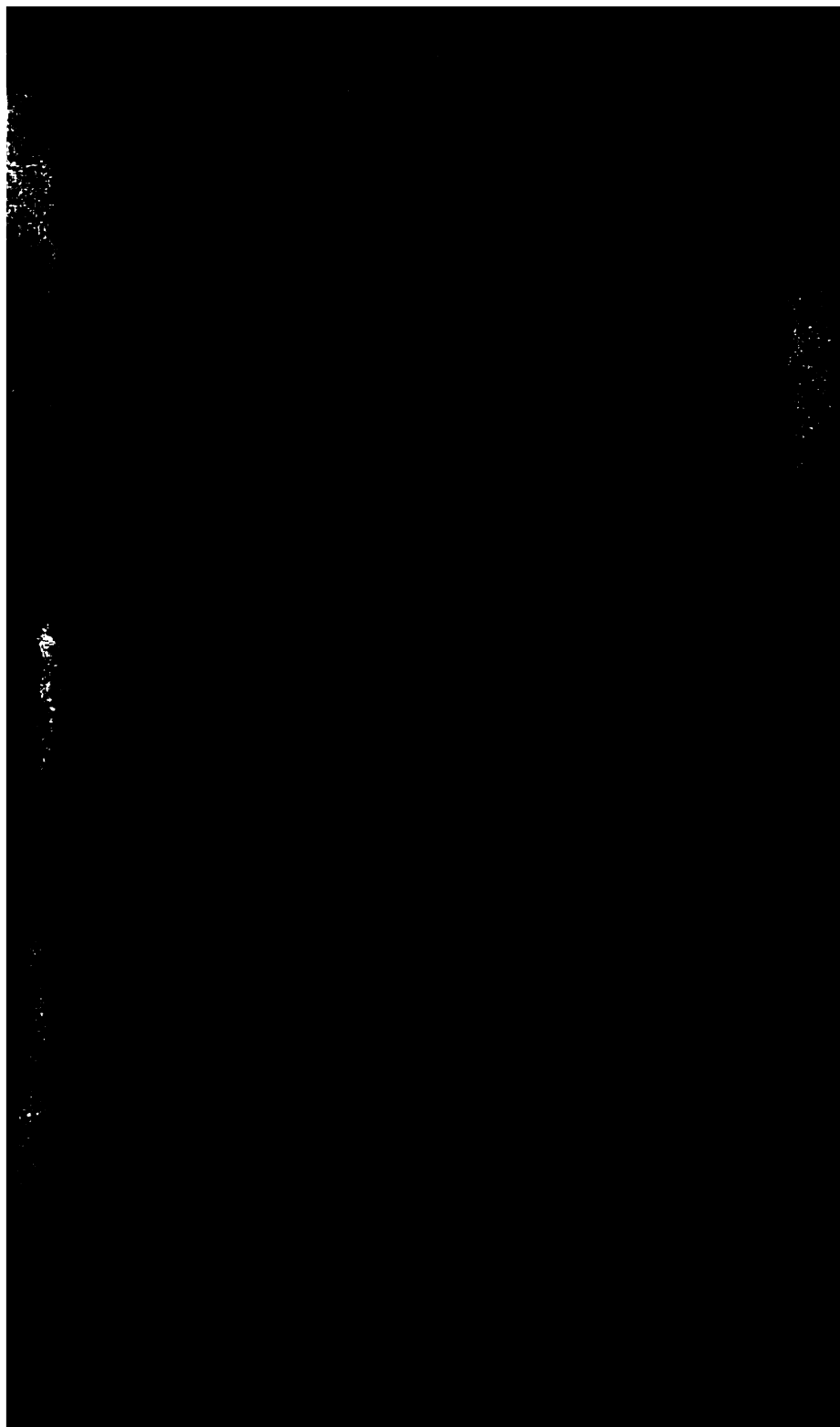


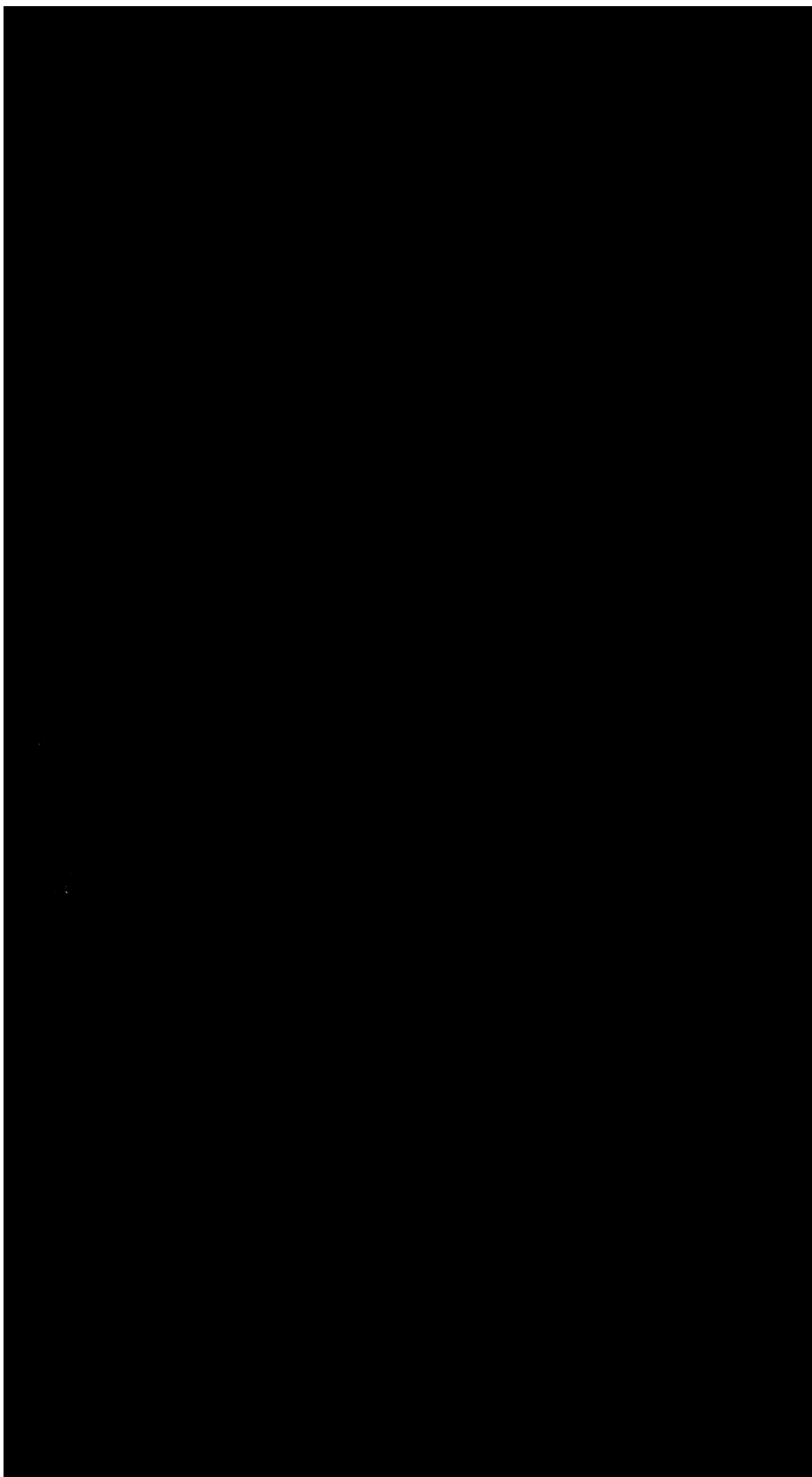












the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population.

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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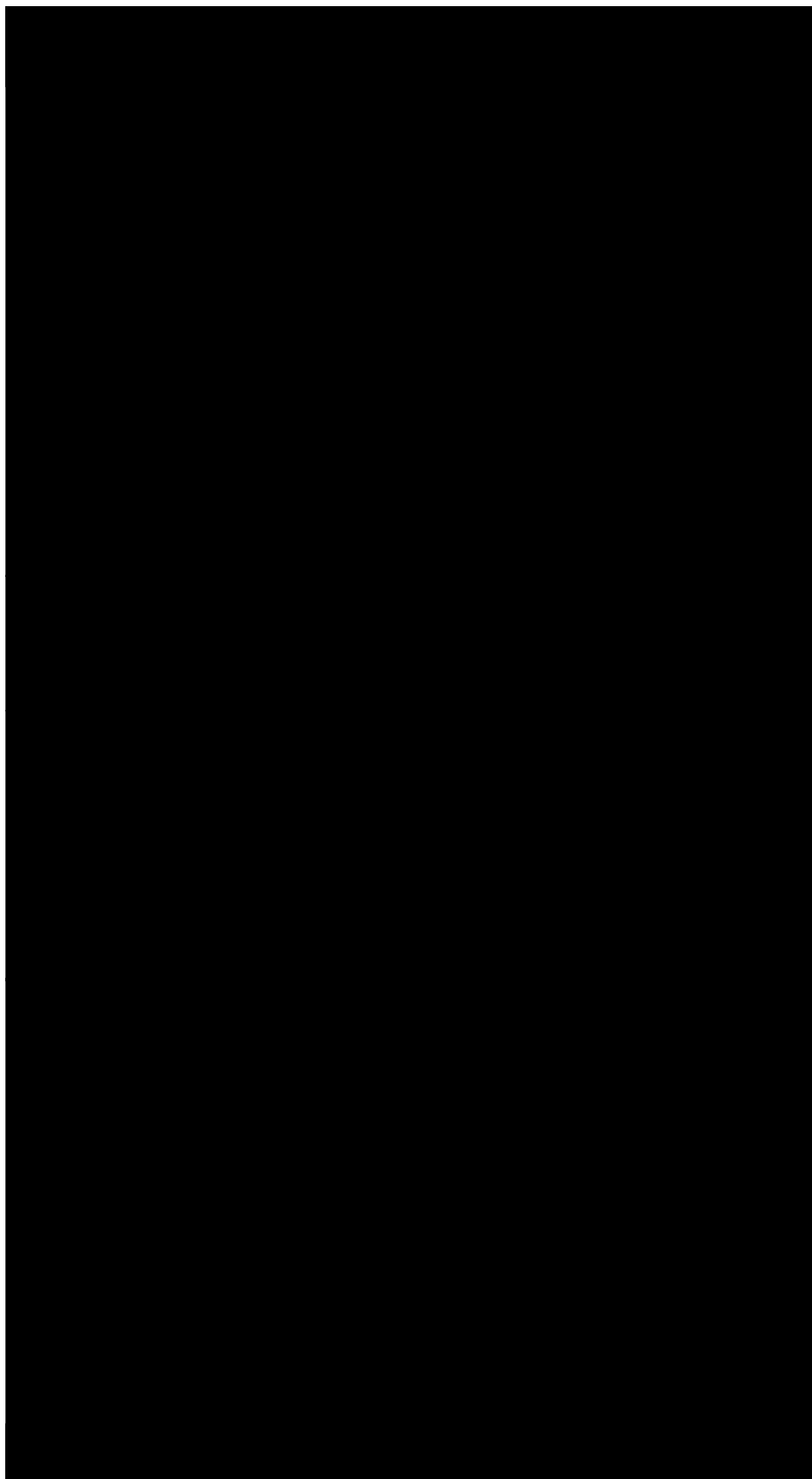
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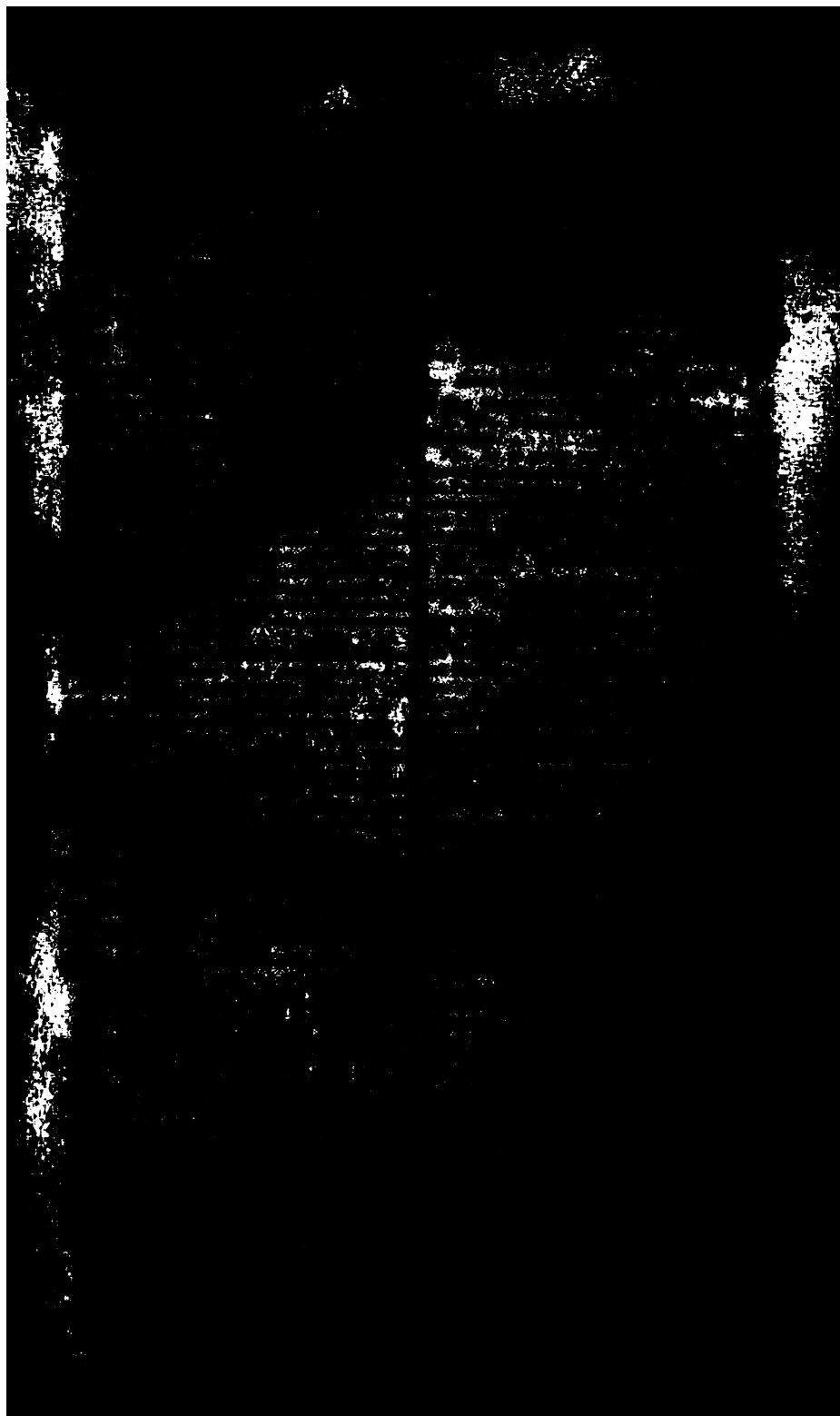
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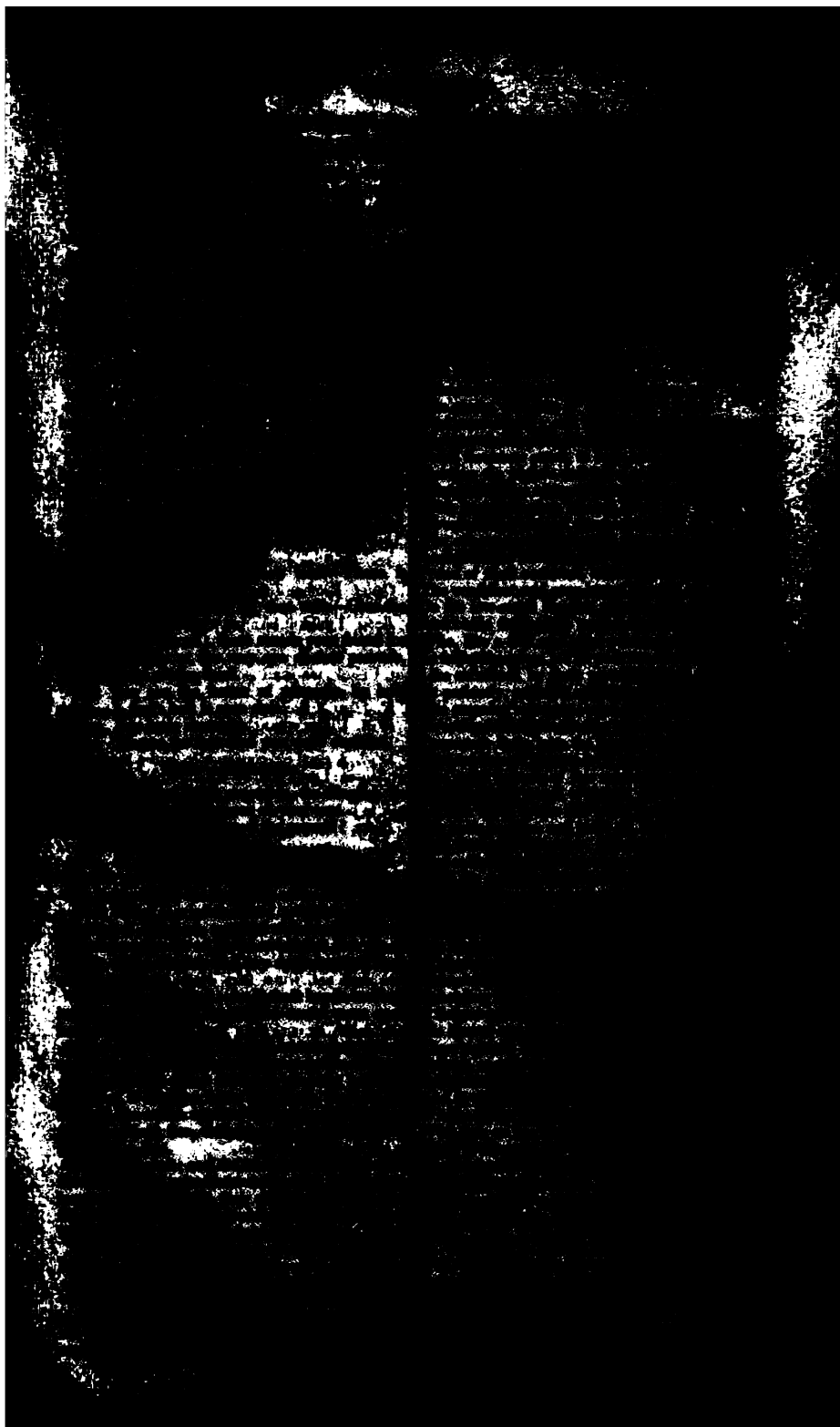
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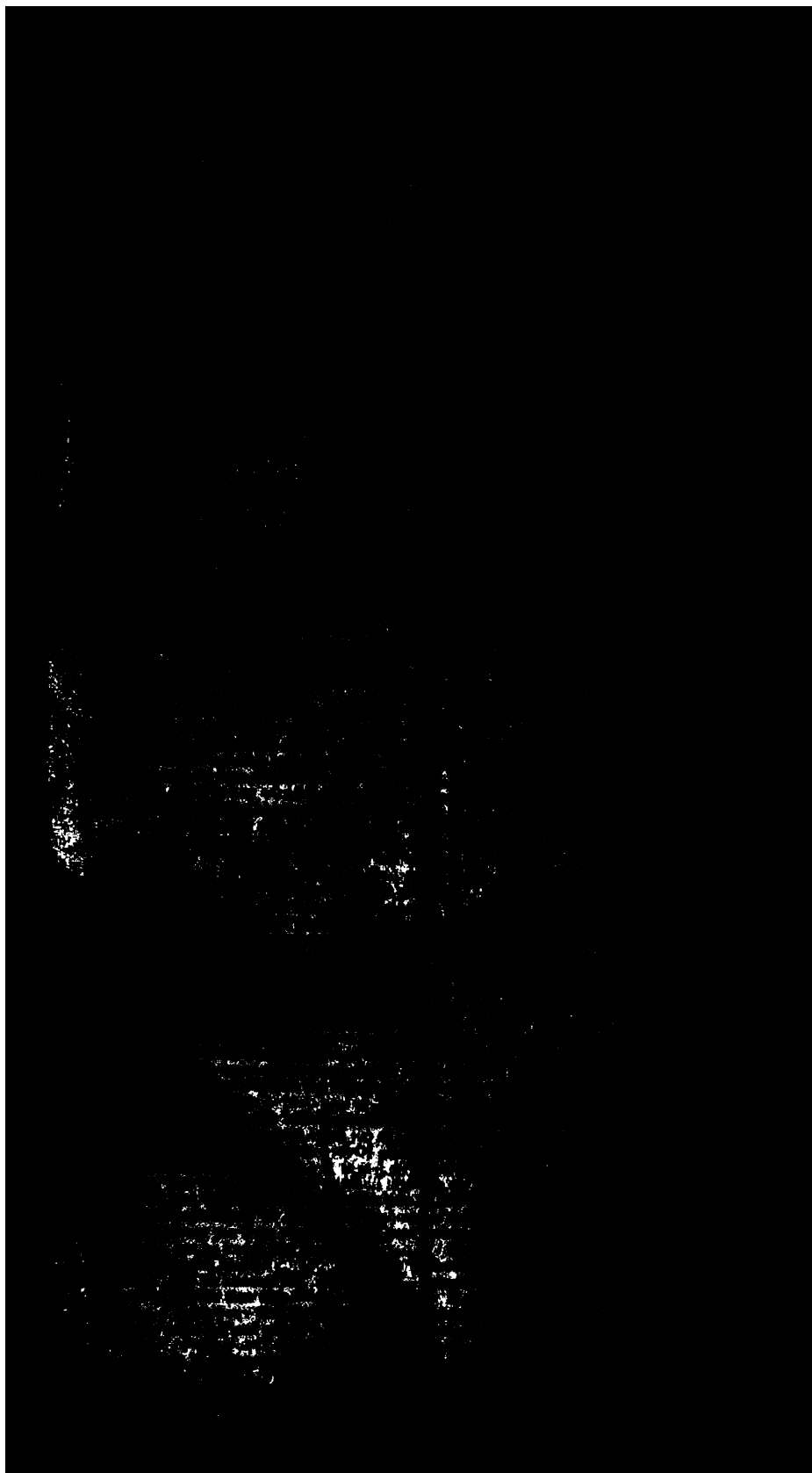


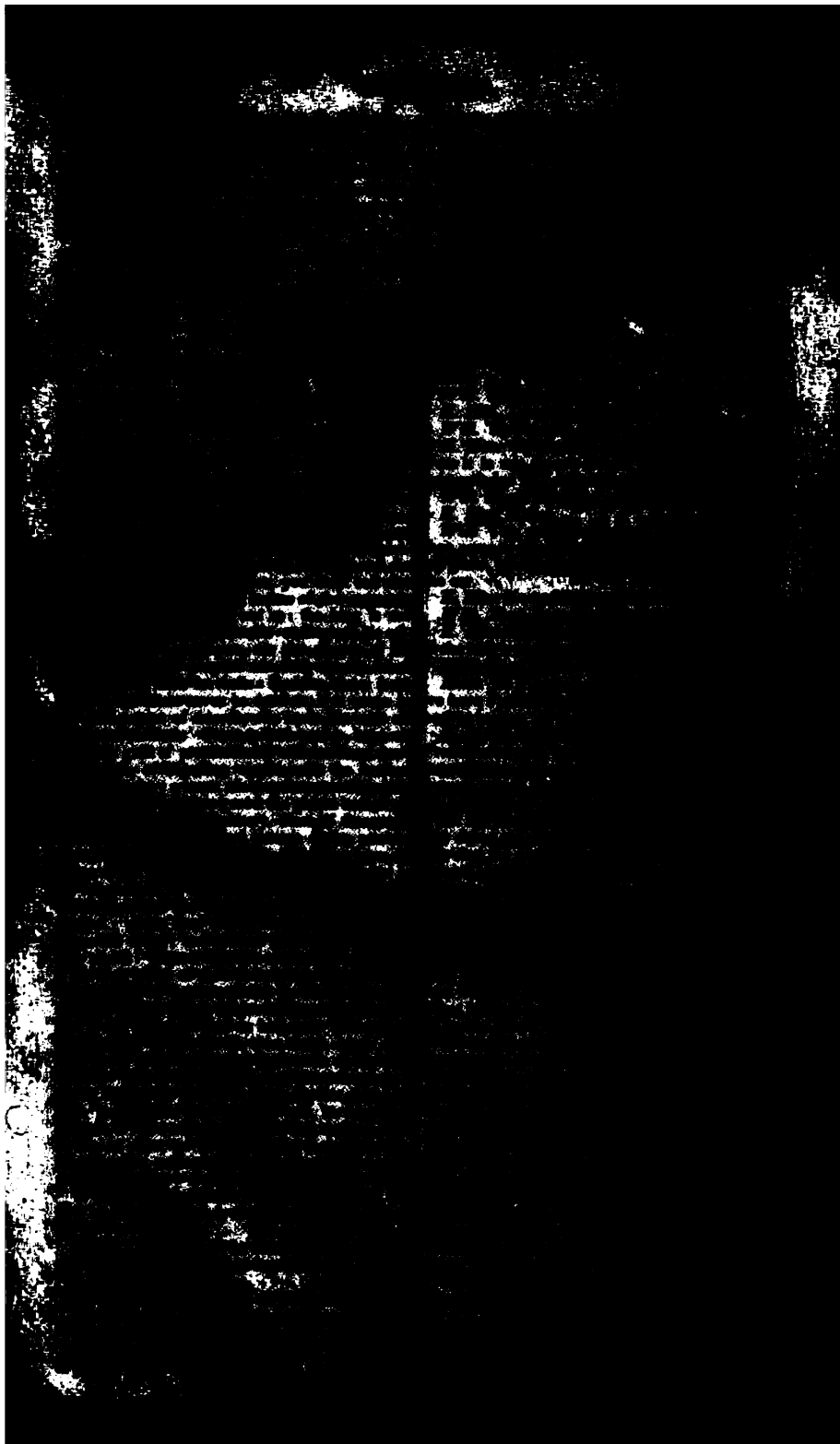






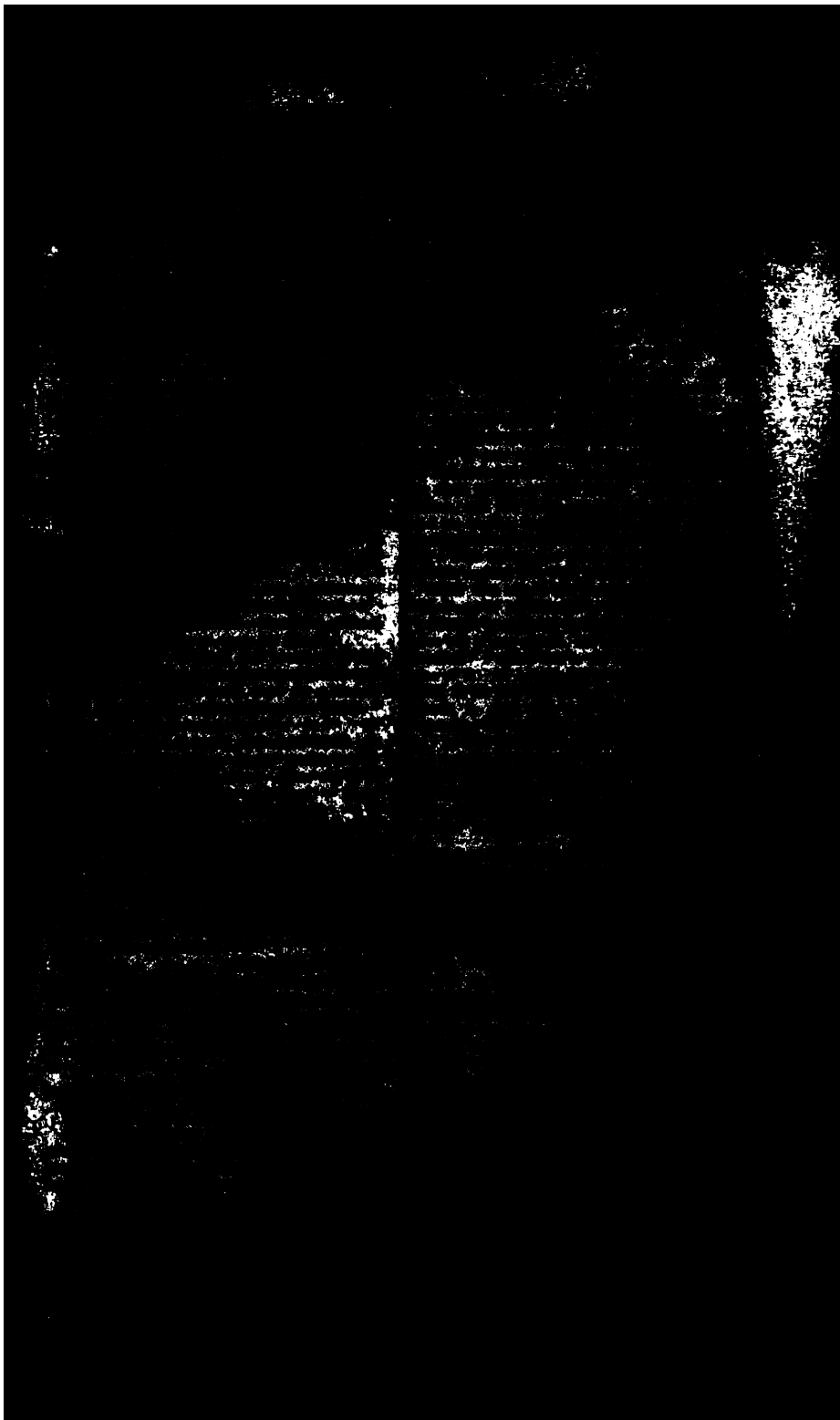


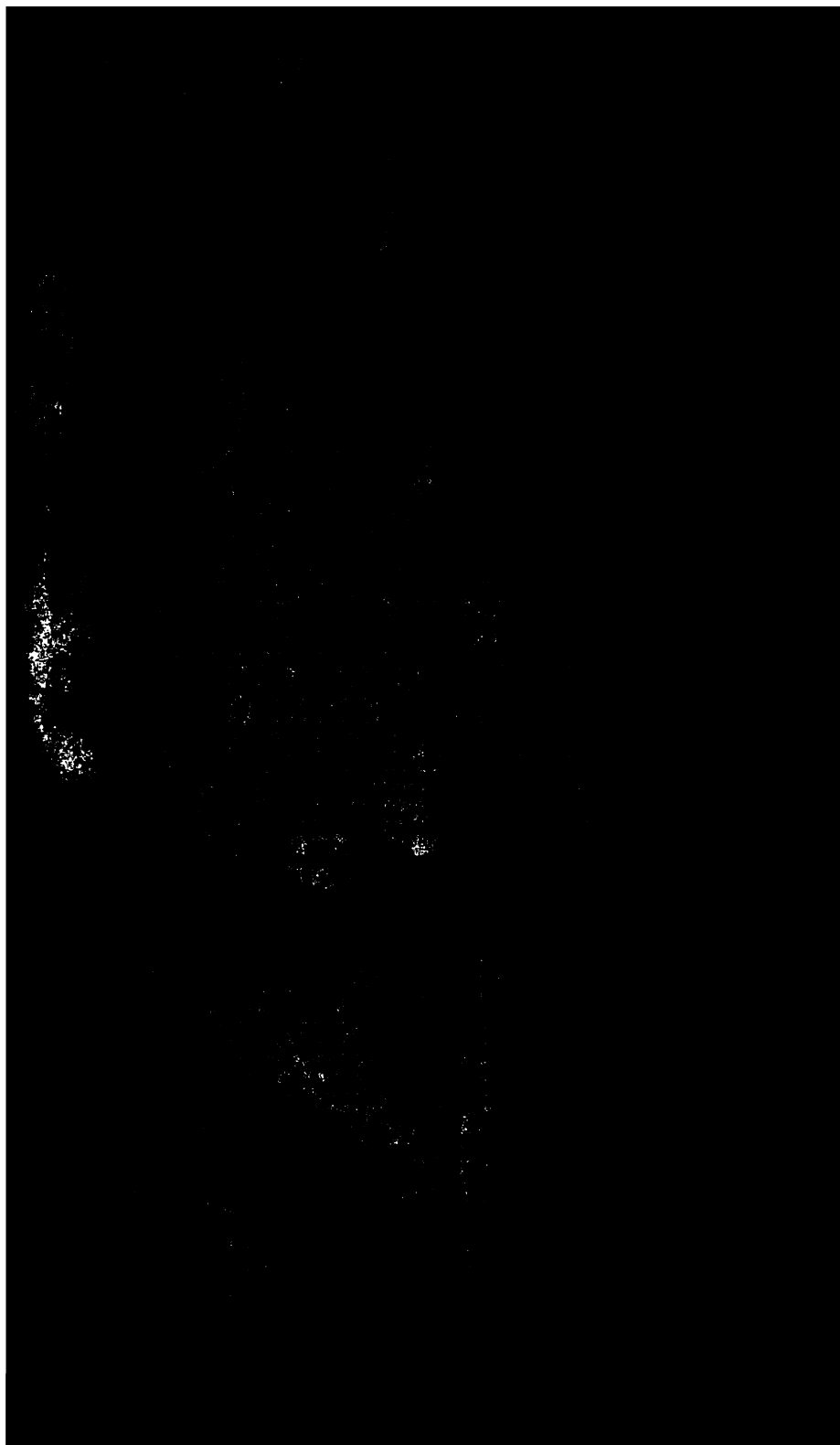


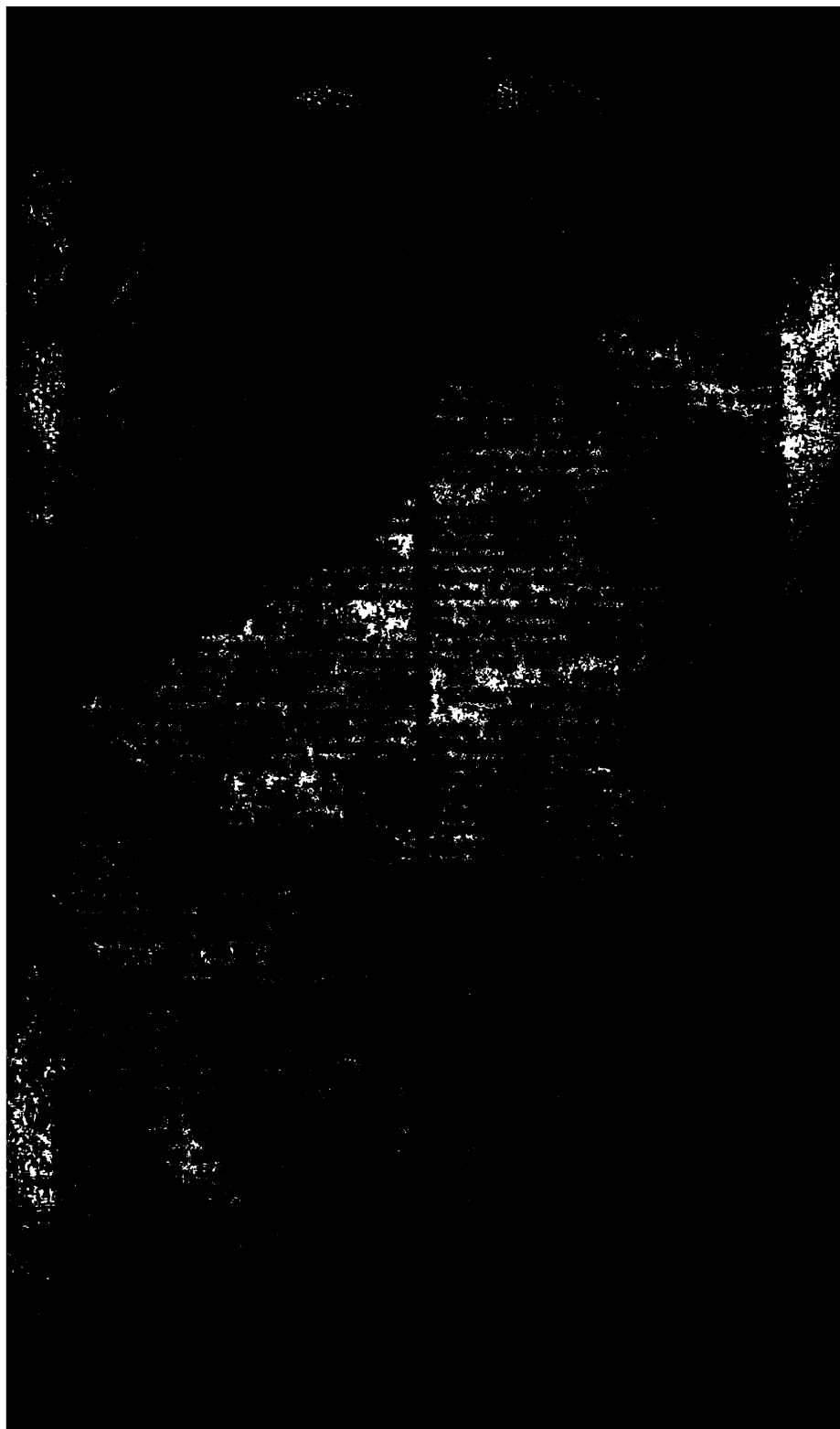












the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased in the United Kingdom (Meltzer 1997). This has led to a growing reliance on the use of drugs to manage the condition.

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop a more holistic approach to the management of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. This approach should take account of the individual's social and cultural context, as well as their physical and mental health. The aim is to develop a more integrated approach to the management of the condition, one that takes account of the individual's needs and preferences. This approach should be based on a partnership between the individual and the health care system. The individual should be encouraged to take an active role in their own care, and the health care system should be encouraged to provide a more holistic approach to the management of the condition.

The aim of this paper is to explore the role of the health care system in the management of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. The paper will first explore the current approach to the management of the condition, and then discuss the need for a more holistic approach. The paper will then discuss the role of the health care system in the development of a more holistic approach, and finally discuss the implications of this for the management of the condition. The paper will conclude by discussing the need for a more integrated approach to the management of the condition, one that takes account of the individual's needs and preferences.

Background

The number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia in the United Kingdom has increased in the 1990s (Meltzer 1997). This has led to a growing reliance on the use of drugs to manage the condition.

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop a more holistic approach to the management of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. This approach should take account of the individual's social and cultural context, as well as their physical and mental health. The aim is to develop a more integrated approach to the management of the condition, one that takes account of the individual's needs and preferences. This approach should be based on a partnership between the individual and the health care system. The individual should be encouraged to take an active role in their own care, and the health care system should be encouraged to provide a more holistic approach to the management of the condition.

The aim of this paper is to explore the role of the health care system in the management of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. The paper will first explore the current approach to the management of the condition, and then discuss the need for a more holistic approach.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the work.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves identifying the resources needed, the tasks to be completed, and the timeline for the project.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals, and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.



